

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST 1981 \$2.50*

ROYAL WEDDING SPECIAL ISSUE

THE GREAT POLITICAL
TRUTH TEST

JANE PRIEST SUPERSTAR

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POSTER



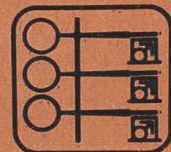


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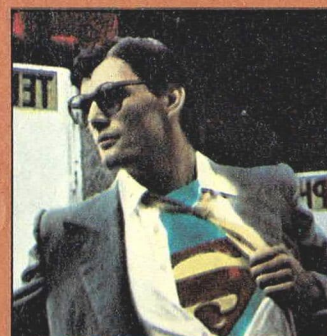
“What a Sterling idea.”



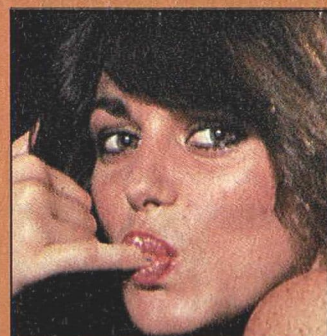
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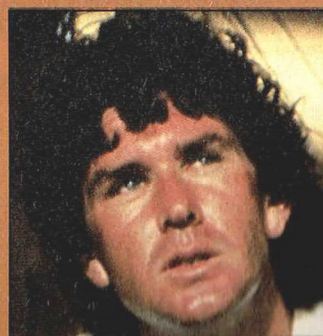
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Superman



Pet of the Month



Jumping Jack Flash



Supercross

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If their bikes are as good as ours, why don't they match our warranty?

Only one Japanese bike manufacturer is prepared to give a 12 month/20,000 kilometre warranty† - Suzuki.

Which leads us to ask why our honorable competitors refuse such a reasonable offer?

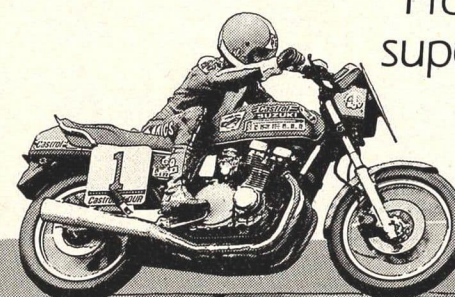
Could this reflect a lack of confidence in their products? Surely not.

Even though our warranty is double that of other Japanese makers, we're not worried.

Because it's very difficult to stop a Suzuki motorbike from doing what comes naturally - going and going and going. And, when the time comes for servicing there's over 320 Suzuki agents around Australia. Staffed by experts.

The 12/20 warranty is just one of the reasons Suzuki is the right bike for you. Put a Suzuki up against the competition.

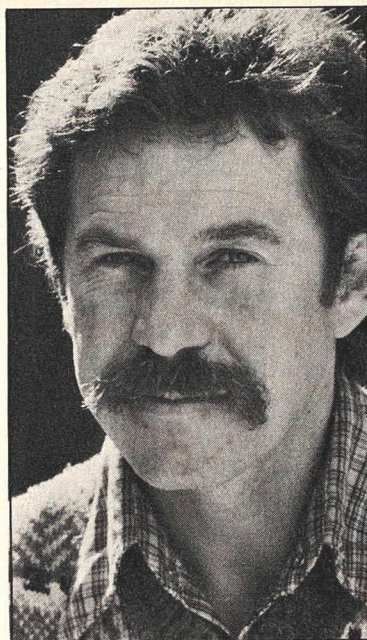
From commuter bikes, to dirt bikes, to superbikes. There's only one answer. Suzuki.



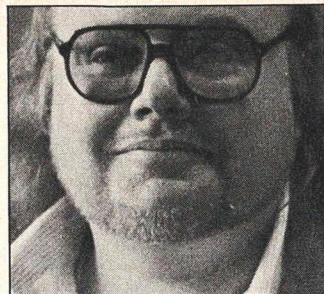
†Competition bikes excluded

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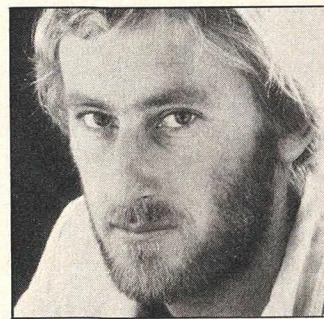
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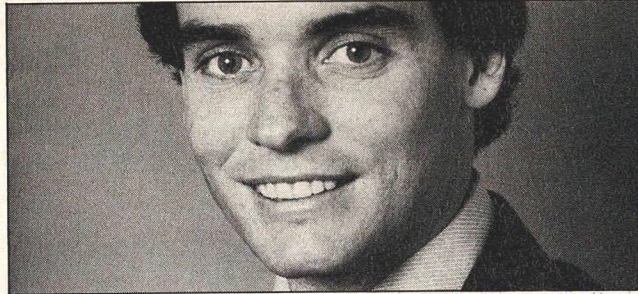
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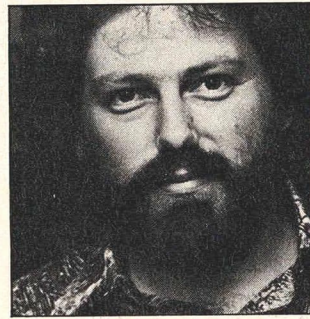
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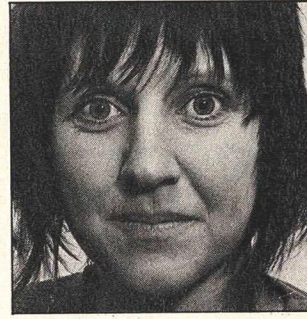
Robbi Newman



Bill Bennett



Glenn A. Baker



Keri Phillips

HOUSECALL

This month we celebrate Chuck and Di's Big Day by mentioning not one word about it from this point on. There are plenty of other things to celebrate anyway, like our 12 stunning Pets in this year's Pet of the Year Contest. The quest that last year made Tracey Wallace a household name will this year make one lucky lady almost \$100,000 richer. More about that (and how you can win too) in our next issue, but for now we suggest you get the feel of the thing by pulling out the giant Pet Poster in the middle.

Since 1975 when Malcolm Fraser came to power by means a large section of the Australian public felt were deceitful, the question of whether politicians lie to us has been raised more often than taxes and interest rates. No one has been accused of lying more often during that period than Fraser himself. Well, do politicians lie? Does Malcolm stretch the truth? Senior Editor P.D. Jack set out with a tape recorder and a lie detector to plumb the murky depths of political forkspeak. The results make fascinating reading. The Great Political Truth Test begins on page 34 with an illustration by Frants Kantor.

Nuclear waste is an issue that goes beyond politics. Since the near disaster of Three Mile Island in the US there has been an increased awareness of this growing disposal problem but, as New York correspondent Keri Phillips discovered, it is a problem to which there is still no solution. So far the major governments have adopted the ostrich approach and allowed the deadly waste to pile up while they mouth meaningless clichés about safeguards. Nuclear rubbish, says Phillips, is the major ecological problem of the 1980s. Glenn Ford did the striking illustration.

James Bond, that suave superspy of the Sixties enters the nuclear age as well this issue in an exclusive extract from John Gardner's new Bond thriller, *Licence Renewed*. Written in the classic Ian Fleming style, *Licence Renewed* has the greying Bond smoking low tar cigarettes, drinking less and driving an economical Saab Turbo. But the action and the women are as fast as they ever were. It starts on page 58.

Another of the classic superheroes re-emerges this month, in the form of Superman, whose erotic adventures with Lois Lane are given a new lease of life by photographer and artist Paul Fullbrook.

Fullbrook employs a unique method of hand-coloring to produce a spectacular pictorial featuring Christopher Reeve look-alike Don Boland (this issue is full of clones) and gorgeous Jane Priest, who once kissed Prince Charles ... and we said we

wouldn't mention him. If you've ever wondered whether Superman could get it up, up and away, turn to page 86.

Elsewhere this month Bill Bennett profiles ace tennis stud Paul McNamee, the footloose and fancy free half of the Supermacs, Chris Pritchard looks at the business phenomenon of Filipino marriage agencies and the Horan, Wall, Walker information team looks at Australia's most exclusive clubs, how one gets into them and what one might expect should one succeed. Life behind the oaken doors is, it seems, quite different and yet just the same. Mark Salwowski did the artwork.

Our interview is with pro golfer Jan Stephenson, who recently shocked the sporting world by admitting she was a sexy woman and getting some mileage out of the fact. The slinky shots she did for a lingerie advertisement caused an uproar in the United States, but the girl from Sydney is unrepentant. She tells interviewer Ed Rasen: "I don't think there's anything wrong with showing that I can be a woman."

Life has never been easy for the stand-up comic, but a recent underground trend in Sydney and Melbourne has closed the gap between meals for a lot of would-be comedians. At back-lane clubs in both cities the new generation of Australian comedy is rehearsing its patter in front of small but enthusiastic audiences. Senior Editor Phil Abraham reports on Funny Business on page 64. The illustration is by artist, cartoonist and sometime radio funnyman Tony Edwards.

Reaganism and the international swing to the political right has focused attention on protest music of a very different nature to early Bob Dylan and the Byrds. Typical of the new political statements set to music is Bomb Iran (sung to the tune of the Beach Boys' Barbra Ann), a ditty which doesn't mince words and went to the top of the US charts during the last days of the Iran hostage drama. But Right Wing Rock, reports rock expert Glenn A. Baker, has a long and colorful history. (Any color but red.) Who could forget Sgt Barry Sadler's Ballad of the Green Berets? Who could remember Shadow Valleys and Iron Triangles by the Young Australians led by Andrew Jones MP? It makes fascinating reading and it begins on page 129.

Which brings us to our Pets. This month we feature Pet of the Month Helen Brown, photographed in Melbourne by Rennie Ellis, European lovely Pali, also shot in Victoria by Carlos Van Jager, and Delfina Ponti from Poland, photographed by Cedomir V. Komljenovic. A truly international assembly which should do wonders for East-West relations. And a pictorial bonus — photographer Robbi Newman applies the lens to his two favorite subjects, ladies and the wonders of the Australian landscape. An unusual and quite stunning photo feature. ☺



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Sony's Superior Picture. The characteristic which makes Sony so much in demand throughout the world — with professionals and consumers alike — is Sony quality.

Unfortunately, there is nothing we can say, no evidence we can provide, that will convince you of something you can only see through your eyes. However, we can tell you

that experts in West Germany, the U.S. and Japan have all concluded that the Sony Betamax home video format is superior to all others. We invite you to see it for yourself.



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AUGUST

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Croatian National Congress

Recently someone brought to my attention an article in your May issue by Max Teichmann entitled "Terror Australis". In it he insinuated our organisation, The Croatian National Congress, is a terrorist organisation.

Without producing any proof or stating facts, the author is simply ploughing in the dark. Also, using the name of Dr Ante Pavelic on the cover of the mentioned article amounts to cheap sensationalism as his role in Croatian history was, as the author mentioned himself, during and prior to World War II and not after.

Without getting deeper into your article I found mention of activities of Yugoslav Secret Police inside Australia. Surely as one sovereign nation against another, these activities should be of more concern than naturalised Australians of Croatian origin. To dismiss our and other nationalities' justified demands as a mere nuisance to be dealt with accordingly, is a hypocritical attitude of many Australians. They are not prepared to view the world as it is today but remember it as it was in the colonial days.

It's all right by them that Australia sends troops to fight on foreign soil, to commit murder, rape etc. They recognise dictatorships and communist governments but are unable to face these problems in their own backyard. Perhaps it is time for all to wake up and face the world if we intend to be part of it. Misconceptions of the nature mentioned in your article only create more ill-feeling, more hatred, more prejudice.

Better understanding is required of ethnic situations and backgrounds. And, instead of conjectures and generalisations, a more factual, detailed investigation into their alleged activities should be undertaken. A change of outlook by individuals and society as a whole. Irresponsible newspaper and magazine writings do not help.

In conclusion, may I say that when I arrived in this country I was not given written orders to forget my name, my country of origin or my past. As long as my activities in Australia are within the framework of Australian law, then no one has the right to step on them. Your article represents an infringement into this right. — Stephen Asic, Secretary, Croatian National Congress, Fremantle, Western Australia.

PS: Rest assured, we do not intend to bomb your premises.

Censorship

I have been a reader of your magazine since production, and I have appreciated the womanhood shown in each edition — it's improving with age.

However, I was disappointed with the photos shown in the June edition because it is evident that these photos had been doctored.

Does this indicate a change in policy and are we going to expect a restriction in further issues?

To illustrate the point, the photos of Brenda Holliday in your May issue were your best ever. — R.J. Sagers, Battery Point, Hobart, Tasmania.

There is no change of policy. There are, however, repressive censorship laws in your State. We're working at changing them and you can help by complaining to your local State MP. — Ed.

More Faust

I have just finished the June 1981 issue of *Penthouse* and found the articles well worth reading and well done, particularly Feminist View of Sex by Beatrice Faust and Our Father Who Art in Hell by James Reston Jnr.

I would like to see some more Beatrice Faust articles in future issues of *Penthouse*, in particular her views on why so many young Australian women in the cities are turning to lesbianism.

As a healthy male and dedicated girl chaser, I was appalled to find, way back in 1964, that so many young women in our Armed Forces were lesbian — more than 75 percent I later found.

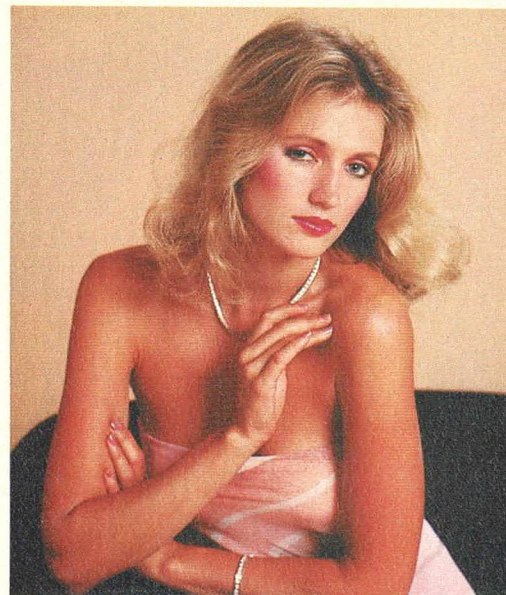
In 1964 I could not understand the situation, and in some ways refused to accept that so many women preferred women, so I commenced to study the situation in the Armed Forces, and after a couple of years realised that I had been, like many other males — very naive indeed.

When I ceased my study of the subject in 1978, I was still a little confused over some of the conclusions I came to, and therefore would appreciate the view of someone like Beatrice Faust.

I have seen and heard Beatrice on TV and read some of her articles and she seems to present a genuine viewpoint. — R. Alcorn, Ballina, New South Wales.

Another article by Ms Faust will appear in our September issue. — Ed. ☐

I gave him the best of everything.



And he gave me the best.

I loved being single. I made up my own mind about things. I went to the movies I liked, when I liked. And then I met Peter who liked all the things I did. It'll never last, I thought.

But it did. We still like the same things and we still like doing them together. Except, I don't like being single quite so much now.

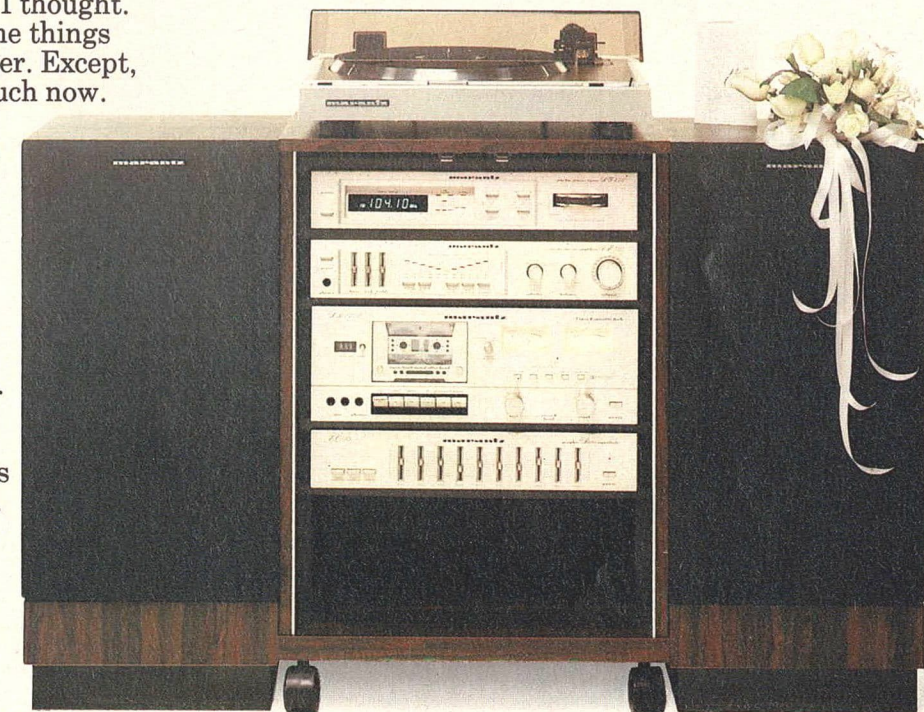
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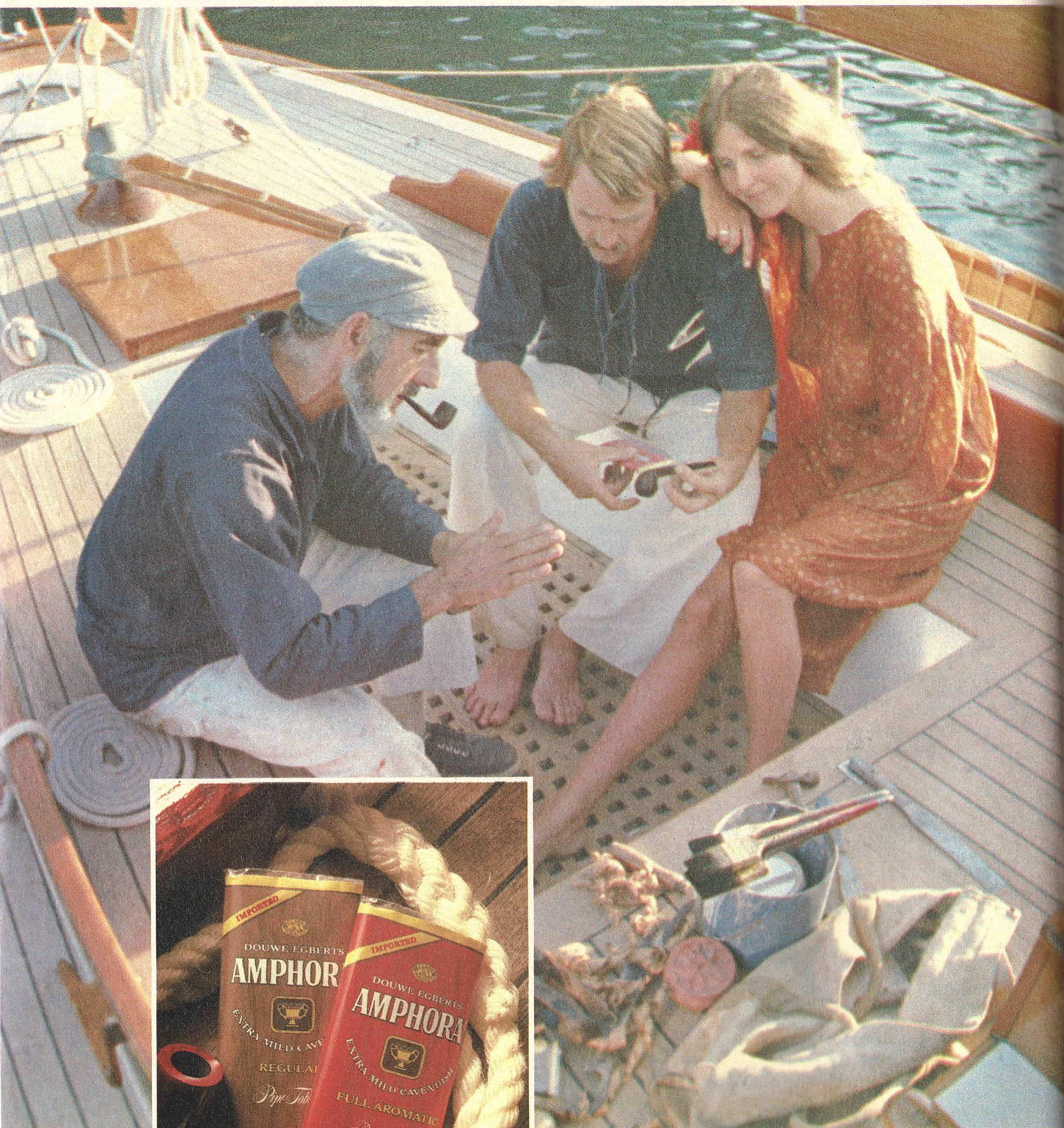
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In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Work load

I entered the world of work right out of high school and now I work for a large corporation in a small community and have a fairly reputable job. I share my office with two working partners, Don a 27-year-old, and Lynn, who is approximately 24 and a ravishing beauty. We all get along very well. Don and I are always teasing Lynn with sexually suggestive statements, naturally in good fun. She handles it well, coming back with the statement: "Just wait! Someday you're going to get yours." In return we harmonise: "Oh, really, we can't wait!"

Lynn, a recent divorcee with only our sexually oriented comments to fill her needs, knew, as we did, that sooner or later this was bound to take its toll.

On a midnight shift, while returning from a break, Lynn entered the office saying: "Boy, this sure has been a long, hard night." Don answered: "Lynn what you need long and hard is a 12-inch cock." And I said: "Well, the only way I can help is if I cut off three inches."

Then to our surprise, she got up walked over to the door, locked it, and shut off the lights, saying: "Prove it!" She then walked over to where we were sitting and said: "Com on, boys, talk is cheap! How about some action?"

Don and I sat there dumbfounded and said nothing. Then Lynn opened her shirt to the most beautiful set of 36-inch tits I have ever seen. She had a firm nipple erection and said: "Lick me!"

Next she stripped off her tight blue jeans and revealed her panties. Before I could move, she was on her knees in front of me, opening the fly of my bursting pants. As my tool broke loose, she engulfed me. Her mouth was like warm silk.

Not to be outdone, Don went around and buried his face in her pussy. I could see by her eyes each time his tongue moved. Her face was aglow with ecstasy.

Anaesthetised with pleasure, I was soon numb to the world. I knew I had finally reached Fantasy Island.

With Don flicking his tongue and my member engulfed by her sensuous mouth, our moans of enjoyment increased. Soon she was delirious and pantingly said: "Oh, screw me..."

With an invitation like that Don lost no time in repositioning himself and began to slowly slide in his tool. As each inch gained her respect, her eyes opened wider and

wider. As he hit bottom, her eyes closed and she gasped: "Now I'm in heaven..." With her mouth still working on me, she sensed I was nearing the edge of reality. Suddenly I felt myself tighten, and I began to ejaculate. As I watched, Don began to shake and squirm and she moaned.

Both Don and I dropped dead to the world, including our now wilting members. But Lynn wanted more, and began a strangely sensual dance. Before long she was working herself over. Not wanting us left out, she bent down and gave me a wild, wet kiss. Then she went down to suck Don's limp tool. Seeing this drove me to a near-exploding condition.

Suddenly we heard keys at the door. We froze when an unsuspecting young beauty working her way through uni as a cleaner opened the door. Not losing her composure, she shut the door and said: "Why wasn't I invited?"

She began to undress saying: "I haven't seen this much cock since I snuck into the boys dressing room." Her nickname was Bush, and as she pulled down her panties, I learned why. Before me was the most beautiful black bush of hair.

With Don and Lynn locked in a 69 position, Bush and I began to make time. Her pussy needed a good pounding. I slid in, throbbing with passion, and rode her as she bucked like a wild bronco, her tongue darting in my ear. Bush and I climaxed simultaneously.

Without warning the office door flew open, and in walked our supervisor, who has no sense of humor. Needless to say, Don and I are no longer employed with that firm. As for Lynn and Bush, they were both offered and accepted secretarial jobs in the front office. (I'm sure they will be able to handle them, even though neither can type.)

Looking back, I guess shift work wasn't all bad. — Name and address withheld.

Hardships

I was, until recently a frustrated student. My expectations were far from being fulfilled. I had come to uni looking forward to many experiences but instead had found nothing but heartache. For although the student body was well endowed with a plethora of female delights, they would have none of us lowly first year students, instead preferring "older" men. Many times I heard my fellow classmates complain about the frustrating state of things,

and I could well commiserate with them, suffering the same as they.

Day by day I could feel myself becoming more infuriated about the lack of female respect for us "juniors". I vowed to do something about it, paying no heed to the jeers of fellow students, who were willing to wait a year before they became "respectable". I would have none of this and therefore decided to somehow improve my miserable lot.

How to go about it, though, was an entirely different matter. I could attempt to forcibly enter an unwilling female. However, the ramification of such an action, I felt, would not be beneficial either to me or the male body as a whole. After much thought and cogitation on the matter, I hit upon a plan which, if successful, would accomplish my ends without harm to anybody.

I, by no means lacking sexual experience, would seduce one of these snobby women and prove once and for all that we juniors are not so sexually naive as the female body would like to believe.

My target was not difficult to choose. Upon first arriving at uni, I had caught sight of the most luscious piece of female flesh I had ever seen. I had done research on her and discovered to my intense delight that she was sexually active and a willing partner as long as it was with a good-looking senior student.

I had followed her many times around campus, having such a hard-on that I was surprised I didn't shoot my load in my pants. My friends often spied me following her and joked about my tent pitching constantly.

Once I had my voluptuous mate picked out, all I had to do was formulate a means by which to meet her, and the rest I trusted to my experience. I knew that she ate lunch at the same time I did, so the next day I planned to eat at the same table with her.

This was by no means an easy task, for guys swarmed around her constantly, and several fights had already broken out just for the right to sit with her. I figured that if I followed her into the cafeteria, I could be right behind her when she sat down and thus jump into a seat right beside her.

This I did, but I had failed to realise that my right to do so might be challenged. Although I was by no means weak, I was no match for the hulk who confronted me. Luckily, though, that sweet, delicate

creature came to my rescue and called the brute off.

I was astonished that this goddess-like creature would pay the slightest bit of attention to me before I had even introduced myself.

I thanked her and told her that I had just transferred here and as yet hadn't met anyone. Her eyes lit up at this last remark, and she informed me that her name was Joanna.

By this time my cock was so hard that I thought it was either going to explode in my pants or jump out and attack her. She glanced down at my tent and asked me if I didn't need some fresh air. I was momentarily embarrassed, but I quickly got over it and asked her if she didn't need some fresh air herself. She gave me the most luscious smile imaginable. Her lips were so red and full that just to imagine them around my throbbing member sent chills of ecstasy through my body.

We both walked out, and she asked me if I would like to have a look at her flat. She had just decorated her room, she said. I complied readily, scarcely able to contain myself.

By the time we had arrived, I wanted to screw her right on the floor, but she would have none of this and told me to take off my clothes and get into bed. She took off her clothes slowly and with elegance. It took my full effort just to keep from jumping her right then and there.

After she had finished undressing, she told me to lie on my back, at which time she proceeded to give me the best blow-job of my life.

She started licking and kissing my entire body, arousing me, as if I weren't hot enough. She began to come closer and closer to my cock, and I screamed at her to go down on me. This she did, at first just taking the tip into her sweet mouth and then, to my surprise, engulfing all of me. I couldn't contain myself any longer, and ejected.

I commanded her to lie flat on her back and to spread her legs. She complied, squealing with delight. I began flicking my tongue, teasing her. I then started probing deeper and deeper, bringing screams of rapture from her.

I could tell she was going to have an orgasm. I was quite hard and ready myself, and so I rammed into her luscious love triangle. We both came simultaneously in seventh heaven. We continued till about two o'clock but had to stop because I had a class.

Before I left, I told her who I really was. At first she was furious, but then she realised it really didn't matter. Ever since, Joanna and I have been together regularly, and although I may not have changed the entire female body's belief that we first year boys are sexually naive, I know I altered at least one girl's opinion. — *Name and address withheld.*

Avid helpmate

I was sitting in my graphics class, working on my project, when this guy in my class (I'll call him David) asked me to stay behind and help him work on his project. I am an art teacher's aide, so I saw no harm in staying to help him and said I would. My friend Laura said that David just probably wanted me to stay to have a little fun. I told her she was crazy and said her oversexed mind would someday get her in trouble. Laura said just the same she would drop by later to see if we were having fun.

After class our art director gave me the keys to the room and left. David and I then started joking around and saying it would be funny if Laura did think we were having a little fun. Then the idea hit us to tape paper over the door window and lock the door so Laura couldn't see in or get in. We set up our little joke, then went back to working on David's project.

As we worked, we causally talked about our past sexual encounters. As we talked, I was really getting turned on but I controlled myself so as not to arouse David's suspicion. David suddenly said I had ink on the side of my nose, so I got up to wash it off at the sink in the far corner of the room.

As I went about washing off the ink, I suddenly felt a pair of warm hands caressing my waist and David's hot breath at my neck. Then his hands slowly slid up my sides to my tits. The talk we had had just a moment ago was enough to get me hot, but just his breath on my neck made me wild.

As he caressed my tits, my head began to whirl around and I began to feel his distinct hard-on against me. I said that we shouldn't start anything we couldn't finish and that we certainly would be in a fix if someone barged in on us. How would we possibly explain our situation? David then simply said we could finish what we started because the door was locked. I had forgotten the door was locked, so at this realisation I was hot and ready.

I quickly undressed and started helping David undress. When I got down to his underwear, I forgot about washing off the ink with cold water. So when I touched his dick, he got an extra thrill from the coldness of my hands. He jumped at the shock of my cold hands, so to drive him crazy I started running my hand up and down the back of his leg, finally coming to rest my hand on his cock, and gently started to massage it.

Then I proceeded to give him something I'd never really tried before but felt an uncontrollable urge to do. I knelt down and put my lips over his now enormously hard cock. It wasn't long before I found myself on the nearby table, being teased and taunted by his quivering tongue. The room began to whirl around, and soon I felt myself being filled by this guy that looked like he couldn't look at a girl without blushing. Boy, was I wrong!

As we both climaxed, we were startled

by the blasting roar of announcements on the P.A. system. We then quickly got dressed, grabbed our books, gave a good-bye kiss, and went our separate ways. So now, when a male asks me to stay after class to "help him", I'll help him! — *Name and address withheld.*

Backseat driving

While out at a local night club on Tuesday night, I became acquainted with three of the horniest women I have ever met. When I walked over to talk with the three, I had a hard-on so big that I was sure they had noticed as all three were smiling, with their eyes fixed on my shaft.

I started to talk to the blonde first. Her name was Mindy, and she had the biggest tits I had seen all night. Her arse was cute and tight. As we talked, I felt a couple of hands feeling my bum. It turned out to be two of her friends, whom she readily introduced as Nora and Lee. I suggested that we all go over to my place for a little party. They all agreed, and we left the bar.

When we got to my car, Mindy suggested that she drive so Lee and Nora could talk with me. As soon as we climbed into the backseat, Nora stripped to her sheer bra and panties, while Lee grabbed my zipper to expose me.

Immediately Lee swallowed me while Nora licked me. Mindy turned around in the driver's seat and started to ask directions on how to get to my place. Well, she could see that I was in no shape to give directions, so she started the car and moved it into the parking area. When the car came to a stop, Mindy jumped into the backseat and said: "We'll just take care of you right here."

As Mindy was taking her clothes off, Lee was still busy sucking and now Nora was shoving her slippery tongue all around me. Mindy was now naked and horny and proceeded to wrap her luscious thighs around my head while begging me to lick her. When Mindy started to grind against my face, I knew that I was about to shoot a load. Now, as I was pumping deeper and deeper, Lee started to back off. Quickly I shoved Lee's head down while I started shooting. Lee started gasping, so I withdrew, finding to my delight that Nora had her mouth in position.

Mindy then lay down on the seat, spreading her thighs. I set my manhood deep into her and screwed Mindy harder and harder while Lee took control of Mindy's tits.

I reached around to feel Lee's smooth arse. Slowly I began to slap her with my hands. Lee started breathing more heavily. I knew what she wanted, so I began spanking harder and harder, sending the fine line of pain and pleasure into her orgy-ridden body. Soon her buttocks started to redden, as did my hands. But I kept up the motion of the rhythm until we all came at once.

After all the excitement, we fell asleep.

When I awoke, it was morning and I found myself alone in the backseat.

The only memento they had left me was three pairs of panties hanging from my rear vision mirror. — *Name and address withheld.*

Strip Monopoly

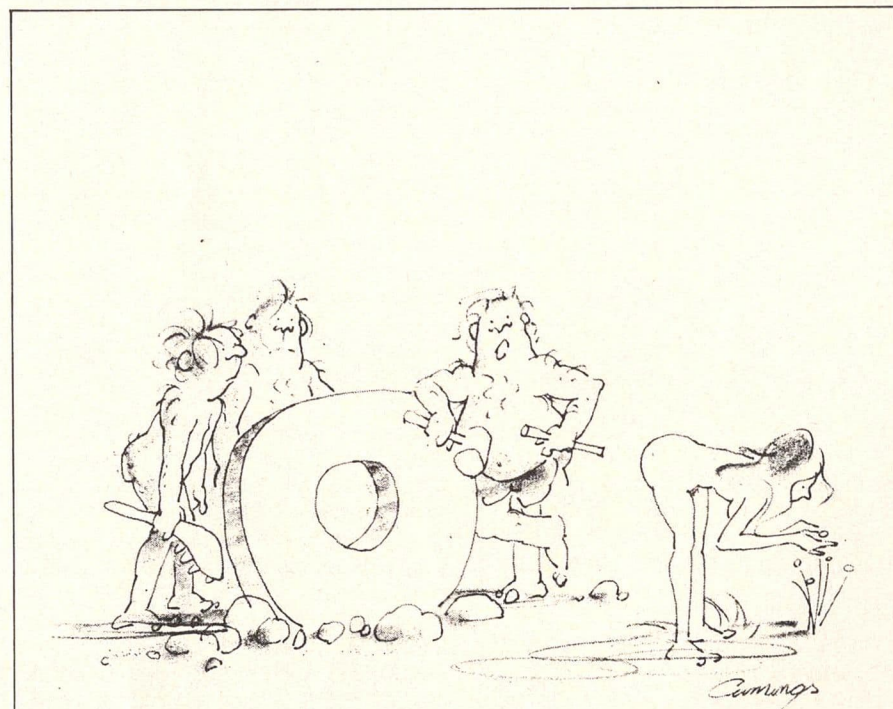
My story all began when I bought a Monopoly board and decided to have a small party.

The couple arrived at 8.00 pm on Monday, and after a few drinks we got the board out. First I laid out the rules. Everyone received \$750 and three proper-

ties. When a player lands on your property, he or she either pays or plays.

Now let me describe everyone. I am tall and have brown hair that matches my tan and a muscular build. My girlfriend, Nan, has brown hair, blue eyes, and a breathtaking 36-22-33-inch body. Al has blond hair, blue eyes, and is also very muscular. His girlfriend, Fran, has long-flowing blonde hair, and a fantastic 34-22-34-inch body.

After we were all nude and pretty stoned, the game got rolling. Nan was the first to land on Al's much-housed property. With not enough pay she had to play. I



"Funny, you can look at a thing a million times, and then one day, whammo, it hits you!"

Make it a Gordon's and

World's largest selling gin.



started the stopwatch while Al and Nan headed to the bedroom to spend five lusty minutes in my water bed. I lit up, and Fran and I smoked while talking. When we were finished, she buried her head in my lap and brought me to my first orgasm of the evening.

Looking at the stopwatch, I saw it was time over, well spent. When we yelled for Al and Nan, they returned, looking very well satisfied. Next it was my turn, and I landed on Al's property and paid. Fran landed on my property and with a devious smile, said: "Play."

We went to the bedroom, and I set Fran

at the edge of the water bed and began lapping. After a tremendous orgasm I placed her legs on my shoulders and entered her with one long stroke. After a few orgasms I turned her over, placed two pillows under her, and slowly entered from behind. She began shaking violently and I shot my load. By then our time was up, so we washed up and returned to the game.

It was then Al's turn and he landed on Fran's property, and they retired to the bedroom. Nan and I talked about her escapade with Al. When Al and Fran returned, it was Nan's turn. She landed on one of Al's properties and paid. It was then

my turn, and I landed on one of Al's properties and I had to pay.

After stopping for a few drinks, Al and I began jerking each other off. Nan asked to join us. I began screwing Fran while Al used a vibrator on Nan and was getting head from Fran. After we all climaxed simultaneously we jumped into the shower. Then we returned to the living room. After a few more drinks we said our goodbyes and told them: "Same time next Monday." — *Name and address withheld.*

While the cat's away

My story started one day when my girl friend Diane asked me to go see a friend of hers that evening. I didn't feel like sitting home that night, so I said okay. Diane came to pick me up, and off we went. We got there, and at the door I was introduced to Nick.

Nick was somewhat tall, dark-haired, and had a broad build. We followed Nick into the games room, where I met a few more people. The one who stuck in my mind, though, was Jim. (Diane informed me later he was taken.) Jim was well over six feet, had blond hair, blue eyes, and the longest sexiest legs ever. We stayed at Nick's for a while, and just as we were leaving, Nick asked me for my phone number. I gave it to him, hoping it would bring me closer to Jim.

Nick and I started seeing each other, and just as I planned, I got closer to Jim. The three of us went out a lot. One day we were out driving around, and Jim stopped at an adult-type store. Nick just shrugged it off, but my curiosity got the best of me. When Jim got in the car, I very calmly asked him what he had bought. He very proudly showed us a vibrator he got for Kim.

Although it was for her, I couldn't stop thinking how good it would feel to have Jim using that vibrator on me. As it turned out, I had to use my own finger that night to relieve my frustration.

A few months had passed, and Nick and I were really having problems. Jim had said that he and Kim were on the outs also, so we were somewhat in the same boat. About a week later Nick said he had to go away for a while to think things out.

To my surprise I didn't feel bad at all that he was gone. In fact, every day my thoughts turned more to Jim. I would think about how much I wanted to grab that bulge of his. One day it got to be too much. I had to call him and see him that night. It took me a while to talk Jim into taking me to dinner that night.

Jim felt I was still Nick's girl, and he didn't want to get in the middle of it. I assured him it would be purely platonic and not to worry.

He was there at five. Luckily for me I'd worn a sexy black wraparound dress to work that day. I also wore black-seamed stockings. (I found out later they were Jim's favorite.) All the way to the

restaurant I was squirming in my seat. Jim picked a nice quiet place to eat.

While we were having dinner, Jim asked me what was wrong between Nick and me. I told him that Nick and I had no sex life, and that no matter what I did, Nick just didn't get turned on. From that point on the conversation got spicy, and so did I.

With the candle burning softly, I bent forward just enough to let Jim see my rounded breasts. Between that and crossing my legs so my dress rode up my leg to my crotch, Jim must have raised the table off the ground. We talked about how we had felt about each other from the start. I was surprised to find out that Jim thought about me a lot. We then talked about the fantasies we had about each other.

We talked for a little while longer, then decided to leave. I was hoping that our words would turn into action. While I was thinking of a way to do this, I pulled out a joint. Just as Jim turned to get it, I pulled the left side of my dress off my shoulder so I could expose my stiff nipple.

All Jim could do was stare, with his mouth open. I asked him if he wanted to suck on it, and in a throaty voice he said yes. He was just about to put his mouth on it when I covered my tit and told him he could have it later. "First let's get some wine and a hotel room," I said.

Back in the car and on our way to a hotel, I started up my tricks. I took Jim's hand off the steering wheel and placed it between my open legs. He mumbled something about crotchless undies. All this time I had my hand between his legs, making circles around his big, tight balls, watching his cock practically jump through his pants.

We finally made it to a hotel. A minute longer, and I would have raped him. Once in the room, we drank some wine, and got superhorny. I got off the bed to kneel between Jim's legs. I got in between his legs, unbuttoned his shirt, and took it off. What a masculine chest! I immediately started licking and kissing his ears, neck, shoulders, and nipples. His moaning made me even more excited. I knew he couldn't stand it any longer, so I asked him to lie in the middle of the bed.

First I tied his arms with my scarf and then I took off his pants. His cock was throbbing like crazy. I looked at him, licked my lips, and proceeded to do the sexiest striptease I knew. I quickly straddled his stomach. Bending forward slightly, I let my tits bob up against his mouth. Just as Jim was really getting into sucking my nipples, I pulled away. I slid over his dick and repositioned myself so my mouth was at his balls. First I gently sucked one, then the other, then both.

Jim was moaning, twisting, and bucking away. All the while he was begging me to suck his cock. That's just what I wanted, begging. I told him to get ready. I licked him from his balls to the head. Gently and slowly I sucked in his entire shaft. Working

with my mouth and fingers, I drove his cock into a frenzy. His prick swelled up in my mouth, pounding against my tongue. Faster and faster I sucked and licked until he shot his wad.

Very gently I untied the scarf. All of a sudden Jim had me flat on my back telling me it was my turn. He started sucking on my nipples like crazy. In between sucks he told me to beg him to eat me.

While I was begging, Jim flipped me on my stomach and told me to get on all fours. When I did this, he got on his back and brought his mouth right to my pussy. He licked and sucked and kissed my pussy until I was shaking violently, dripping come all over his face. As my body stopped shaking, I felt something hot and hard pressing into me from behind. I felt another orgasm building up.

Molding himself to me, he grabbed my tits and squeezed my nipples. He was slamming so hard I saw stars. Painfully sweet stars.

My body started shaking, my pussy started jerking. I felt Jim shudder as we both collapsed on the bed, falling into peaceful sleep.

A few months later Jim moved. But after two years we got together. (Nick never came back!) Now we share our own apartment. As for our sex life . . . well, Jim bought me my own vibrator, but that's another story. — *Name and address withheld.*

Carpenter's tool

I am now in my 33rd year, the eldest daughter of a successful doctor of Theology. My upbringing was strict but fair and both parents taught me to keep myself at a distance to those who were not of my station. However, since my teens I have only found men of "the lower classes" attractive. The complete animal existence is extremely exciting. (I do not mean that in any derogatory manner.) The fight for existence for them — the mere "existence" for those of us who have never had to fight for wealth.

Well, one day last week I had reason to call in a contract carpenter to construct some shelving in my kitchen. (I share my house with four cats — there's been no marriage in my life.) When the carpenter arrived and I opened the door to greet him I received a real shock! He was a very handsome young man indeed! About six feet tall and sturdily built.

Dave (the young man) set to work, but not without leering at my behind and legs as he talked to me. But strangely I found I quite enjoyed a young, attractive man finding my body engaging. I felt a thrill run down my back.

As I sat on a stool we chatted and Dave made me blush by saying what "delicious" legs I had. Then as he reached over to pick up a tool he let his rough hand brush against my thigh. I know I should have scolded him, but somehow I was fasci-

Things to do with your Gordon's when you don't feel like a Gordon's and tonic.

It's got to be Gordon's.

Gordon's Apple Orchard

delightfully mellow

1½ parts Gordon's, 3 parts apple juice over ice in highball glass, add a sprinkle of cinnamon.

Gordon's and Bitter Lemon

smoothness with a sparkle

Fill highball glass with ice, add 1½ parts Gordon's, squeeze in wedge of lime, fill glass with bitter lemon.

Gordon's Brave Bull

nice n' spicy

1½ parts Gordon's and coffee liqueur over ice in short glass, add a twist of lemon.

Gordon's and Cola

gin with a fizz

1½ parts Gordon's in highball glass over ice, fill with cola, add a slice of lime.

Gordon's Fallen Angel

sweet and sour

2 parts Gordon's, juice of whole lemon, 2 dashes creme de menthe, 1 dash angostura bitters, shake well with ice and strain into cocktail glass.

Gordon's Grapefruit Cooler

summery tang

1½ parts Gordon's over ice in short glass, fill with 3 parts grapefruit juice, add a dash of salt.

Gordon's Grasshopper

cool and creamy

1 part Gordon's, 1 part each green and white creme de menthe, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.

Gordon's Highball

the quencher

1½ parts Gordon's over ice in highball glass, twist in long sliver of lemon peel, pour on ginger ale and stir.

Gordon's and Orange

tropical twist

In highball glass mix 1½ parts Gordon's and 3 parts orange juice with ice, garnish with slice of orange on side of glass.

Gordon's and Lime

cool and refreshing

2 parts Gordon's and 1½ parts lime juice into shaker, add ½ teaspoon of sugar, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.

Gordon's Manhattan

smooth as silk

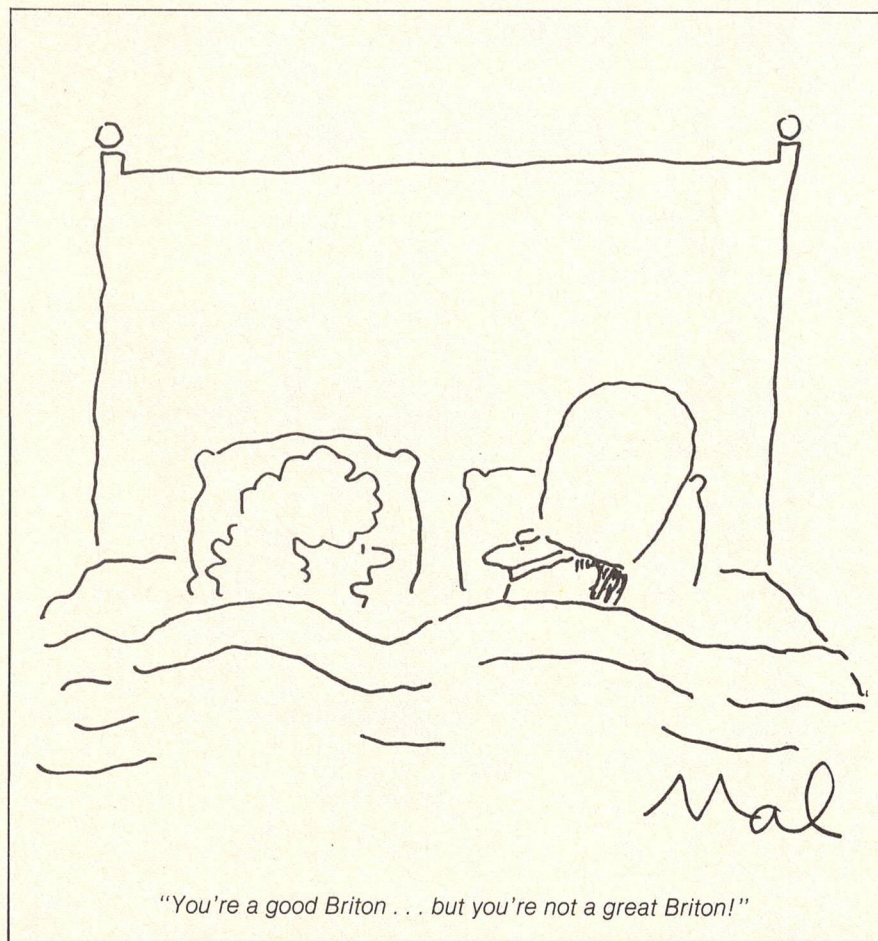
Into short glass put ice, 2 parts Gordon's, 1 part of sweet vermouth, stir well, add slice of lemon.

Gordon's On The Rocks

Gordon's and Water

short and satisfying

Pour 2 parts Gordon's over ice in short glass, add 1 part water.



nated by the sensations that were going through my body. I wanted him to touch me!

As I found it too hard to now sit comfortably on the stool I stood up, and then I saw a huge bulge. It was sticking out like a little tent!

Dave walked slowly over to me and then — kissed me on the lips! Then he took my hands in his and undid his zip. When his penis jumped out I just had to touch it. I was transfixed by it. Somehow it seemed enormous!

Despite my natural shyness, Dave had soon taken off my clothes and had dropped his shorts to the ground. He told me to kneel down in front of him, and when I did I saw the reason. His swollen manhood was next to my mouth. "Suck it," he said. I couldn't help myself. I just placed my mouth on the shaft and licked and sucked. It was amazing.

Then suddenly Dave told me to stop and pushed my legs apart. He tickled me around my vagina and I knew I wanted him inside me.

He saw my cloudy eyes, heard my quick breath — and took every advantage! He pushed his big member into me and it felt so, so good. I said it was great to Dave and then he did something that still lets a shiver up my back.

He turned me around and had me like dogs. I should have stopped him, but it was so exciting! I felt a great build-up of ten-

sion and then everything was like a fireworks display. So this was orgasm!

The last think I knew was David holding his penis next to my face and I licked him till he had an orgasm. He seemed very pleased.

Dave has opened up new horizons for me — and I am forever grateful! Plus I think I may call on some other carpenters — just for quotes, you understand. — *Ms Julie S., North Sydney, New South Wales.*

Hot encounter

My experience happened a couple of days ago when I was invited to a party and I asked out a really hot girl named Linda, who really made a tent of my pants when I thought of her.

I picked up Linda around seven o'clock, and we were off to the party. Linda was really looking hot in a skintight dress, which showed her fantastic tits and tremendous cleavage. We got to the party around 7.30 and were promptly let in. The party was great, and there were thousands of good-looking girls there.

Linda and I were drinking, and around 10 she was really hot. She kept feeling my cock through my jeans and kissing me hotly. My cock was aching for her pussy, and she pulled me into one of the "spare" bedrooms.

She immediately pushed me down on the bed and ripped off my pants. My prick was really soaring as she slid off my under-

wear and grabbed my balls. She started blowing on the head of my cock, and I was in ecstasy as she started twirling her tongue over my cockhead.

She was really worked up as I removed her skirt and started fondling her 36-inch tits. She lowered her mouth around my cock and erotically started pumping up and down. I moaned loudly as her fantastic lips slid up and down my shaft. All this time she was grabbing and squeezing my balls with every pump. I could feel my jism start to rush out.

She collapsed on to the floor and started squirming out of her bikini panties and started begging for me to eat her. She spread her beautiful tan legs out on the bed and started tweaking herself. I lay down between her legs and started swirling my tongue around her pussy until she came.

I started licking her gorgeous thighs and then trailed my tongue from her stomach to her tits. She shoved a nipple in my mouth and screamed for me to suck it. I continued this until she said: "Screw me, Bill!" This was too good to pass up, so I obliged.

She spread her legs wide and grabbed my prick as I slowly eased it into her. She started bucking her hips along with my cock. We pumped together. I was really in heaven, hearing her long sensuous moans. I just kept pushing into her. We pumped, and then we both felt our mutual orgasms approaching. She was breathing hard as I pulled out, and shot all over her.

Linda flaked out, and I relaxed. Later, when she woke up she said I was the best. This wasn't the last of our close encounters. — *Name and address withheld.*

Love letter

This is an open letter to a special sailor who's far away. I hope you love it, Jeff. This is a fantasy for you and me.

We're at opposite ends of a crowded room. We're talking with other people and looking at each other. I'm wearing jeans and a clinging T-shirt, and I can feel you undressing me with your eyes. Your staring makes me feel weak, and I leave the room. (Will you follow me? You do.)

We help each other undress, and we're so eager we're fumbling a little. And now we're lying nude in each other's arms. Your rod is so stiff against me. I take it in my loving hand and slowly stroke its full length. I can feel it pulsing in my hand. Then your cock is in my mouth, and you gasp and moan as you come.

You pull me up beside you, and you kiss my hair and face and stroke me gently and I feel you getting hard again.

You start to enter me, and I'm so excited I almost can't let you in. You gentle me with your hands, and you go down on me, and I want you so badly. Then you slowly slide your beautiful shaft into me.

Jeff, just wait till you get home! — *Name and address withheld.* ☪

"\$550 FOR A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING. HOW WOULD I GET THAT KIND OF MONEY?"

Some things you splurge on without turning a hair. Bits and pieces for your car. Drinks all round. New gear. Weekends and holidays away. But we'd bet you won't have a clue how much you'd pay for a diamond engagement ring. The girl in your life will.

She'll have quickly gathered that the bigger the diamond, the better. And that \$550 won't exactly put her in the "Liz Taylor league". But size, measured by carat weight, isn't everything.

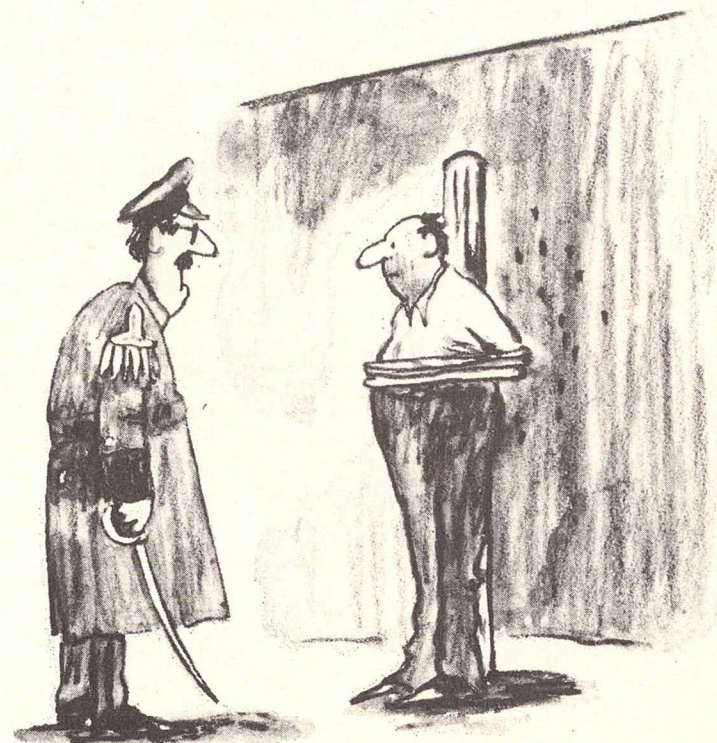
0-10 CARAT 0-20 CARAT 0-30 CARAT 0-40 CARAT

There's the cut of the diamond. The clarity and the colour. Basically, as a guide, a good quality diamond will cost you about a month's salary. Which, if you think about it, is not a lot to spend on someone who means so much. A diamond is forever.



For your free copy of the informative booklet, "Everything you'd love to know about diamonds," go to the jeweller who displays this sign or write to: Diamond Information Centre, 132 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.

De Beers



Cotham

"I hope you'll bear with us. There's been a wildcat strike!"

When is a Henri Wintermans half better than a whole?

Gentlemen in fine shape agree that a half corona is a fine shape for a cigar. Because a half corona's ample but not overlarge size gives a smoke of unparalleled flavour and coolness.

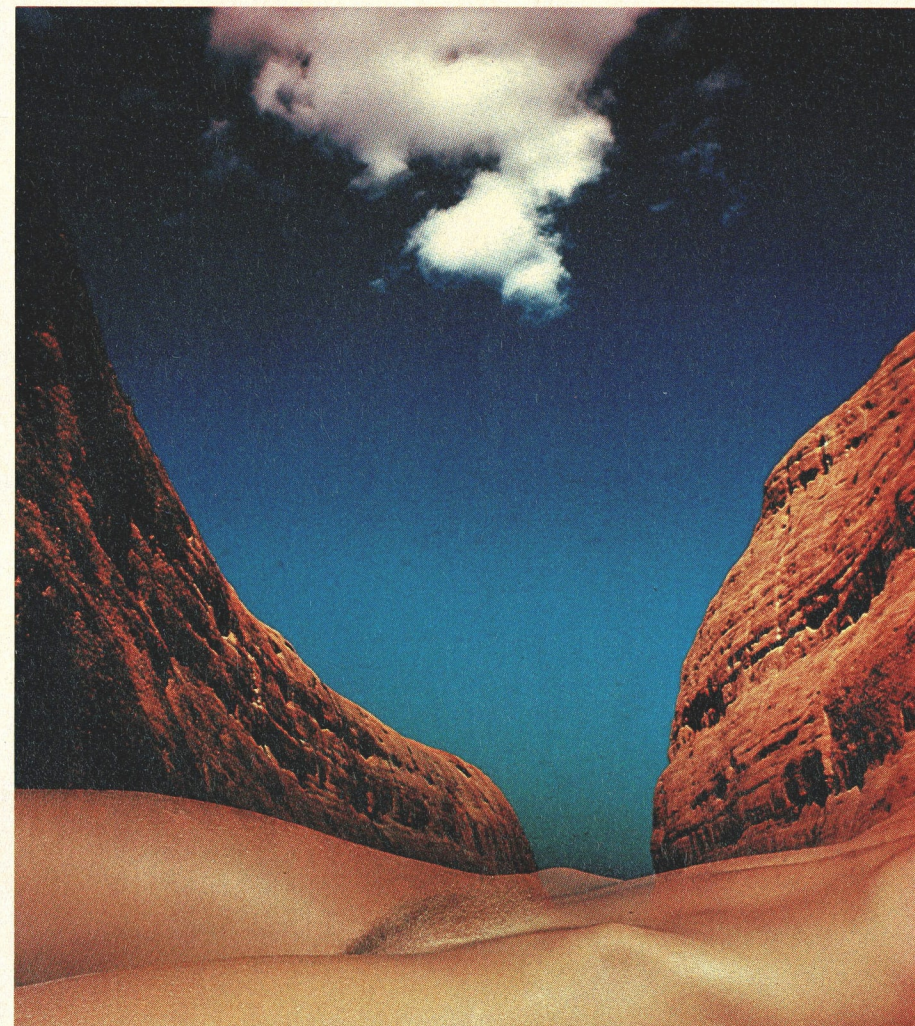
Note the generous cut at the end of a Henri Wintermans Half Corona. Don't fall for a little vee – it won't smoke as well. Note also the outer wrapper of quality Sumatran leaf. Superb.

Fine shape.

Fine company.



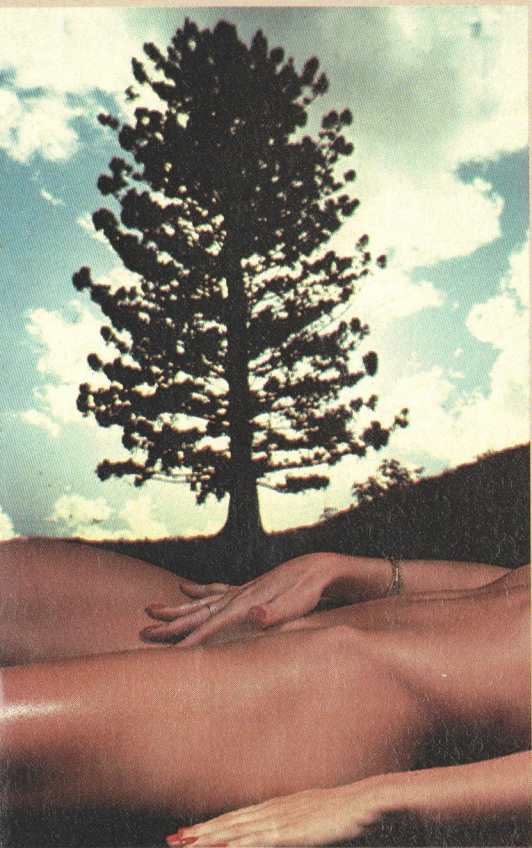
HENRI WINTERMANS.
HALF CORONAS. The nicest cigars in the world.



LANDSCAPE LADY

Beautiful country,
beautiful woman. The wide brown land never looked so good as in
this photo essay. The colors and hues
of the outback, the desert sky at night, an old homestead,
a bird of prey in flight. Oh, and Pet Kim McWhinney,
a lady in tune with her surroundings.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBBIE NEWMAN





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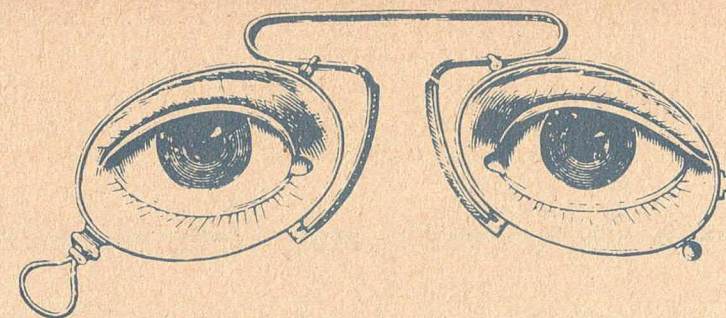
So we developed a special binding process to make sure they stay on, even after years of use.

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE BEST BITS OF THE BEST BITS

BY PHIL ABRAHAM

I don't know much about literature, but I know what I like. I like sex; erotica, exotica, lurid, explicit, unexpurgated descriptions of the act in all its splendid variety, writing which appeals purely to my prurient interests. The only problem is, until this month I've always had to wade through pages and pages of turgid padding to find what I'm after — the climactic scenes where hero and heroine finally get down and get funky! My paperback collection can't take the pace. *Lolita* has lost her spine, *Fanny Hill* is missing seven vital pages and most of my other well-thumbed works of fiction fall open automatically at certain well-read pages.

But those wonderful publishing people, Cassell Australia, have saved the day. They've cut the crap, thrown away the literary foreplay and produced *The Best Bits*, a compilation of the hottest sex scenes from 37 notorious bestsellers as diverse as *The Karma Sutra* and *The Stud*. William Shakespeare is probably turning in his grave. But if he had lived in the 20th Century he would, no doubt, put out an album called Shakespeare's Greatest Hits, including only the gory and the dirty bits, and then hung around at Stratford on Avon while the royalties rolled in.

Although Cassell attribute the book's brief introduction to Sandra Hall, there is no mention of the person or persons responsible for the selection of these 37 choice extracts. You can bet there was plenty of competition for that labor of love.

The list on the contents page reveals an eclectic approach which hints at a group effort; a publishers orgy with everyone putting in a bid. You can imagine the academics insisting upon the inclusion of D.H. Lawrence while the Jacqueline Susann and Harold Robbins fans' pleas rose above the din.

Even the proofreader has revealed his involvement. He was obviously so concerned with the content of what he was reading that he forgot to look for mistakes, because the book is riddled with typographical errors. But who cares? This factor is

unlikely to affect sales of *The Best Bits*. The researchers' dedication extended to a study of Russian literature, but the best they could come up with was an extract from *Moscow Nights*, a novel by Vlas Tenin which was published illegally in his home country and then smuggled to the West where it first appeared in print in 1972. It's described as "the lusty exploits of a bold new breed of Soviet sensualists", but fails to quicken the pulse. *Moscow Nights* reveals the Russians pragmatic no-nonsense approach to sex. "Taking the sign of his manhood in her hands — his most precious possession — she introduced it into her, setting him an example with the motions of her body. Copying these motions, he learned to be a man."

That was the worst bit of *The Best Bits*. The best bits of *The Best Bits* are much harder to choose, there are just so many of them. They must include Henry Miller's obsessive and imaginative descriptions of female genitalia in *Tropic of Capricorn*: "It was an enormous cunt, too, when I think back on it. A dark, subterranean labyrinth fitted up with divans and cosy corners and rubber teeth and syringes and soft nestles and eiderdown and mulberry leaves."

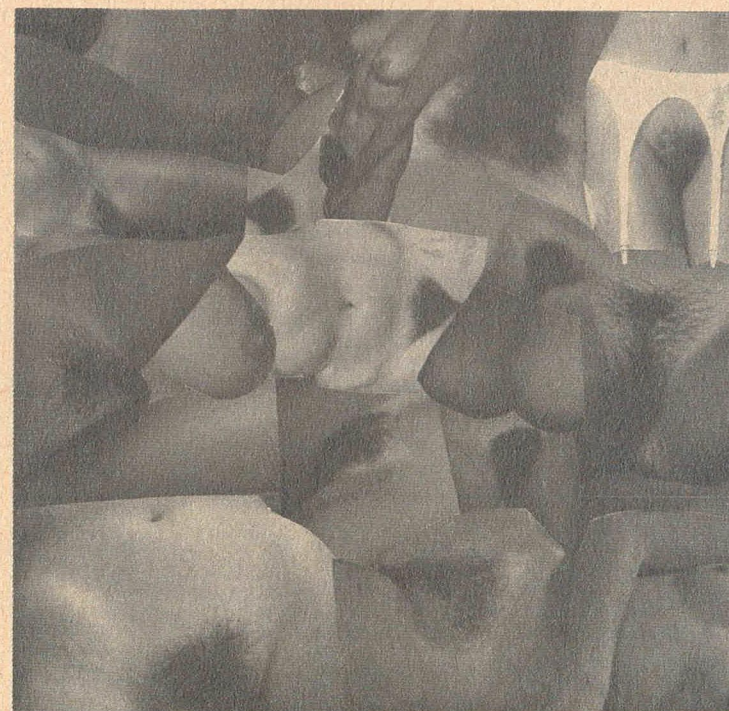
Or how about the perversity of Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckinridge*? "I then pulled up my skirt to reveal, strapped to my groin, Clem's dildo which I borrowed yesterday on the pretext that I wanted it copied for a lamp base."

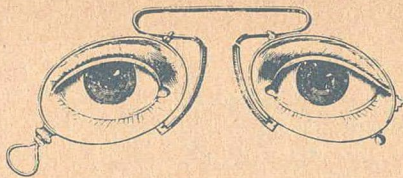
"Rusty cried out with alarm: 'Oh no! For God's sake don't.'"

"Now you will find out what it is the girl feels when you play the man with her."

Philip Roth's sense of the ridiculous made *Portnoy* an inevitable selection: "At long last, not a cored apple, not an empty milk bottle greased with vaseline, but a girl in a slip with two tits and a cunt — and a moustache, but who am I to be picky? This is what I have been imagining for myself..."

Chapter headings include Sex in Fancy Dress, with love scenes in a desert harem, a slave cell and the Canadian wilderness where the protagonist meets up with a couple of nubile indian squaws.





Rosemary's Baby rears its ugly head in the Sex and the Occult section, and there's a lengthy chapter titled *The First Time*, covering that once-in-a-lifetime experience — losing your virginity.

It features extracts from Leslie Thomas' *The Virgin Soldiers*, and an hilarious piece from an anthology titled, *You'll Always Remember The First Time*, which looks at the situation from a naive young woman's point of view: "Then it was in... it surprised one that when it was in, not only did it fill me, it also moved up and down. I had always thought that it kept still and did its job by some mysterious silent means. This jerking was a bonus."

The chapter on Contemporary Sex Objects includes Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*: "Her hand closed around an enormous blood-gorged pole of muscle. It pulsed in her hand like an animal and, almost weeping with grateful ecstasy she pointed it into her own wet, turgid flesh", and the infamous butter scene from *The Last Tango in Paris* by Robert Alley: "I

want you to repeat after me," he said digging the fingers of his free hand into the soft butter. Leisurely he applied it to her anus, greasing her, he thought, like a pig for the skewer. His fingers were brutally efficient."

Those with an interest in the history of sex in literature are catered for with extracts from *The Perfumed Garden*, which has an almost clinical style: "Then I examined her vulva — a white cuppola with a purple centre, soft and charming. It opened like that of a mare on the approach of a stallion."

"At that moment she seized my member and kissed it, saying, 'By the religion of my father! it must penetrate my vulva!' and drawing nearer to me she pulled it towards her vagina." And on to the Victorian fantasies in *The Pearl*, an erotic underground magazine which circulated in London in 1880: "As I lay panting and gasping on Rose, glowing with the fierce excitement, my eyes darting forth their humid fires, the stiffness which had perceptibly remitted, returned with re-doubled vigor, and I again began to make headway into her. The sperm that I had spurted into her cunt had penetrated and oiled the dark and narrow passage, making my further entrance somewhat easier. I now recommenced my eager shoves, my fierce lunges, and I felt myself gaining at every move, till with one tremendous and rending thrust I buried myself into her up to the hilt. So great was the pain of this last shock that Rose could not suppress a sharp shrill scream, but I heeded it not; it was the note of final victory, and only added to the delicious piquancy of my enjoyment as I buried myself, if possible, yet further within the soft, luscious folds of her love sheath. We lay for a short time in the closest conjunction with each other, so that the hair on both of us was interwoven in one mass."

And, of course, there is the

obligatory inclusion of sexual mystic D.H. Lawrence's attempts to describe the indescribable in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*: "And it seemed she was like the sea, nothing but dark waves rising and heaving, heaving with a great swell, so that slowly her whole darkness was in motion, and she was the ocean rolling its dark, dumb mass. Oh, and far down inside her the deeps parted and rolled asunder, in long, far-travelling billows, and ever, at the quick of her, the depths parted and rolled asunder, from the centre of soft plunging, as the plunger went deeper and deeper, touching lower, and she was deeper and deeper disclosed, the heavier the billows of her rolled away to some shore, uncovering her, and closer and closer plunged the palpable unknown, and further and further rolled the waves of herself away from herself, leaving her, till suddenly, in a soft, shuddering convulsion, the quick of all her plasm was touched, she knew herself touched, the consummation was upon her, and she was gone. She was gone, she was not, and she was born: a woman."

Jackie Collins extends her literary ability to the limit with her use of ocean imagery in *The Stud*: "Really I was out of my depth and knew it. I just let her have her way, I wasn't going to blow this set up. She dug her nails deep into my back and twisted her long white legs around me. She didn't moan or cry out. She muttered, 'Screw me you bastard, keep it hard', and being included in an anthology with Lawrence is probably the greatest accolade she'll ever get."

Anthologies are big business these days. For the many readers for whom time is money, editors have weeded out the deadwood and left the juicy bits, resulting in successful literary ventures like *The Book of Heroic Failures* and *The Book of Lists*. *The Best Bits* was inevitable,

and so is its success. I recommend it to anyone with the vaguest interest in erotic literature with this testimonial. This is the first book I've ever read from cover to cover.

SCENES



RADICAL ROCKERS

Celebrated US garbologist A.J. Weberman, who achieved notoriety by exposing the secrets which lay in the dark depths of certain celebrities' rubbish tins, has now exposed FBI files dealing with investigations into radical US rock luminaries of the late Sixties.

Top of the FBI's rock list is one James Morrison, fugitive, also known as Jim Morrison whose fame as lead singer of the Doors was eclipsed by his self-exposure and onstage masturbation in Miami, March 1, 1969.

As a sort of flashback to the tumescent event, Weberman has circulated FBI documents which "review" the show. While investigating "Possible racial violence", the FBI attended Morrison's appearance and this is what they saw:

Morrison... "pulled all stops in an effort to provoke chaos among a huge (sic) crowd of young people. Morrison's program lasted one hour during which time he sang one song and for the remainder he grunted, groaned, gyrated and gestured along with inflam-

matory remarks. He screamed obscenities and exposed himself which resulted in a number of the people on stage being hit and slugged and thrown to the floor. There were 31 off-duty Miami Police Officers hired by the sponsors who observed most of the action by Morrison but failed to make any arrest as to do so might possibly incite a riot. (Deleted) advised that he is conducting an investigation and warrants will be obtained for Morrison's arrest on misdemeanor charges. In addition the matter will be discussed... to determine if Morrison can be charged with a felony."

Subsequently, a Federal warrant was issued for the arrest of James Morrison, fugitive. Teletypes from the period suggest that a national manhunt had been conducted. However, when Morrison heard of the warrant he surrendered to FBI agents in Los Angeles. The US Assistant Attorney declined to prosecute Morrison and the FBI informed its Miami branch that the "Federal Process" against Morrison was to be dismissed.

Another group awarded with scrutiny by J. Edgar Hoover and

the FBI was the Fugs. A CBS television executive, Charles H. Crutchfield wrote to Hoover, enclosing a copy of the Fugs album, *Virgin Fugs*, and urging Hoover to, "stop the dissemination of such trash". Hoover wrote to Crutchfield thanking him for drawing the album to his attention. Hoover wrote, "It is repulsive to right-thinking people and can have serious effects on our young people."

FBI files show that the agency had already considered prosecution of the group due to its earlier album, *The Fugs First Album*. However prosecution was declined because the case was not good enough. Following receipt of the *Virgin Fugs* album, the material was forwarded to the General Investigative Division for "further review and any additional action deemed appropriate". An FBI note identifies the group as:

"... headed primarily by Ed Sanders, Ken Weaver and Tuli Kupferberg. This group is described as New York's most fantastic protest rock and roll peace-sex-grass-psychedelic singing group who write all their own material utilising the ar-

tistic and literary heritage of the lower East Side of New York combined with the civil rights and peace movements. According to information developed by the New York Office this group was among the initial founders of the Young International Party." (Later known as Yippies.)

The file on James Marshall Hendrix FBI 829 158D, is scant, but somewhat mysterious. It lists the FBI investigation of Jimi Hendrix's arrests in Seattle on May 2 and 6, 1961 for "taking and riding in a car without the owner's permission". On May 31 1961, Hendrix was the subject of an Army arrest for "unspecified reasons". Shortly afterwards a further arrest occurred, details of which have been completely deleted by FBI censors.

A file on Janis Joplin shows the agency had no particular interest in her, but in 1970 the FBI was worried about "possible violence" at a concert of hers near Chicago. A teletype says: "Source further advises unconfirmed reports have been received of possible attempts to disrupt concert and cause violence in area by unknown persons, possibly by some of those involved in disruption of Chicago Grant Park rock concert." — Peter Olszewski.

THE GREAT DEBATE

Ever since Don Dunstan opened the floodgates of pornography in 1974, the Reverend Fred Nile has been fighting a never-ending battle against moral decay.

Last month he took the battle to Sydney University for one of its traditional Union night debates.

The Rev. Fred was to have been supported by an imported wowser (a leading yankee anti-porn vigilante) but Immigration had other plans and on the night Fred's ally was a soft-spoken doctor with unremarkable speaking talents.

Fred at al. argued that pornography degrades women, a proposition which was successfully denied by *Australian Penthouse* resident sexologist Beatrice Faust and Senior Editor P.D. Jack.

Fred Nile was predictably roasted by the student audience, as was his doctor partner, and as was our man, Mr Jack, who took the attitude that the topic was unfair to donkeys, dogs and indeed men, that everything degrades everybody, and won the prize as sexist of the night.

He called the recent banning of *Australian Penthouse* and *Cleo* and similar Australian publications from Queensland University an "unholy alliance of wowsers and feminists, the women being conned into their traditional role as stoppers of men's fun."

Beatrice Faust was heard in inspiring silence, arguing that pornography — which, of course, does not include *Australian Penthouse* — degrades sexuality, if anything, and that the various myths put about by the wowsers, such as that pornography leads to crime, were just that, myths.

The main thrusts of the current Festival of Light campaign — child pornography and "snuff movies" — were red herrings used by the antediluvian killjoys to arouse public emotion, and directed the public's attention away from the necessary, and healthy, task of understanding their own sexuality.

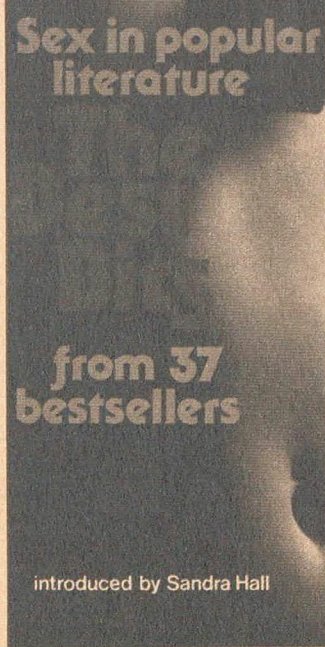
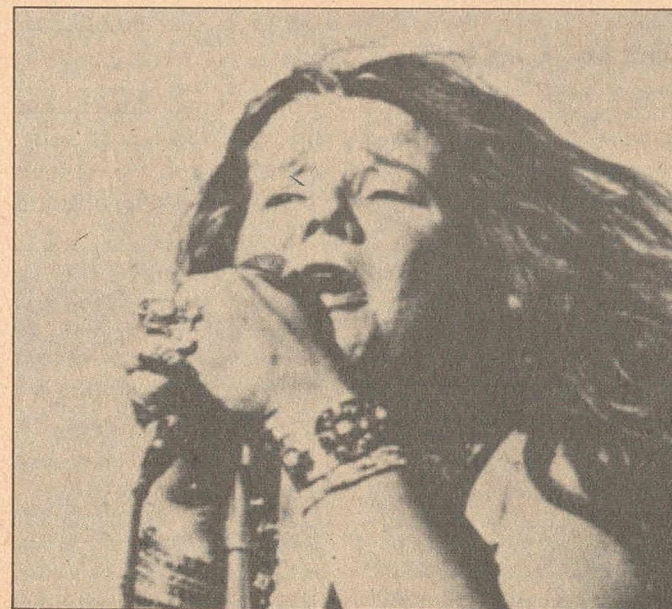
Despite reservations expressed by feminists in the audience, the vote was overwhelmingly in favor of Faust and Jack.

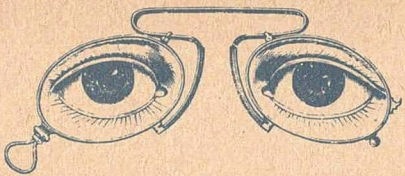
The feminists said they were not about to call for the banning of *Australian Penthouse* from the campus.

"You exploit women," they told Mr Jack, "but so does the whole capitalist society."

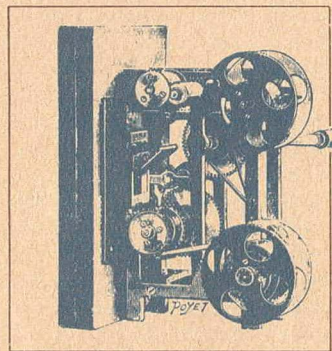
However, he was warned about getting too sexist.

Janis Joplin made the FBI files.





FILMS



LOOSE ENDS

There are many fine moments in Claudia Weill's second feature, *It's My Turn*, but not enough to make this film thoroughly satisfying. Like Paul Mazursky's *Willie & Phil*, there are too many loose ends, both technically and intrinsically, to make what started out to be an interesting movie, a good movie. Nevertheless, the good moments in *It's My Turn* are very good.

Like *Willie & Phil*, this film, too, deals with love and commitment and also involves three people. In this we have one woman at the professional and personal crossroads of her life. There are two men in her life, and the more she backs away from any commitment with cries for personal "space", the more she seems to edge closer to the inevitable "togetherness" . . . a togetherness that she sees shared by others, a togetherness she is both jealous of and wishes to emulate.

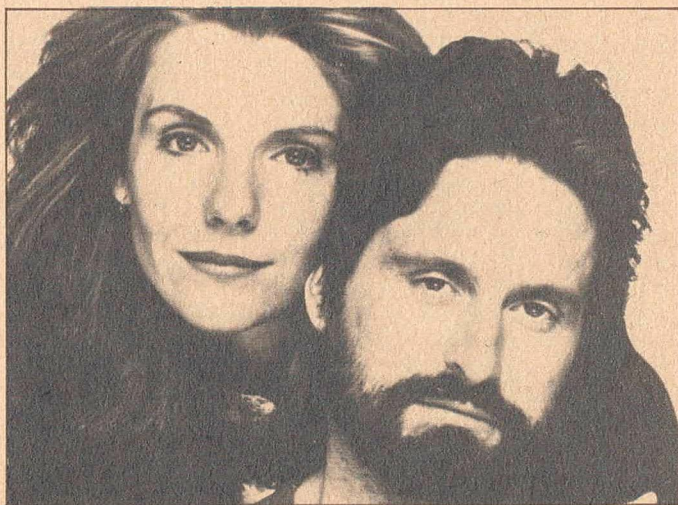
Take one school teacher, Kate Gunziner (Jill Clayburgh), more than competent and about to make a big mathematical breakthrough. She shares her off-campus life with an environmental architect, Homer (James Grodin). But then comes her big chance: she's about to be interviewed for a more prestigious position in New York. And the

fact that her father (nicely underplayed by Steven Hill) is about to remarry makes enough excuse for Kate to go to New York for the interview. She both wants and wishes to be rejected for the new administrative position, for she knows that in winning it she will have to move, while Homer ever amiable and fun, must remain behind in Chicago with his work.

Once in New York and confronted with familial obligations, she meets famous ex-baseball player Ben Lewin (Michael Douglas in a very seductive role), son of the bride-to-be Emma (Beverly Garland). It's almost instant attraction and the two, naturally enough, pair off — but not too immediately, not even spontaneously . . . for Kate feels that her "space" is threatened. Her happy union with Homer doesn't seem quite so harmonious in comparison with what she is encountering with new love Ben.

The sheer beauty of this love relationship is that Weill and her scriptwriter Eleanor Bergstein have managed not only to take a somewhat pat and old-fashioned love story, but have injected it with equal doses of the pain and joy, the fun and the tragedy that such relationships entail. The comedy moves from screwball to intellectual and then snappily moves on to the human side of emotionally demanding entanglements. Not an easy thing to pull off. One which doesn't always work just right, but still one which works 90 percent of the time.

Where *It's My Turn* fails is in the opening sequences. Why would an environmental architect live in perhaps the ugliest loft in the world (well, maybe Chicago)? And why do Kate and Homer, lovers at the start, seem only to screech at each other in the first 10 minutes of running time? Why do some of the set-ups before the camera still have that "Get on your marks . . . Roll 'em" feel to them? Bill Butler's



Clayburgh and Douglas work well as a team.

camera seems almost ready to insert itself into too many of the frames. The best sequences are those filmed in New York and those specifically between Douglas and Clayburgh, who work well as a team.

There are several good moments and Weill, who directed the critically acclaimed *Girlfriends*, is proving to be an interesting director to watch in the future.

It's so much like something you've seen before — and sadly, you've seen it done better. It's a cops and robbers caper, a case of the poor (well, not so poor) stealing from the so much richer. The poor in this case are a gang of professional thieves and one innocent, who becomes a willing accomplice.

Called *Loophole*, it's a British effort from the Brent Walker stable of films — films which in the past have given the cinematic world gems like *The Stud*. Enough said. Directed by John Quedstedt, the film breaks no new ground, has about as much characterisation as that of a comic book creation and lacks any semblance of tension or involvement. To make matters worse, Quedstedt, as a director, flounders on all accounts. There are several moments which

build, but then fall flat when nothing worthwhile develops as shots are abruptly curtailed at crucial moments. The one or two "funny" lines thrown in are done as if they were trial runs before the camera.

The Canadians have handled this genre of robbery films so much better, as in the case of the under-rated feature, *A Man, A Woman, A Bank* (also released as *A Very Big Withdrawal*) and so have the Australians with *The Money Movers*. All that *Loophole* has to offer is the chance to see some interesting film personalities working together — most notably Martin Sheen who made such lasting impact with his performance in *Apocalypse Now*, and the very versatile Albert Finney.

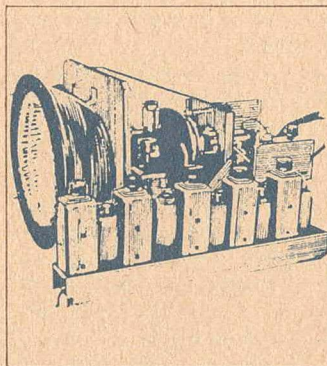
In this caper, out-of-work architect Stephen Booker (Sheen) is hired by a mysterious business tycoon Mike Daniels (Finney) to build a three-storey extension to "his" corporate headquarters. What actually transpires is that Daniels is a gentleman crook who wants to utilise Booker's expertise in order to tunnel through and rob the building next door . . . a bank. How original. All the action takes place in the sewers of London. And as one of the men say when they first enter: "Phew!"

The film's producers have seen fit to give actress Susanah York and veteran thespian Robert Morley precious little to do other than one or two "key" scenes which establish them as an almost shrewish, irritable wife, and a whingeing bank manager. What a waste.

Jonathan Hales' run-of-the-mill, let-the-cat-out-of-the-bag script plays a major role in this film's downfall. The climax of the film is telegraphed so early in the script that any surprise at the supposed "thrilling" climax is wasted.

The cinematography by Michael Reed is flat and lacklustre, the sets and locations likewise. A thorough waste of time, effort and money. The press kit claims "*Loophole* is the story of a robbery, possibly the most gripping and ambitious bank raid ever filmed." Maybe they were talking about another film. They couldn't have been talking about the film I saw. — Alex Anthony.

TV



THE FIRST GLUMSHOE

In spite of inflation, the figure \$100,000 still drops from the tongue with a satisfying clunk like closing the door of a Mercedes. A comfortably solid sum of currency.

I've never had \$100,000 but I'm reliably informed it can purchase a modicum of the good life, nothing extravagant, a brace of

Porsches, the odd Dobell, a smallish yacht, two weeks in Noosa, that sort of thing.

It can also buy a cop called *Bellamy*.

If this appears an excessive amount for one used policeman, albeit in good condition, I hasten to point out that *Bellamy* was never a product of the NSW Police Academy in the once working class but now enthusiastically trendy Sydney suburb of Surry Hills.

No, *Bellamy* graduated from the school of hard knocks run by Headmaster Reg Grundy, who has made his mission one of improving the quality of life in this country by enabling us to see *The Restless Years* and *Sale of the Century*.

Bellamy is a cops 'n' robbers saga with each episode costing around \$100,000 making it the most expensive series of its kind produced in Australia. Some of the expense, incidentally, is incurred because the series is shot on film and the negative is then transferred to videotape, possibly the first time this technique has been used anywhere in the world.

So what does one get for the money?

One gets John Stanton as Detective Sergeant Steve Bellamy who wanders through the seamy side of life with a permanently worried look as if his pension was under threat. Bellamy could be television's first glumshoe.

Stanton is no stranger to video cops having spent a year playing one in *Homicide*, the godfather of all Australian crime series.

According to writer Ron McLean who created *Bellamy*, Stanton was chosen because he looked the part.

"I'm sure he's most people's idea of a policeman — regular features, athletic and macho," McLean explained.

I'm a trifle puzzled by that statement. I don't know a lot of cops but those I've met have not

been equipped with regular features. They've had cauliflower ears, busted noses, scars and a kind of haunted dissipated look coming from long hours spent in deep cover in pubs.

I suppose they're more athletic than I am but then I'm hardly the criterion by which to judge the physical fitness of the human race, being a person who gets puffed just stepping out of a taxi.

As for macho, I'll make no comment because it's a word I've never been able to find in the dictionary.

But back to the \$100,000. Apart from Stanton the sum of money produces an extraordinarily large number of corpses. I have never seen the mortal coil so readily shuffled in a television series.

This is explained by the fact Bellamy is a member of the Special Crime Squad, a unit, uninterested in such mundane crimes as shoplifting and flashing. The squad deals only in death.

In the first episode a sexually irresponsible doctor strangled five women, putting him almost in the Yorkshire Ripper league and certainly making him far more progressive than any recent mass murderer in Australia.

By the fourth episode the death tolls mounts like a bad Easter on the roads.

Of course this carnage is not included for sensation's sake. Not at all. It's there because *Bellamy* happens to be about crime.

At least that's what executive producer Don Battye would have us believe. He says: "We make no apologies for the toughness of *Bellamy* or, for that matter, the realism depicted in the series itself. It's not a pretty series. It's not meant to be. It's often stark and sometimes it will shock. But then it is all about a subject which is never pretty and inevitably shocks. And that is crime."

Certainly crime is not pretty. One would have to be a moron to think otherwise. But there has never been slaughter in Sydney on such a scale as depicted in *Bellamy*.

The series goes beyond probability to become an ugly lesson in how to kill in a dozen easy stages. And it does its best to ensure the average child sees 18,000 murders by the end of high school.

How does a child manage to put a value on life after seeing that number of corpses? It is something worrying better minds than mine.

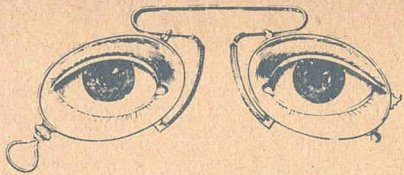
Bellamy has made the mistake of confusing realism with violence. Executive producer Battye has the notion the series is somewhat similar to the fine British show *The Sweeney* which is realistic and often violent, but the violence is not dwelt upon.

Nor does *Bellamy* have that sweaty, gritty, almost despairing look of *The Sweeney*.

Regan and Carter, the two main characters of *The Sweeney*, are tired from too much work, sometimes hung-over, often bitter and angry at the obstacles placed in their way but with flashes of humor that keep them going. They are what they are — tough, overworked cops who have seen too much and know they will see a helluva lot more.

In comparison, Bellamy and his sidekick, Mitchell (played by Timothy Elston) appear to have got out of bed, showered, shaved, brushed their teeth and meticulously arranged their hair with the aid of a hairdryer. They resemble male models on their way to display the latest Trent Nathan collection.

And they talk funny. This is a problem that has long afflicted Australian TV shows which purport to show average Australians. The vowels are always too well-rounded, the words too precise. There is little slang and no slurring, which is the Australian way of talking.



There is one other thing that causes some problems with *Bellamy* and that is the Sydney public. Many of the scenes are shot on location, which means large numbers of the public in camera range.

And they stare. They see that camera and look right into its lens as they walk past. This would never happen in Hector Crawford's Melbourne where people are quite blasé about video cops fighting, shooting, running, always running.

But here the public has to look. Maybe there's a very good reason for this. Maybe the public is looking because it's never seen such a curious duo of policemen. Nor two so expensive. — *Neal Akerman*.

SOUNDS



ANOTHER FINE ALBUM

While Paul McCartney sadly gabbles away about polar bears, etc, George Harrison, the last remaining Beatle songwriting force, has put together another fine album. *Somewhere In England* (Warner Bros) is worth buying just for All Those Years Ago, the tribute to John Lennon. Harrison's songs on this album are fairly esoteric messages of devotion to the collective christs of the world, mixed with a few reflections and warnings to mankind — some colored with a touch of irony. He even included a couple of Hoagy Carmichael

songs. *Save The World* is a little trite and it's all been said before, and better, but *Life Itself* is a beautiful ballad and one of the best tracks. Harrison's honest style, voice and guitar stand out amongst company like Tom Scott, Herbie Flowers, Al Kooper and Alla Rakha. A sincere and well-meaning album.

Alberta Hunter was one of the first women to sing on record, and now, at 85, the lady is still firing with her new collection, *Am-track Blues* (CBS). Produced by John Hammond, this is a stunning album, best listened to in a dark, smokey room with a stiff Scotch in hand. Featured here are masterful renditions of classics like Darktown Strutters Ball, Sweet Georgia Brown, a swinging Always, a down and dirty Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out (with some sparkling "after hours" piano by her accompanist and musical director, Gerald Cook), and a show-stopping My Handy Man Ain't Handy No More. Former Ellington bassist Aaron Bell, veteran Benny Carter alumni trombonist Vic Dickenson and trumpeter Doc Cheatham add their years, and listen for some dazzling chordal work, à la Freddie Green, from guitarist Billy Butler.

When I was living in Nashville (place-dropping again!) I met, and was most impressed by the talent of, Florence Warner. I last heard of Florence on an album recorded in Nashville (there it is again) in 1974, when her single of the Harry Nilsson ballad, Something, received a bit of airplay in Sydney by one of our more enlightened radio men. Now my old mate Flo is back with *Another Hot Night* (Mercury), an album produced in England by Australian David Mackay.

If you can get past the tarted-up cover (what have they done to the poor girl!), you'll find a voice that's better than most, with a range and control that could be

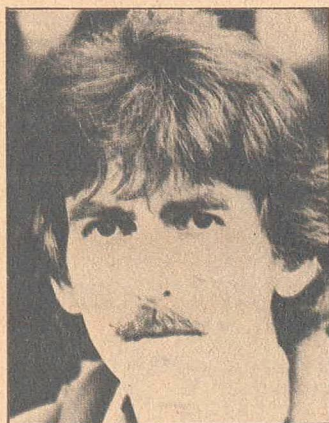
too good for the image the moguls are going for. Her long-time friends, Dan Fogelberg, has written a couple of songs for her, and she has a go at the old Bobby Vee hit, Take Good Care Of My Baby. Some of the up-tempo songs, such as You Can't Win 'Em All, could get airplay. Florence is definitely a talent that should not be ignored. — *Carol Ashdown*.

In the Twenties and Thirties, Berlin was the place to be for young Englishmen with a creative bent. The city's social and political turmoil and its decadent nightlife, offering the fulfilment of every vice, was a heady attraction for young Cambridge graduates with literary aspirations.

For some, the German city's mystique has survived, for the same creative types who made Berlin their home before the war are still seeking inspiration there in 1981. In the Seventies, Lou Reed, Bowie and even our own angry young man, Richard Clapton, sang the praises of Berlin. Fischer Z is the latest band to record an anthem to the city.

On the opening track of their latest release, *Red Skies Over Paradise* (EMI), they capture the mood with a beat that's an echo of the storm-troopers' goose-step and lyrics like: "Come they told me, down to the dark clubs at night / They'll surprise you, the ones who are asleep when it's light . . . young faces, new ideals in search of paradise / They merge into history, the theatre of memories / that make up the feel of Berlin."

Red Skies is Fischer Z's third album and shows a further maturation of the talents of John Watts, their main motivating force. As a songwriter, Watts creates short, hard-hitting vignettes with complex and contemporary, but still accessible, themes and catchy hooks. His high-range, anguished vocals rise above the powerful and occasionally frenzied backing of



George Harrison

drummer Steve Liddle and bass player David Graham in a combination which epitomises the most vital and valuable qualities of modern rock music.

Watts writes great songs. His approach is poetic and his viewpoint is paranoic, with tunes like the title track, *Red Skies Over Paradise*, presenting his dream of the holocaust. "Though it was dark the sky glowed red . . . The newsman said most of London's gone / We saw the cloud rise from here . . . Down in their bunkers under the sea / Men pressing buttons don't care about me."

Although the band has been around the UK scene for quite a few years, their biggest following is on the Continent. After the departure of keyboard player Steve Skolnik, Fischer Z played as a trio. Their intensity and intelligence led to comparisons with Police, and Fischer Z's music is just as stylish and polished as Sting and his mates, without the aura of self-conscious vanity which surrounds Police. But despite their obvious class, Fischer Z never achieved mass acclaim in their homeland, probably because they didn't distinguish themselves with a gimmick. Maybe if they all bleached their hair . . .

Old Joe Walsh must have been spending too much time in the bar at Hotel California. His

latest album, *There Goes The Neighborhood* (Asylum), reveals a burnt-out and hungover, but still crazy Joe, no longer in love with the decadent delights of his homeland. Instead of the usual exuberant and irreverent commentary, this album is tinged with a gentle cynicism, eg, "Gourmet restaurant, best in town / Fresh last week is still around". Walsh's latest effort once again features a stunningly silly cover photo and the usual maestro's touch in the music department; chunky, polished guitar work backed by intricate, orchestrated rhythms from the best session men money can buy. David Lindley's violin accompaniment on the funny country song Down on the Farm, is just one highlight on a most endearing album.

They're an incestuous bunch these California musos; all helping each other make their first million by lending their mates a little expertise on their latest solo album. And they all seem to have such a good time doing it too, with covers featuring photos of their girlfriends and songs full of private jokes and sniggers. Joe Vitale is a perfect example. You've probably heard him dozens of times and never known it. Vitale was a member of The James Gang with Joe Walsh and his drumming has been an integral part of Walsh's sound with The Eagles and on his solo albums. He's also played with Crosby, Stills and Rehash and

Maree Montgomery



many more megastars. Joe's just indulged himself with a solo effort bearing his name, and naturally all his old buddies lend a hand.

Vitale is obviously a multi-talented musician and his album features some beautifully produced tracks. But his inclusion of all his session muso mates has resulted in a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth — there are just too many different styles. But heck, I bet they don't care, they obviously had such a good time making the thing. Vitale even named the album after his favorite bar, *Plantation Harbor* (Asylum). Making music in California seems to be one big profitable party.

If there's one thing The Reels don't have, it's sex appeal. Did you ever see such a mangey bunch? But I guess you've got to expect anyone from Dubbo to be a little bit feral. However, they do have other talents — like a sense of humor, even though they occasionally tend to be a bit too smart-arsed in their attempts to be contemporary and controversial. The Reels' second album, *Quasimodo's Dream* (Mercury), shows them at their best and worst, with 13 uneven tracks ranging from trivial, tinkling keyboard musak and their cloying hit, According To My Heart, to singer/songwriter David Mason's moody title track, which is a memorable piece of music. That patchy quality and the obvious padding flaws the distinctive sound of one of the few original and innovative bands in this country. Perhaps they'll be third time lucky. — *Phil Abraham*.

Two recent releases show that, while jazz continues to be a male-dominated profession, the ladies — in the form of Jenny Sheard and Maree Montgomery — are in there swinging.

The Jenny Sheard Trio has the leader on piano and vocals, Lloyd Swanton (bass) and Jack

Savage (drums). On *Satin Doll* (EMI) they attempt and succeed well, to put before the public a pleasant and accessible album of easy-listening, middle-of-the-road jazz.

Their repertoire is a quality one, based on great swinging standards such as Fly Me To The Moon, On A Clear Day, Night and Day and, of course, *Satin Doll*. The two ballads on the LP are two of the loveliest in jazz: Here's That Rainy Day and Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most. Taken at remarkably slow tempos, they are given convincing readings by Sheard.

As a pianist, Sheard shows the influence of her mentor, outstanding Sydney pianist Chuck Yates, in the subtle and undemonstrative approach she takes to the keyboard. Her style is full of integrity and careful, tasteful placing of melodies and chords.

It is appropriate that Sheard thinks of herself not as a singer, but as a pianist who sings. She delivers her lyrics directly, without vocal histrionics, singing the way good musicians do: cleanly, to the point, with judicious and musical phrasing.

This is jazz as a saleable commodity, designed not so much for the hard-line jazz buff, but for the middle-of-the-road listener who likes good, sophisticated music.

In Good Company (Astor) shows that Maree Montgomery is blessed with a warm, sumptuous voice, an impressive range, and a rich vibrato which she employs generously.

Her repertoire of standards and ballads is not unlike that of Sheard, but her vocal approach is quite different. Whereas Sheard is judicious, Montgomery swoops around the melody adventurously, with the occasional intonation lapse.

Some may see her style as undisciplined, whereas others will admire it as delightfully loose and individual. There is an infectious, raunchy spirit in her sing-

ing and an anything-can-happen feeling about these warm recording sessions.

An exploratory, somewhat avant-garde modern jazz aura is provided by the musicians on this LP, who are not just backing musicians but articulate jazz performers in their own right. They include Serge Ermoll (piano), Peter Dilosa (trumpet), Dave Ellis (bass), Tomi Parkonen (drums and percussion), and Matt Dilosa (drums). Montgomery is in good company indeed.

One finds more uncompromising jazz on this LP than on the Sheard LP. By the same token, this may mean that *In Good Company* will not have the wide appeal of *Satin Doll*.

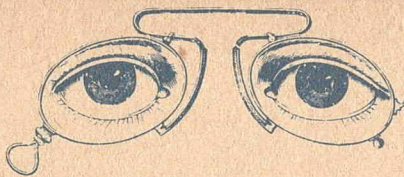
It is misleading, however, to compare these two LPs, which are so different in style and presentation. What they have in common is their positive contribution to Australian jazz. It is well worthwhile that both are released and on the market, backed by the resources of large record companies. — *Eric Myers*.

WORDS



STRANGE BOOKFELLOWS

The cover design of Katinka Matson's *Short Lives* (Picador), a collection of brief biographies of poets, writers, painters, actors, musicians and performers who



died young, features an illustration of the British Poet Thomas Chatterton on his death-bed. Chatterton was 17 when he committed suicide in 1770. Illustrator Richard Adams has created a pointless anachronism in the picture by adding a telephone in the foreground and placing the receiver in the dead youth's hand.

The book's contents consist of a similarly strained pastiche — an unlikely collection of characters who have only one thing in common — they were dead before they hit 50. Matson's motivation for writing the book was the death of a former lover, American poet Thomas "Tyler" Bootman who died in Mexico at the age of 36. His story is the epilogue in the book.

The other 30 subjects are presented alphabetically, and they include such strange book-fellows as Antonin Artaud, Lenny Bruce, Judy Garland, Jack Kerouac, Yukio Mishima, Sylvia Plath, Montgomery Clift, Elvis Presley and Vincent Van Gogh. Matson makes no attempt to justify her selection.

The urge to self-destruct is a fascinating one; a glimpse at any library shelves' array of books on the science sociologists have called Suicidology reveals the vast amount of research and comment compiled on the subject since Emile Durkheim published his book *Suicide* in 1897. Matson's contribution does little to further our understand-

ing of those who pursue an early death.

Her character sketches are meticulously researched and written with brevity and impact, but they are too short (about 10 pages) to provide any real insights into the long and complex processes which make the human machine self-destruct.

She provides interesting facts about her characters' deaths. For example, bohemian American poet Harry Crosby who died in 1929. Matson writes: "... Harry Crosby and Josephine (his lover) were discovered in Mortimer's bed. They lay side by side, fully clothed. Each had been shot in the temple. Crosby's hand still held the gun. It was engraved with a sun. And on the soles of his feet the toenails of which were painted red, there was a tattoo of a pagan sun and a tattoo of a cross. He was 31 years old."

The book is full of intriguing facts like this. Japanese patriot Mishima's bizarre end is another fascinating story, but the bare facts provided by the author in this case, and most others in the book, fail to satisfy the readers' queries as to why these people took their own lives.

While *Short Lives* teases us with its promise of a voyeuristic glimpse into this most private of vices, it fails to deliver the goods.

Matson gives only the bones of her subjects' histories. Her decision to cover a wide range of people does not allow her to pro-

vide the details which would give her stories flesh. *Short Lives* falls as a serious document on the subject of self-destruction, and as bed-time reading it is a depressing and frustrating book.

The ugly photo montage of shiny cars and a scantily-clad female torso on the front of Steve Chapple's novel, *Don't Mind Dying* (New English Library \$17.75), is further proof of that old adage about books and their covers, because the story inside is a beauty.

Sub-titled "a story of country lust and urban decay", its theme concerns the contrast between America's old wild west values and modern west coast culture. Chapple, an occasional *US Penthouse* contributor, writes with an extensive knowledge of both, but it is his irreverent approach and outrageous characters which make the story so entertaining.

The tale begins with crazy 77-year-old communist cowboy Codger Bill Lewis saying goodbye to his ancient wife before hitch-hiking from his hometown in the west all the way to San Francisco to reprimand his son, a crooked union boss corrupted beyond redemption as far as the codger is concerned.

The spark in the old man's eye is kept alive by two things; lust and his communist convictions. He gets plenty of chances to express both, the first in his love affair with long-legged 26-year-old New York beauty Betty Sue Finklestein, whom he picks up early in his travels. The pair create hilarious chaos and outwit the forces of law and order on the journey to the coast to confront the quirky codger's straight suburban son.

Chapple successfully intertwines his humorous scenes with a solid slab of propaganda about the exploitation of the worker. Using the codger, a dedicated union man, as his mouthpiece, he gives a potted

history of a side of America's past which never made Disneyland.

Between their adventures on the way to the coast, Codger Bill points out the landmarks and describes some of the battles between railroad and mine workers and their capitalist bosses, which often outdid the glorified cowboy and Indian clashes for violence and atrocities. As a last survivor of the pioneering era, Codger Bill harangues anyone who'll listen and a lot who won't. As well as arousing the conscience, he manages to raise a lot of laughs with his down to earth philosophy and lines like: "If John D. Rockefeller could make a profit out of selling shit, the poor would have been born without arseholes."

When they finally reach the Golden Gate Bridge the codger and his young lady become embroiled in a modern-day union dispute. Naturally his wayward son is involved. The plot, which frequently meanders beyond the bounds of reality, features a couple of villains, including the ridiculous Sheriff Ron who is on the codger's trail after becoming a victim of his sense of justice, and the nefarious Armand Stuart, the capitalist defence contractor, who uses live cats as targets for testing new weapons. Armand is a victim of the old man's sense of humor.

Chapple writes with crazy imagery and a wry wit. His style is sometimes reminiscent of Tom Robbins, but unlike Robbins, who sometimes seems to write merely to show off an over-developed intellect, Chapple's aim is to point out some of the tragedies and absurdities of life in the US. His central character is never short of a word of advice and his last statement is: "Don't agonise, organise!" *Don't Mind Dying* is an unusual but successful mixture of fantasy, philosophy, humor and fact. It's a seriously funny book. — Phil Abraham.



Beam's Black Label by the Jim Beam Distilling Co.

HAVE YOUR OWN LICENCE RENEWED

Licence Renewed is the exciting new James Bond adventure by John Gardner. You can win a copy of the book, courtesy Jonathan Cape, by answering three questions. The excerpt from the book (starting on page 58 of this issue of *Australian Penthouse*) will help you with the answers.

- 1: What type of car does James Bond drive in *Licence Renewed*?
- 2: What is the name of the castle Bond escapes from?
- 3: What does CCS stand for?

Send your entry to James Bond, *Australian Penthouse*, GPO Box 4084, Sydney NSW 2001. The first 30 correct entries opened will be the winners.



Illustration by Frants Kantor/TimeWarp Studio

Do our leaders sometimes stretch the truth? In the interest of science we put them through . . .

THE GREAT POLITICAL TRUTH TEST

BY P.D. JACK

We all know politicians tell lies. It is part of their function. They put themselves up as the men with all the answers, even where answers are not possible. They are continually being asked questions, but rarely do they admit they don't know the answers. Most times they will go on and on giving a passable impression of a man saying something. A normal semantic analysis of a political statement will, by giving pluses and minuses, words, phrases, clauses and sentences, add up to zero. This is all right as long as people only hear what they want

to hear, but ultimately the politician has to stand up and be counted — he has to say yea or nay. And that is where he'll often start lying.

We all lie. We tell our bosses one thing when we're late, and our wives another. We lie about minor matters such as things we may have done in the past when our listener was not present. Sometimes we tell lies to get a bank loan or at other important times, such as tax time. But usually our lies are minor: "I'm a natural blond", "The fish was this big", "I had a flat tyre". Less often we lie to perpetrate a fraud. That's when lying becomes a criminal offence.

Politicians, too, have gradations of lies. The white lie is one that is not too harmful — election promises, for example. Sometimes the holders of authority are obliged to lie to protect the society. "When truth entails tremendous ruin, to speak dishonorably is pardonable" is how Sophocles had one of his kings put it. The propaganda campaigns of World War II are examples of lies told in the national good. But more often the "good" the politicians are protecting by lying is their own.

The main reason politicians stretch the truth is that they do not like giving offence. If they can't beat about the bush hemming and hawing they'll try to evade the question. "The matter is sub judice, so I can't comment" is one big favorite used when there are accusations extant that the politician is on the take or has done some other vaguely criminal deed.

But on matters of Government policy and Government action, where there is neither the protection of the courts nor some pumped up bullshit of Cabinet/Caucus confidentiality, and when the politicians are doing what they are good at — which is conning you and me — they often resort to untruths.

At the time of writing, and probably since, the Prime Minister had been subject to public doubts as to the veracity of his words. The Liberal Party golden boy, Andrew Peacock, had accused the Prime Minister of telling nasty stories about him and generally treating him like a dickhead. Instead of simply getting up and asking the electorate if he was correct in treating Peacock like a dickhead, the Prime Minister denied it. He also played ducks and drakes with the accusation that he had told the Press nasty stories about Andrew, and got his cronies to back him up on it. Blow me down if the next week the Prime Minister didn't go on TV and admit that he recently did tell nasty stories about people behind their backs — the Premiers. For the next week the newspaper columnists were on *ad nauseam* about the Prime Minister's lack of credibility.

As we all remember his promises to retain Medibank, get interest rates down, and various other unfulfilled claims, doubts as to Malcolm Fraser's credibility

must certainly not be new. But as for jumping up and calling him a liar, that's something else. You see, he doesn't really tell lies, but rather he gives us the opportunity to tell lies to ourselves. He is very generous — that's what free enterprise is about. For example, when Mr Fraser said he would retain Medibank, he was telling the truth. Can you not today go along and buy health insurance from a body called Medibank? You see, he has retained it. If you thought he meant he was going to retain the Hayden system of universal health cover you were lying to yourself. Mr Fraser would have said so if he intended to retain the Hayden system. If you understood what he promised to be more than he actually said (because he wanted it that way), it could be argued it was more your fault than his. True, he could have been clearer — even more accurate — but he is a busy man and can't go round explaining everything.

The main reason politicians stretch the truth is that they do not like giving offence.

But election promises apart, there are times when the Prime Minister must be stretching the truth. *Penthouse* thought it might be instructive to find out if this were so. Last month we put the Prime Minister on a lie detector.

The machine we used on Malcolm Fraser was a Voice Stress Analyser (VSA), which is used by some law enforcement bodies in America and some businessmen in Australia to help determine the truth or otherwise of tape recorded statements. It works on the principal that a liar undergoes stress when he lies, and that stress sets up a wobble in his vocal chords which then emit certain known frequencies. The VSA filters out the other frequencies and records stress frequencies on a roll of heat-sensitive graph paper. The greater the stress, the higher the needle arm jumps up the page.

The gizmo is not foolproof. It measures stress, not lies. Politicians, like other speakers, stress certain words and phrases because they want to get that part of their message across. They also suffer stress from such things as nervousness and unpleasant memories. However, by

determining the base level of stress, and adjusting the machine accordingly, and taking care with your analysis, you can get a fairly good idea of when a bloke is having you on.

Few courts will accept a VSA analysis as conclusive evidence, although a few US judges have installed them in their courts to monitor the honesty of witnesses. The New South Wales Privacy Committee believes in them enough to have sought a prohibition of them on the grounds that they read minds. The law is expected to be passed in August.

I experimented with the machine when I borrowed it, and after a few accidents was able to second guess what was in a colleague's mind by questioning him through the VSA.

Having borrowed the machine, I then acquired a tape recording of a Malcolm Fraser speech — one he made at the National Press Club just before the 1977 elections. At a number of stages during the questioning that followed his address, I noticed the VSA needle arm swinging quite radically, indicating, superficially at least a lie. I analysed just one of these incidents, and append it here for the benefits of students of political untruths, for indeed it is a classic example.

"*Figures can't lie but liars can figure.*"
— (Otherwise unknown US Congressman)

Mr Fraser was asked by the economics editor of the *Melbourne Age*, Kenneth Davidson, to justify the Liberal Party's claims that it was better for the prospects of easing unemployment because of its record, when the facts showed that the Fraser Government record was one of *growing* unemployment.

In effect, Davidson was saying that the facts showed the Prime Minister wasn't as good as he was setting himself up to be. It was a statement posed as a question, and was being broadcast across the nation. An answer was called for.

Now the Prime Minister had a number of ways he could have answered the question. He could even have evaded it, and this is, in fact, sort of what he did. He couldn't ignore it, but he could change it. You see, one of the skills of politics is changing questions around so as to demand answers that suit yourself. Davidson asked about *unemployment*, and Mr Fraser talked about *employment*. For while there may have been some doubt in the public mind about employment, there was no way the community was going to swallow any denial that unemployment had not grown since Fraser took over. Obviously, the best course was not to talk about unemployment. This is what Mr Fraser said.

MR FRASER: "Because if you look at the number (ruckus off-stage). Well it might be an idea to wait for the answer — because

that statistic does not count the total number of *employed* people in Australia. It excludes certain categories of self-employed for example. And . . . er . . . if you want to look at the question of total employment — which is the important figure — you will then find that in the last year of Labor total employment fell, and in our time total employment has risen, by a hundred and eighty thousand — and I think as a result of that you can see the rest of the question falls to the ground."

As you can see, Mr Fraser, not only twisted the question and attacked the basis of the original question, but gave an answer at total variance to what Davidson had alleged, with a good solid respectable number to back him up. It was a good answer, and no doubt eased a few worries. The Prime Minister was saying it's okay, Mr Davidson of the Age is wrong; our record is good; and here's a number to prove it. A pretty clear statement. If the run-of-the-mill honest man said that, one would then presume that that was what he meant. If it was the leader of the nation, then one would presume that to be fact — if one wasn't in the know about so-called leaders of the nation.

The trouble is, it appears Mr Fraser was distorting the facts.

The VSA machine registered high levels of stress throughout the answer, with most of it occurring in the key part of the answer:

"... in the last year of Labor total employment fell, and in our time total employment has risen, by a hundred and eighty thousand . . ."

The graph peaked on the words "last year", "Labor", "fell" and "our time". These spikes on the graph indicated that the Prime Minister was under stress.

It so happens that the Prime Minister indicated where the cynic could verify what he just said — the figures of total employment, specifically "The Labor Force" from data collected by the Australian Bureau of Statistics. So I went to those figures (also to other available figures just in case the PM had given me a bum steer, which is always a possibility, as we shall see).

The figures didn't exactly say what Mr Fraser had said. The other figures I checked out didn't say what he said either. What the Labor Force figures showed was that while during 1975 — "the last year of Labor" — total employment did fall, it also rose. In fact, total employment was higher at the end of the year than it was at the beginning. However, in the *second* last year of Labor, total employment fell. Total employment *recovered* in 1975 by a greater amount than it improved during Mr Fraser's first two years.

Mr Fraser's claim that total employment fell in 1975 was strictly correct, but certainly not an accurate interpretation of the data.

His claim that employment rose in his time was more accurate. Employment did

rise in his first two years. But it also fell. In truth, employment fluctuated fairly regularly throughout Mr Fraser's first parliament, and the period finished with employment figures only a little better than the ones it started with. And, as it happened — despite Mr Fraser's promise that the job situation was going to get even better if he were re-elected — the figure for total employment fell to below what Fraser had started with immediately after the election. According to the figures cited by the Prime Minister, the employment situation was in the middle of a downhill slide which had been going on for most of 1977 and would continue throughout 1978.

Now the actual number the Prime Minister cited took a bit of finding. It turned out to be the difference between the best figure for total employment during his time — half a year before his speech — and the last quarterly figure published under the Whitlam Government. Of this claimed in-

Mr Fraser's claim was strictly correct, but certainly not an accurate interpretation of the data.

crease of 180,000, more than half came during the period when, for most of the time, the Whitlam Government was still in power. For Mr Fraser to claim all of the rise as the result of his taking over was patently false.

Study of the empirical data with the lie detector analysis indicated Mr Fraser was not merely mouthing the errors of his advisers, nor was he making an understandable error with confusing figures. The lie detector measured a higher than normal element of stress just at the times you would expect it to do so if the Prime Minister was playing with the facts.

The graph shot up for the words "last year", as it should have, if it were measuring mistakes, because what should have been there was "the second last year". But the machine was not measuring mistakes, it was measuring untruths.

Another spike occurred with the word "fell". Now the figures for the last year of Labor show an upward climb from the quite terrible figures for total employment at the beginning of the year. In fact, 1975 was a year of recovery of jobs, not of greater decline. The opposite of "fell" is

"rose", and had Mr Fraser chosen that word he would have been more accurate.

The apparent inaccuracy registered for the word "Labor" in Mr Fraser's answer can be understood the same way. If you kept the rest of the clause as is, and for the word "Labor" substituted its opposite, say, "our time", you would get:

"... in the last year of *our time* total employment fell", and this is, funnily enough, a more accurate statement of the employment picture than that given by Mr Fraser.

What about the stress registered on the words "in our time"? What he said immediately after is not a lie, because while employment did rise and fall in that period, the overall direction was upwards. What I suggest is that Mr Fraser's claim of exclusivity of improving employment figures was causing the stress there, and that perhaps, while saying it, the Prime Minister was, in fact, thinking ahead to what he was going to say next, which happened to be less than the truth, and therefore the stress was registered.

I was curious at first at the lack of response of the lie detector to the figure "a hundred and eighty thousand", especially as I had great trouble finding it in the data. As it turned out, the number was a correct one, but it was the time period Mr Fraser ascribes to it that was wrong. He said that number belonged to "our time", which just isn't so. That was probably the reason for the high stress on that phrase. It would be false for Mr Fraser to claim the whole 180,000 increase to himself, which he did and the lie detector reacted accordingly.

As you can see, Mr Fraser gave a reply which was not an accurate reading of the available statistics, and at specific points, where he strayed across the border of interpretation into untruth, he underwent the high levels of stress associated with lying.

"*For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.*"
— I Henry IV, by William Shakespeare.

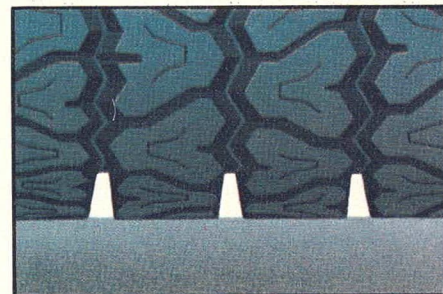
Malcolm Fraser is not the only man given to stopping short of the truth, but as he is one of the most important men in Australia he deserves greater attention than the also rans and understudies. However, we have not neglected the others.

When we put the Deputy Prime Minister, Doug Anthony, on to the VSA, it became hysterical.

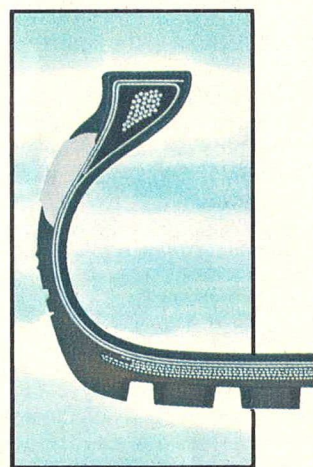
The Anthony tape was of his statement the day Andrew Peacock resigned. Mr Anthony was replying, on behalf of the Cabinet, to Peacock's allegations that the PM was a manic dictator. The overall impression was that Mr Anthony was under stress in denying the allegations.

I gave the Anthony tape to a friend who has an earlier model voice analysing lie detector, a thing called a psychological stress evaluator (PSE), which works on the

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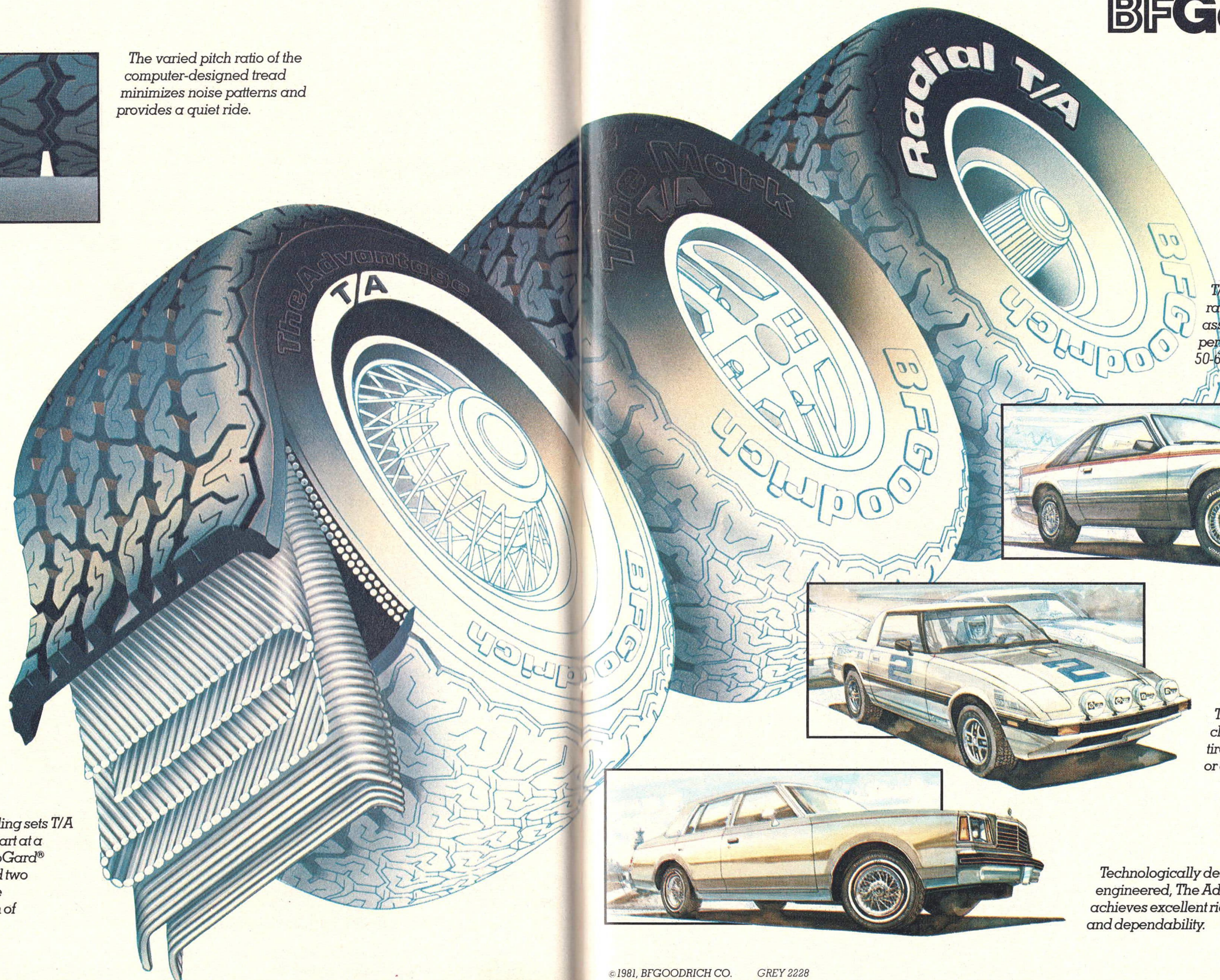


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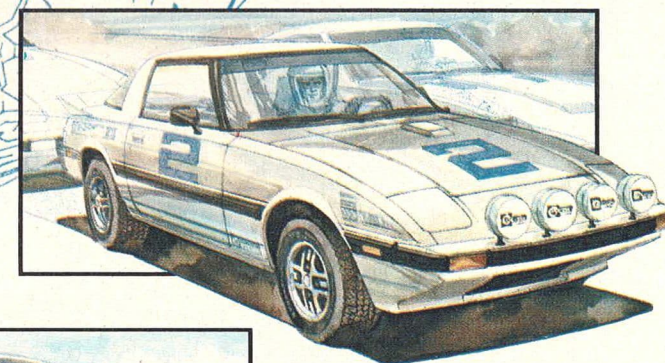
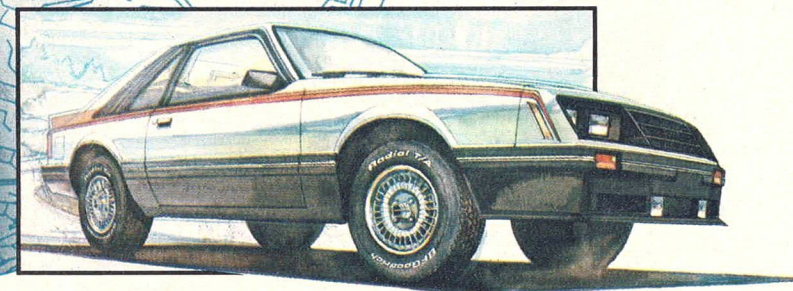
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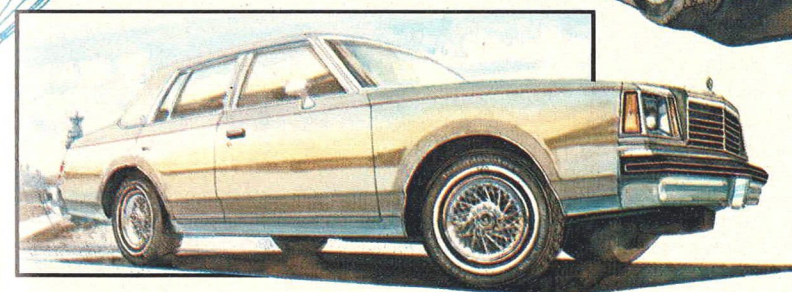


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same principles as the VSA, but is not as sophisticated. Its graphs are different, requiring more interpretation. That's why I got an expert to do it.

As with all the tapes selected for this series of tests, the Anthony tape was one where a bit of truth-bending was to be expected. Mr Anthony was defending two basically untenable propositions — 1: Cabinet solidarity, and 2: Mr Fraser is not a domineering personality.

Among other things, Mr Anthony said:

1. "The claim that the Prime Minister attempts to forcibly dominate or override Cabinet is nonsense.

2. "The Prime Minister on all occasions has demonstrated total loyalty to his ministers."

3. "This statement bears the support of all other Cabinet Ministers, all of whom desire the facts to be made public."

The PSE operator concluded that these three statements, (selected from the whole statement by me because I didn't believe them) were inaccurate.

The operator marked certain stress patterns that occurred on the tapes that the PSE 101 instruction manual calls "suspicious". The blocking and doming of the patterns that indicate possible lies "stuck out like dog's balls", the man said.

In Statement 1, blocking occurred on the words "claim", "that", the second syllable of the word "attempts", "forcibly" and "override". The experts say in such situations it is quantity not quality that counts. They warn that a man may be thinking ahead while speaking, which means the giveaway stress patterns could occur at apparently illogical places.

In the first Anthony statement, the basically inaccurate word was "nonsense", if the whole statement was an untruth. Yet there was no undue stress showing on that word. It appeared as normal. However, five other times in the sentence the patterns of stress occurred. It is probable that by the time Mr Anthony came to the word "nonsense" he was already thinking of what he was to say next.

The obvious high stress registered at the beginning of the sentence seemed to indicate an awareness that he was about to launch into an untruth. The lie detector operator suggested this stressed word — "claim" was inaccurate, ie. the claim was not a claim, but a statement of fact.

In the second statement — that Mr Fraser is loyal to his colleagues — marked stressing occurred on the words "total loyalty", suggesting, the operator said, that, according to Doug Anthony at least, Malcolm Fraser had not always demonstrated total loyalty.

In the third statement — the one about Cabinet solidarity — excessive stress occurred eight times. The suggestion follows therefore that not only was the statement without the support of "all other Cabinet Ministers" (a phrase showing consider-

able stress), but also not all of them *did* desire the facts to be made public.

As the operator told me when he gave me the results: "If this was an investigative matter I'd have to go back and question that person."

It will probably come as no surprise to learn that Bill Hayden was not able to excite the lie detector much at all. Neither was Bob Hawke.

We spent approximately 10 times the time looking for tapes where we could catch out either Hawke or Hayden, than we spent on finding the Fraser or Anthony tapes. Now this could mean that the two Labor leaders are basically more honest than the PM and his deputy, but it is more likely just a function of the different roles of Government and Opposition.

Nevertheless, we got a few nibbles, even if we didn't land anything. There was a tiny bit of blocking — not really conclusive — about the word "upper", in a

“
If this
was an investigative
matter I'd have
to go back
and question
that person.
”

Hayden reply to a question about the cost of his 1979 model health scheme. He said the "scheme will cost \$130 million and that is the upper end of our calculations".

A more positive stress pattern occurred when, in February last year, Hayden was asked whether a certain course of action he had just taken — replacing Mick Young as organiser of business in the House — meant he was dissatisfied with Young's performance. Hayden said he had simply reallocated the workload among his colleagues. "It is as simple as that," he concluded. A single spike, to be regarded with suspicion according to the manual, registered for the word "simple". Obviously, Mr Hayden's decision was not just a simple reallocation of the workload.

A similar single spike stress pattern occurred on a tape made shortly after the Mick Young incident, when the Opposition Leader was asked whether some other incident implied that Mr Hayden was unhappy with the performance of his front bench. Mr Hayden replied: "No, there is no implication of that nor could one find any evidence to support such a view." The spike coincided with the word "no", but

the rest of the statement, which was merely an elaboration of "no", passed without suspicion. Inconclusive.

In a preliminary run on the VSA Mk II, Bob Hawke gave the machine a few good jolts, but they mostly occurred at times when he was making those "a funny thing happened to me on the way to the conference last night" statements. But there was one suspicious passage when the then ACTU leader was talking about his ideal democracy.

We later put a tape from 1977 through the PSE. The first interesting pattern showed up for Hawke's "errr". It showed vaguely rectilinear blocking characteristics, and came in the middle of some rather generous remarks about the "magnificent contribution of Jim Cairns to the cleansing of Australia's conscience". Those were very kind words, particularly as Dr Cairns had announced his retirement from parliamentary politics that day and in doing so had made quite clear his opposition to Bob Hawke taking over his old seat of Melbourne Ports.

Despite the suspicion attached to the "errr" and also to the word "conscience", Bob Hawke's humbuggery sailed through the machine.

It must be noted that considerable effort went into looking for untruths by Hawke and Hayden, yet went largely unrewarded, but we hit the jackpot with the Prime Minister and his deputy with the first few tapes we tried.

The examples of probable untruths told by Anthony, Hawke and Hayden can be dismissed as either insignificant or not really credible in the first place.

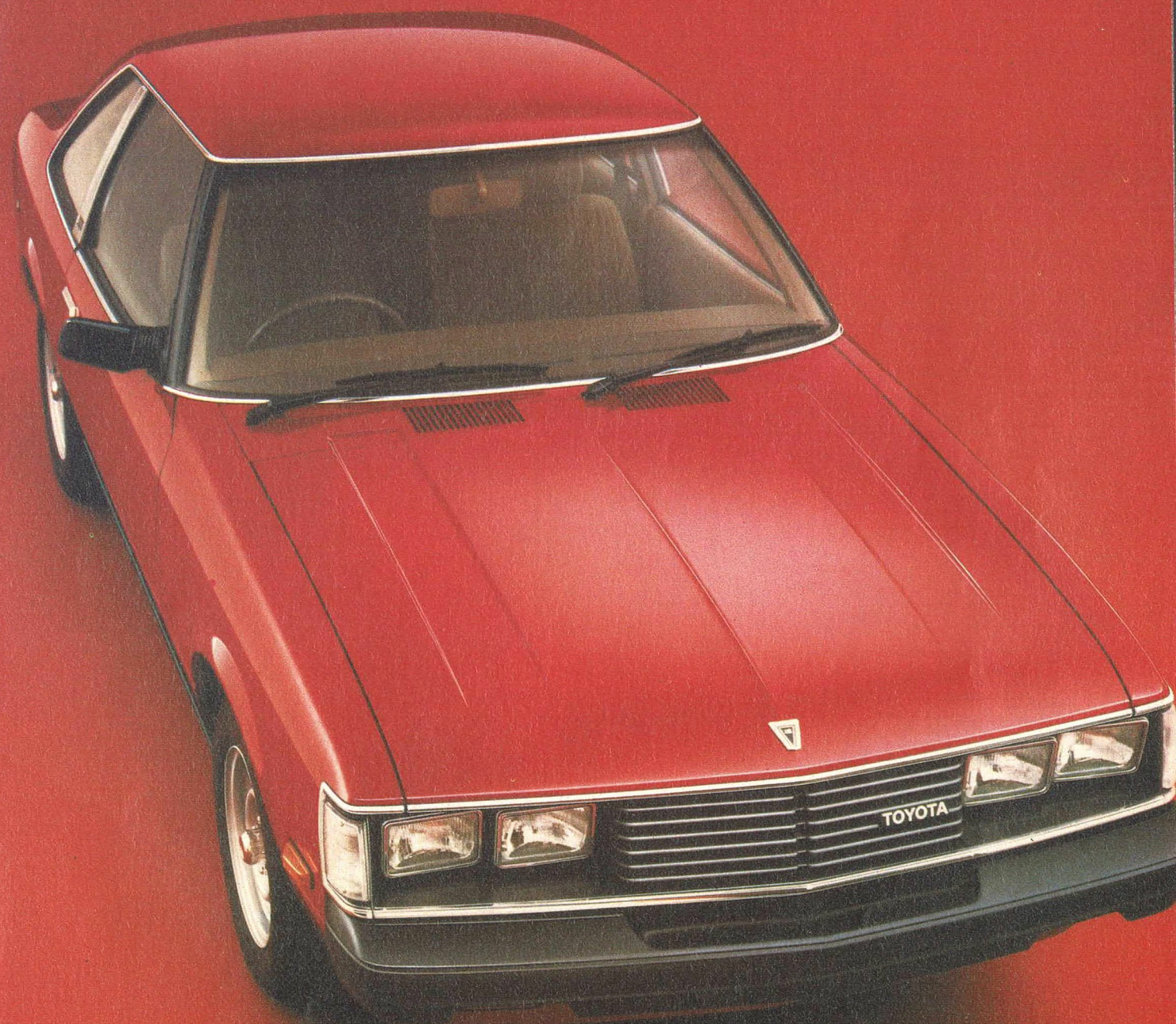
Who ever believed Hawke doesn't want to be Prime Minister, who ever believed a decent comprehensive health scheme would cost no more than \$130 million, who ever believed Mr Fraser wasn't a domineering influence in Cabinet?

The Fraser untruth is less easily dismissed. The morality of it is best left for the moralists, but the great irony is, of course, that Fraser is the man who made much of "propriety" and "reprehensible circumstances", but who denies the obvious and takes credit that rightfully belongs to others.

But the real concern must be: if our leaders can't tell the truth about what is going on, presumably they haven't been telling the truth for some years, so ... what the blazes *is going on*!?

For Malcolm Fraser was not talking about some minor peccadillo or some two-day-wonder Cabinet kerfuffle. He was talking about one of the basic issues of the Australian nation — unemployment. To tell untruths about a matter of this importance is bad enough, and it speaks little of the community that accepts such counterfeits. But what about the lesser incidents? How many other times is it done, and just how much of our political currency is brummy? —

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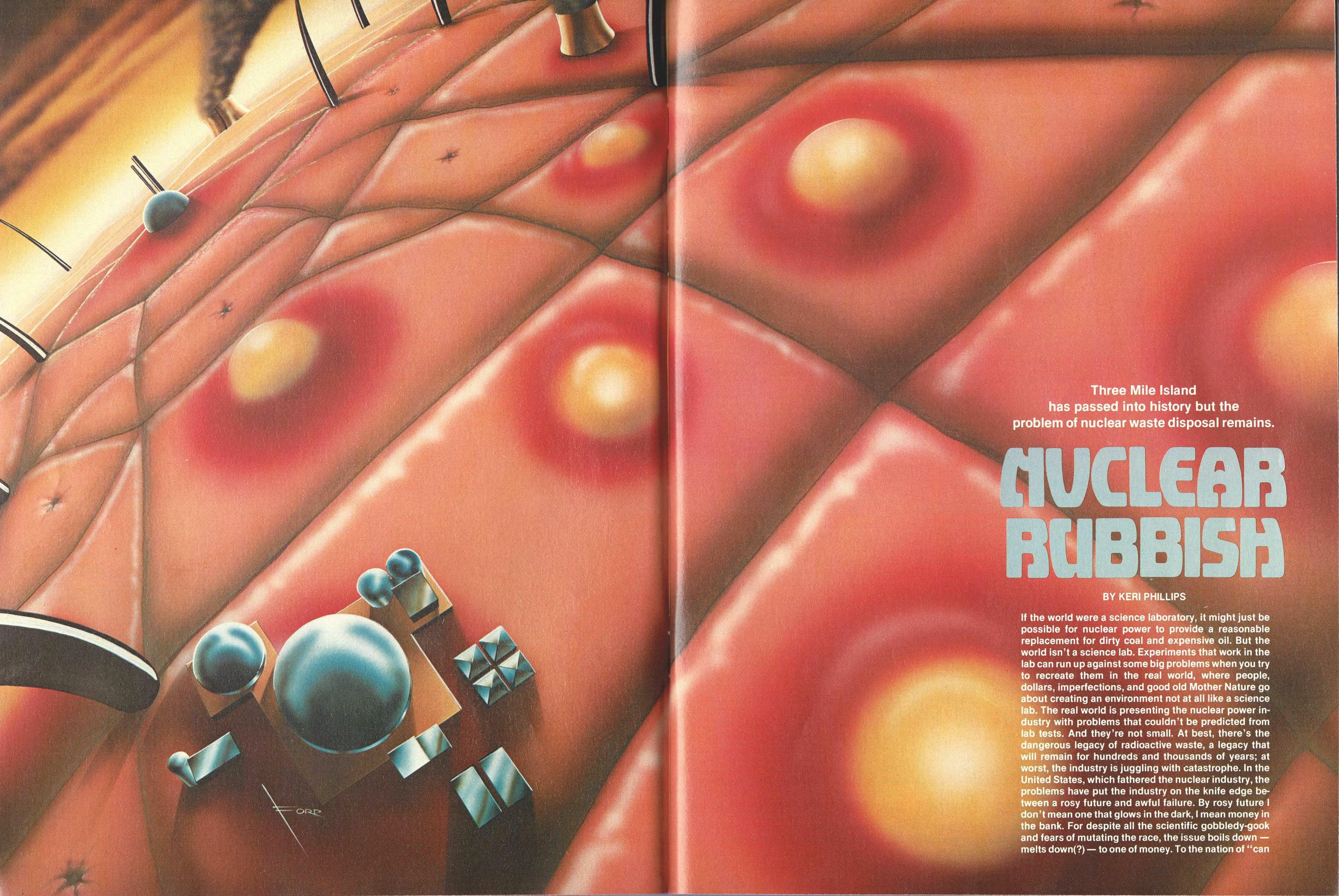
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Three Mile Island
has passed into history but the
problem of nuclear waste disposal remains.

NUCLEAR RUBBISH

BY KERI PHILLIPS

If the world were a science laboratory, it might just be possible for nuclear power to provide a reasonable replacement for dirty coal and expensive oil. But the world isn't a science lab. Experiments that work in the lab can run up against some big problems when you try to recreate them in the real world, where people, dollars, imperfections, and good old Mother Nature go about creating an environment not at all like a science lab. The real world is presenting the nuclear power industry with problems that couldn't be predicted from lab tests. And they're not small. At best, there's the dangerous legacy of radioactive waste, a legacy that will remain for hundreds and thousands of years; at worst, the industry is juggling with catastrophe. In the United States, which fathered the nuclear industry, the problems have put the industry on the knife edge between a rosy future and awful failure. By rosy future I don't mean one that glows in the dark, I mean money in the bank. For despite all the scientific gobbledeygook and fears of mutating the race, the issue boils down — melts down(?) — to one of money. To the nation of "can

do", no problem is insoluble unless you don't spend enough money on solving it. The problems of nuclear power are as much to do with economics as they are with engineering, the environment and people.

Many of the nation's 76 nuclear power plants are suffering from one problem or another; three of these plants demonstrate the massive dimensions of the disaster facing the whole industry.

The State of New Jersey is the home of Bruce Springsteen and the Mafia. It also hosts America's second biggest nuclear power plant. Just outside the small town of Lower Alloways Creek, in Salem County, the Salem I reactor has been humming away for 12 years. Over that period it has paid \$45 million into the town's coffers.

As if in contrast to the as-modern-as-tomorrow concrete gorgon down the road, the town is mock colonial street lamps, cedar shingles and new brick cobblestones. There's also a town Olympic baths and even a town ski resort.

The town dump is something else. Twelve years of nuclear rubbish. And nobody knows what to do with it. Not in Lower Alloways Creek, nor anywhere else in the country.

Used nuclear fuel rods that will churn out radioactive rays for thousands of years, are kept in water in a sealed hole in the ground. Salem I has a hundred lots of these rods six metres beneath zap-ray saturated water and concrete, and some stainless steel which is not supposed to rust.

But the land is running out for Salem I — in two years in fact. Its owners, New Jersey Public Service Electricity & Gas Company, have applied to the US official watchdog, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, for permission to stick four times as much spent fuel into the same rotten storage pool.

Another 59 nuclear plants have applied to the NRC to expand their storage depots the same way — 50 have been given the go-ahead. It's just a holding method. Obviously, the industry is still hanging in for a satisfactory solution to the problems of radioactive waste. Simply doubling it up, the critics say, is only making the poisonous mess bigger and certainly not at all safer.

The Lower Alloways Creek Town Council believes double-banking isn't safe, and is pushing to have the plant closed down, which is the only alternative to tighter packing of the waste. The council hopes such pressure will force the US Government to work out what should be done with all the radioactive rubbish.

Of course the Government doesn't want anything to do with it. For a start, it doesn't want to pay for it. Reagan's Budget Director, David Stockman, says it's the responsibility of the utility companies and the shareholders who make

the profits out of nuclear power. Sterner critics question the use of tax money to maintain dividends to shareholders.

Nor does the US Government know what to do with the rubbish. Its own high-level stuff, left by the military, is stuck out in three vast Government reserves. When the first commercial plant started in Pennsylvania 24 years ago, the Government assumed a way of getting rid of the waste would be found somehow or other. They didn't seem to worry that much about it. It was left for everybody else to do. From 1968 to 1977 the Government spent about \$700 million on nuclear waste, but this was not enough to sanitise it.

"If the word 'scandal' can be attached to nuclear power," Senator Gary Hart, chairman of one government nuclear regulation committee, said recently, "it is that this industry has been permitted to expand for 25 years without an acceptable solution for waste disposal."

When the first commercial plant started the Government assumed a way of getting rid of the waste would be found.

Back in the Fifties the Government was so optimistic it used carbon steel single-wall tanks to store a hundred million gallons of highly radioactive liquid waste produced by the nine reactors they were using to make weapons-grade material.

"It'll last five hundred years!" they said. The first leak — all 35,000 gallons of it — occurred 15 years later. The leaks continued, and by 1973 more than 400,000 gallons had seeped into the sandy soil of the Government reserve in Washington State.

The power stations have had leaks, too. An old shut-down plant in New York State has a tank with 600,000 gallons of zappo juice. Last year a hole was discovered in the saucer separating the tank from the soil. It's okay as long as the tank holds — and not much longer. Costs to remove the waste are estimated at up to a billion dollars, and the company is still arguing over who foots the bill.

The Reagan administration's attitude is clear: its budget proposals include nothing for nuclear waste storage.

The industry blames the Government. Scott Peters, an executive of the Atomic

Industrial Forum, representing the nuclear industry, sees the waste issue as a result of Government indecision.

"The Government has been involved in more than 5000 studies on what to do with nuclear waste," he says. "They come up with answers in the studies but the Government just will not say: 'Okay, we're going to take this product and we're going to put it in *this* place!'"

"I think a safe way of dealing with it *has* been found.

"They're doing it in France, Germany and England, and we are ready to do it here.

"We've studied the thing to death and we feel we have the solution. But the Government will not let us do it. And we are ready to do it any one of several ways, but the Government will not tell us which way it wants it done.

"We want to reprocess to recover the uranium and plutonium that's available in the spent fuel and then take the remaining waste, solidify it, encapsulate it and bury it 3000 feet down in a salt mine or granite bed or something."

Or something.

Waste is but one of the financial burdens weighing down the future of the industry. Looming as much larger expense are accidents.

The near melt-down at Three Mile Island in Pennsylvania was one of the bigger accidents. Some say the biggest. It is going to be the most expensive.

On March 28, 1979, the core cooling system failed and not enough water was coming through, exposing the reactor core which began to heat, severely damaging the fuel rods and taking the reactor several steps along the path to melt-down.

A great deal of confusion still surrounds the events of that day, largely because officials tried to hide the truth, sometimes by outright lies. Journalists compounded the problem trying to understand the complexities of what had happened and meet deadlines as well.

Mark Stevens, who worked on the Government inquiry into the accident, has recently published a book, a minute-by-minute account of the events.

"During the accident at Three Mile Island, a hundred thousand people were almost exposed to excessive doses of radiation, because men in power, within both the private and public sectors, through fear, greed or incompetence put politics, economics and pride before public health and safety," Stevens says.

His account reveals much of the enormity of what went on at Three Mile Island. What is fascinating about the reaction to the accident is that both pro and anti-nuke factions claim it as a victory for their side. The industry says Three Mile Island proves that no matter how bad the accident — they claim it as the worst yet — the safeguards will come through. "There was not



"I don't know how I'm going to explain this. Maybe when they see your big brown eyes they'll understand."

a single death or injury either to workers in the plant or to any member of the public," boasts Australia's nuclear expert, Professor Titterton.

"Not yet," says the anti-nukes.

The accident simply proves the inherent weakness of nuclear technology and its reliance on human beings, the critics say. Any reactor is highly dangerous, and human error at both plant and bureaucratic stages, as happened at Three Mile Island, is a recipe for disaster.

Shortly after the accident, two engineers from Babcock and Wilcox, which manufactured the reactor that "broke down" at Three Mile Island, admitted they had warned their superiors a year earlier that a serious accident was possible. Bert Dunn and Joseph J. Kelly Jr had sent separate memos on a possible sequence of events that could follow from a basic flaw in the Babcock and Wilcox reactors. Their ideas were based on the experience at Toledo in Ohio, where one of their reactors broke down twice.

In Toledo, a pressure release valve stuck open, threatening the loss of cooling fluid around the core. Safety pumps began automatically to replace the fluid but they were turned off by workers at the plant because a meter connected to the malfunctioning valve was not showing any problem. Fortunately, the operators realised fairly quickly what was going on and turned the pumps back on. At Three Mile Island, a similar sequence of events took place but the problem was not diagnosed soon enough and much of the fluid escaped, exposing parts of the core.

Dunn and Kelly had suggested that Babcock and Wilcox send instructions to plants using their equipment, informing them of this potential danger and advising how to deal with it. Their advice was not taken. The company claims that although there was much discussion of the Toledo accidents and the engineers' suggestions, the matter "just slipped through the crack". Cynics, however, feel that the company did not issue the warnings because it was not good PR with either Babcock and Wilcox customers or the public.

A reluctance on the part of the nuclear industry to reveal problems or even accidents is well documented, with a number of malfunctions not being reported until well after the event. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission has attempted to preempt this by establishing strict rules for the reporting of accidents. Requirements are stringent, since plant operators have taken advantage of previous, more flexible regulations.

Now there is a complicated classification system outlining what sort of event is to be reported and to whom. Twenty-four to 48 hours is the maximum time lapse allowable.

Scott Peters was not keen to stress increased costs relating to stricter regula-

tions, but he did say he thought some of the rules were "counter-productive".

"We feel we are over-regulated. If someone forgets to sign off at the end of their shift, that's a reportable incident.

"We have up to 13 plants which will be ready for licensing within the next 90 months, all ready to go before the NRC will get around to having a look at them. Idle reactors cost about \$1 million a day, a cost which will eventually be passed on to the consumer.

"The NRC has become tied up in the Three Mile Island situation to the extent that everything else has been forgotten. The moment that accident occurred, the industry *itself* looked into the situation and decided what changes needed to take place.

"It's time to move on from Three Mile Island now."

Easier said than done. The cost of the repairs and the extent of the damage at

A reluctance on the part of the nuclear industry to reveal problems or even accidents is well documented.

Three Mile Island are still the subject of some debate. The damaged core can only be reached once they decide what to do with the most potent source of radiation, the contaminated water that flooded the sump and basement of Three Mile Island's Number Two reactor. Between 600,000 and 750,000 gallons of highly radioactive water is in question and internal systems of the plant are allowing more water into the sump at the rate of a gallon every 10 minutes. The water is eight and a half feet deep in the containment building and is rising about an inch a month.

Until this water is removed, the damage to the core cannot be ascertained. The core may be too badly damaged to repair, and an expensive repair job may be beyond the finances of the owner, General Public Utilities.

While everyone recognises that these are the problems, there is no agreement on how they should be dealt with and work at the crippled plant has ground to a standstill with all parties embroiled in a series of complex legal, bureaucratic and technological tangles. Company officials at first hoped they would be able to remove the

damaged core in 1983, then by 1985, and now it looks like even later. General Public Utilities estimates it will cost at least one and a half billion 1980 dollars to clean up. Initial studies by the Bechtel Power Corporation, one of the biggest engineer-constructors of nuclear plants, had confidently asserted at the time that the plant could be safely decontaminated and returned to service, and that it would take about four years and cost about \$400 million.

Robert D. Pollard, of the Union of Concerned Scientists, had also published a warning about the Three Mile Island plant just two months before the accident, calling for it to be closed down. He believes it will cost even more than these latest estimates to clean up the place and that they will find that the reactor vessel cannot be used again. The core, he claims, must be irreparably damaged because of the tremendous heat created during the accident, measured at one time and in one place to be 5000 degrees fahrenheit.

The immediate problem, however, is the water and there is much talk of "cleaning" it, storing it, and gradually releasing it into the Susquehanna River which runs past the plant. The locals, of course, are worried about this proposal, but equally concerned that the contaminated water might be left in containers on the island itself indefinitely. Both locals and company officials would like the Federal Department of Energy to take control of the waste, but at this stage the DOE refuses to handle anything other than military waste.

General Public Utilities is insured for only a measly \$300 million in property damage and the State of Pennsylvania has refused to allow the company to get more than an extra \$1 billion out of its customers to help clean up. Since the company will have to declare itself bankrupt if it has to pay, it is suing the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, for \$4 billion claiming that it failed to warn GPU of deficiencies in similar plants. The firm also has a \$750 million negligence suit against Babcock and Wilcox.

The Department of Energy last March allocated \$27 million, in addition to the \$10 million offered by Carter, to help out. This came at the same time that the NRC rejected the idea of sealing and abandoning the plant. The Commission has also recommended that the contaminated materials be removed and carried to some unspecified storage place, rather than turn the island into a de facto dump.

General Public Utilities wants to reopen the Number One unit, closed since the accident, claiming that although it is the same type as the Number Two reactor in which the accident occurred, adequate safety modifications have been made. These measures do not, it seems, satisfy the Union of Concerned Scientists, or Pennsylvania residents, some of whom

will challenge in the courts any decision to reopen TMI1. Even those within the industry are concerned. Any accident in the Number One reactor at Three Mile Island would have a devastating effect on the future of nuclear power.

Added to the repair or whatever expenses are claims made by thousands of people living within 25 miles of the plant. In February this year they won a \$25 million settlement which will be paid by two insurance company "pools". These claims relate mostly to business losses caused by the evacuation that followed the disaster. They do not include other claims that may be made by local governments for use of their services, or by individuals.

It all turns the promise of "cheap, clean fuel" into a bit of a myth.

It is not merely melt-down that causes huge financial headaches. The Indian Point power station in New York State illustrates the sort of money hassles a rather mundane sequence of events can lead to.

IP 1, one of the country's first commercial nuclear power plants, was first shut-down for upgrading in 1974. Late last year it was shut down for good when the company decided it could not afford to bring the 18-year-old reactor up to 1981 safety requirements.

IP 2 also closed down last year following a major water leak in its containment structure. The owners, Consolidated Edison, were accused of renegeing on the agreement to announce problems swiftly: Con Ed took three and a half days to pluck up the courage to inform the NRC what was going on.

Later investigation found that plant operators had disregarded a sump pump warning light on their control panel that had been in the "on" position for several days and that Con Ed officials had ordered the plant to be restarted several times after the problems had been discovered. In fact, the reactor twice tripped itself off automatically but both times was restarted by the operators. When officials finally sent workmen into the containment area to see what was causing the switch-offs they found the leak — 100,000 gallons worth of "leak".

With the sump pump warning light showing "on", the operators had been unable to measure the level of water in the containment room. The operators also had no way of knowing whether there really was a leak or whether the light was malfunctioning. As it turned out, neither of the sump pumps were working. One had a blown fuse and the other had a simple float jammed and could not trip the start switch. IP 2 is a perfect example of simple technical faults combining with human imperfection to create an expensive — and possibly dangerous — breakdown.

Con Ed's response was to increase its charges to electricity users. The people of New York paid for the shut-down, and \$43 million changed hands before a court

decided that Con Ed was most likely the negligent party and had no right to make its customers cough up for replacement power during the shut-down.

The tale of Indian Point does not end there. In February this year IP 3 had to close when one of its turbines broke. Turbine trouble has plagued this Westinghouse model. Repairs had just been done to the turbine when part of a blade broke off and damaged the other blades.

While this kind of accident does not put any rays out, it does attack the hip pocket. New York electricity consumers are looking at paying an extra \$600 million a year if IP 3 and 4 have to join IP 1 and 2 in shut-down. Long suffering Con Ed customers already pay America's highest electricity rates, part of which goes to pay for expensive and galling advertisements telling New Yorkers why it is important and patriotic that Con Ed is helping rid America of dependence on the nasty oil barons of the Middle East.

"Golden girls and lads all must,

As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

Power companies like Con Ed are now looking at a new area of high cost: decommissioning. Most plants are supposed to last 30 or 40 years, but all good things have to come to an end, and even nuclear reactors wear out. In old age a reactor is attended by high levels of radiation, and when finally pensioned off must be made safe for all time (or at least a rough approx-

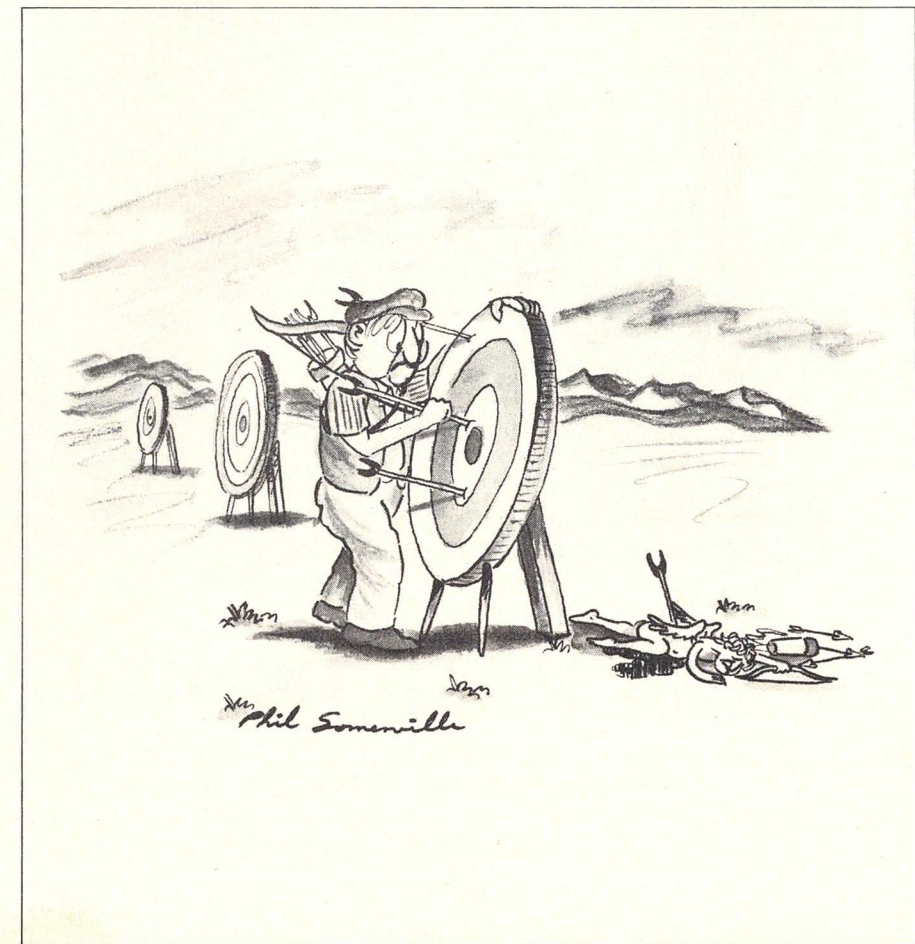
imation of "all time"), and secured against curious or malicious intruders.

According to the Atomic Industrial Commission, one third of the 198 plants operating by the end of this century will have to be decommissioned by the year 2010. No commercial plant has yet been decommissioned and the experts are still wondering how to do it. Suggestions range from removing the radioactive water and sealing the plant somehow, with perhaps a 24-hour guard, to the idea of encasing the entire plant, lock, stock and fuel rods, in concrete . . . "or something". There are even optimists who want the plants totally dismantled and the land restored to its original use — an expensive, and probably impossible, approach at this stage.

Although present studies estimates decommissioning costs at around \$100 million, no work can be done until the problem of nuclear waste is solved.

Obviously, environmentalists and conservationists are only minor irritants to the nuclear industry. But one bright light on the horizon for the nuclear engineers is Ronald Reagan, who has taken a strong pro-nuke stand.

Jimmy Carter was no great anti-nuke man either; he just didn't like reprocessing plants or the idea of a plutonium economy. He put a freeze on the Clinch River fast breeder reactor in Tennessee, but Reagan has given the go-ahead, which is the US's entry into the breeder technology.



This involves extracting the highly radioactive plutonium from spent fuel rods. The plutonium itself is a nuclear fuel for the new breeder reactors, which can also use uranium, converting most of the otherwise unusable uranium to usable plutonium. In effect, the breeder produces energy more efficiently, and produces fuel — more fuel than it needs.

Plutonium also happens to be the basic ingredient of atomic bombs, and the potential proliferation of nuclear weapons because of all the plutonium becoming available from the breeder reactors has long been a moral headache, generally cured by financial considerations.

When Reagan took office, things in the nuclear business had ground to a halt as the initial promise of "electricity too cheap to meter" evaporated in the cold light of safety costs, public opposition, and decreased demand from consumers forced to conserve by soaring energy bills. The Three Mile Island accident put a freeze on the licensing of new plants, a moratorium lifted only late last year. In 1980, 50 projects were postponed and nine cancelled outright. Since Three Mile Island the power utility companies have not ordered one single reactor.

Some of the companies have been badly burned by the nuclear industry. Northern States Power Company is one. NSPC has already done \$100 million on a plant which they haven't started building. South Carolina's Cherokee plant, begun 10 years and \$400 million ago, is in limbo — it may never produce one kilowatt. It was supposed to cost not quite \$1000 million, but after inflation and interest rates, is looking like costing 10 times that to get finished.

The utility companies certainly looked to a bright future back in the early days.

"Then, planners could put a ruler across their chart and count on seven percent growth each year," Scott Peters recalls.

"But when the oil embargo hit hard in 1974, actual growth went down to zero — and ever since then it's been lurking at around three percent. Utilities that were ordered in the late Sixties based on that seven percent figure have found themselves highly over-ordered."

So they've got bills running out their ears, the radioactive water is rising, and the greenies are whooping around the nuclear boys. Can they form a circle and wait on for the US Cavalry?

Appointments within the Reagan administration have all been calculated to produce smiles in the nuclear industry. Nuclear zealot James B. Edwards is Secretary of Energy. He is calling on the "political courage" of the Government to take up the waste disposal problem. Nuclear energy, Edwards says, is the only way the US can avoid becoming hostage to foreign countries.

Joe Hendrie returns to the NRC as act-

ing chairman, after he was sacked by Carter after criticism of his handling of Three Mile Island.

But while Reagan's crew may be pro-nuclear, it is also strongly pro-free enterprise, and Free Enterprise has recently been looking cold and hard at nuclear power.

It's expensive, and is it paying? Can it pay for itself, or is it sweating on Government handouts?

"Today," moans David Stockman, who runs Reagan's spending machine, "it's the nuclear breeder lobby looking for subsidies. Tomorrow it will be the solar power gang, then the windmill freaks, and so on in a never-ending stream of outstretched palms."

Yet in spite of this weird alliance of environmentalists and free enterprise freaks, Reagan has allotted \$250 million to the Clinch River breeder reactor — which some believe is already obsolete — and

Since
Three Mile Island
the power utility
companies have not
ordered one
single reactor.

promises another \$430 million for research and development.

Government action on the matter of waste-disposal could be the savior of the industry. Somehow, acceptable sites and methods of disposing of 2000 tonnes of highly poisonous spent fuel have to be found every year. So far no Congressman has stepped forward to offer his bailiwick as a storage dump. When Wisconsin was suggested, pro-nuke Representative Toby Roth received enough letters from voters for him to change his mind about nuclear energy.

If the Government does find a State willing to house a radioactive garbage dump, it'll be a circuitous route to get there. More than 20 States have already passed laws against the transportation of nuclear waste across their boundaries.

The other labyrinth the industry must negotiate is the philosophical tangle of Reagan's free enterprise doctrine. People like Stockman agree that storage of commercially produced wastes is a commercial problem. Cleaning up after accidents is also a responsibility of the companies. There are no nuclear accidents, some

argue, only negligence. Still, the sympathies of the Government lie with the industry. Nuclear power was one of the few sectors that, along with defence, was not cut back. In fact, Reagan upped the expenditure of \$80 million to \$1247 million.

The Atomic Industrial Forum's Scott Peters claims the industry is not looking for specific handouts; rather it wants Reagan to fix up the total economy which would then, presumably, help fix up the industry.

Millions of gallons of water that glows in the dark and rising costs notwithstanding, the industry looks to the emergence from recession to cure all ills.

"The main problem facing the nuclear industry is the fact that the utilities, our customers, are broke," says Peters.

"High interest rates means they can't afford to buy new plants of any kind. When the economy turns around, the situation will change. The utilities would like to buy nuclear, because though they are more expensive to build, they are cheaper to run.

"Nuclear electricity is still fractionally cheaper than that produced by coal, and a lot cheaper than that produced by oil."

Oil-fired plants are no longer thought about in energy planners' offices, the US has exploited to the full its hydro-electricity potential, and from 1990 gas-fired plants become impossible by law. So the choice for America is between coal and nuclear.

Some observers foresee tougher regulations and more nuclear accidents tipping the scales in favor of coal, because as the two are so close in cost any increase in cost for one must advantage the other. The US has vast coal reserves, and while coal-burning may be dirty, it is not as poisonous as nuclear fission.

Public opinion is still fragmented, congealing only in such full-on threats as the Three Mile Island debacle. The promise of saving money can still win favor. In a referendum last year, Maine voted against closing the Yankee Power Station which supplies one third of the State's power. The utility claims its closure would result in one third increases in electricity bills.

Just over 10 percent of all US electricity is nuclear generated, and its immediate replacement would cost zillions.

Some of the unions in America have been waking up to the way nuclear power is doing little to reduce their members' electricity bills. And the industry is not exactly labor-intensive either. If the unions take up the whip the backlash against rising costs of power could catch the industry around the throat.

Scott Peters admits the consumer is the ultimate bunny.

"Three Mile Island," he reminds us, "was the first that couldn't be covered by insurance. What happens in the future . . . ?

"The customer will pay for it — directly, or indirectly." ○+■



PALI



Freedom's Child

A dog was 22-year-old European beauty Pali's passport to freedom. Four years ago she fled her communist-ruled home country for Australia. Young people were encountering major problems trying to get out, but Pali, a member of a dog club, was given permission to attend an international dog show over the border. She never went back.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARLOS VAN JAGER



Pali had heard little about Australia. She says she had the usual European impression of kangaroos in Bourke Street, but relatives down-under encouraged her to visit. She's been here for three and a half years and decided that she wouldn't want to live anywhere else. "After Europe, I have been overwhelmed by Australia's warm weather and beautiful beaches," she says.



This blue-eyed blonde's 35-24-35 figure made her a successful model in her home country, but she has not yet had as much success in Australia. "I think they are looking for bigger girls over here," she says with a grin.





Australian men have made sure Pali remains conscious of her talents. "I know I've got a good body, but I'm not a show-off. I did the photos for fun." She says if she had to use one word to describe herself it would be "shy". "My English was not so good when I first arrived in Australia, so I ended up with a boyfriend from home. But now I am more confident. Now I feel I'm an Australia."



James Bond is back, greying at the temples perhaps, but still more than a match for the Laird of Murcaldy.

LICENCE RENEWED

BY JOHN GARDNER

The names of the six nuclear power stations were in the forefront of Bond's mind for the rest of the evening, running like a looped tape in his head. His knowledge of nuclear power, and the location of reactors throughout the world, was sketchy; though, like his colleagues, he had done a short course on the security of such power plants. Indian Point Unit Three was somewhere near New York City — he knew that because of a remark made during a seminar. A serious accident at any of the three Indian Point plants could cause grave problems in New York itself. It was the same with San Onofre One, situated a hundred miles or so from Los Angeles. There had been criticism of the siting of the plant so near a possible off-shoot of the San Andreas fault, he recalled. Heysham One was in Lancashire, near the coast, and only recently operational. Saint-Laurent-des-Eaux Two, in



France, he knew was in the Orleans area. As for the East and West German reactors — Nord Two-Two, and Esenshamm — Bond had no clues.

At least he had the names, and the knowledge that they were subject to terrorist squad takeover on Thursday. Small squads in the control rooms, the Laird had said. Get out, Bond's experience told him. Get the information to M and leave the rest to the experts. Sir Richard Duggan's boys from MI5 almost certainly had Murik Castle under surveillance, and it would not take long for troops to move in. If they were on the ball, Franco would already be in the FBI's sights in the United States. It should not take much to pull him; and if part of Meltdown was already underway, strict security at the target points would mop up the suicide squads.

Bond did not have time to start thinking of the delicate intricacies of Murik's plan. Already there was enough on his mind, and it was essential for him to appear completely relaxed in front of Murik, Mary-Jane Mashkin and Lavender Peacock.

The old adage about the best form of defence being attack might not be either tactically or strategically sound on a battlefield, but here, round the Laird of Murcaldy's dinner table, Bond knew it was his only salvation. He drew the talk around to his favorite subject of golf, and took over the conversation, launching into a long and amusing account of a game he had recently played.

It was, in fact, a highly embellished description of a round with Bill Tanner, and Bond felt it was perfectly within the interests of the Service to slander M's Chief-of-Staff outrageously.

Even Murik appeared to be amused by the long tale, and Bond was so caught up in the telling that he had to pull himself from the half-fantasy when the ladies withdrew, coming down to earth as he faced Anton Murik alone over the table.

Little passed between the two men except an explicit warning from the Laird, who obviously felt he had already told Bond too much about his plans. As they finally rose, he placed a hand on Bond's arm and said, "Stay alert," the note of command clear in his voice. "We shall probably be leaving here in a day or two, and I shall want you on hand all the time before you go out and earn your money. You understand?"

Bond thought of the old English word *waerloa* — one that breaks faith — and knew that, if Murik was going to break faith with desperate men like Franco's terrorists, there would be little likelihood, had Bond really been a contract mercenary, of any money coming his way. Franco's death would undoubtedly be followed quickly by Bond's own demise, whatever Murik said about his good intentions.

As he said goodnight to Murik and the ladies, Bond took heart from Lavender's quick, conspiratorial look, guessing that

she would come to his room as soon as the castle was quiet.

Back in the East Guest Room, Bond heard the tell-tale thud as the electronic lock went on after the door was closed. Murik was not a man to take chances: great care would be required once Lavender arrived.

He now moved with speed, packing only the essential hardware and clothes into the larger case, then laying out other necessary items on the bed: the fake Dunhill, the pen alarm — which he would use to put M on alert once he was clear of the immediate vicinity of Murik Castle — and a small flat object that looked like a television remote control. This last he placed next to the car keys. When the moment came, speed would be essential. He wished now that there had been the opportunity to smuggle the Browning into the castle.

He would have felt a small edge of con-

●
He wished
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the Browning into
the castle.
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fidence in being armed, for in the clear light of logic he should trust no person in this place, not even Lavender Peacock. But, as far as M was concerned, 007's job was complete — the basic information was to hand and ready to be reported. Maybe the Saab would have to run some kind of gauntlet, but if his luck held and Lavender really was the girl he thought, it would only be a matter of hours before M would have a special unit — maybe the SAS — smashing their way into the castle.

Last of all, Bond laid out a pair of dark slacks and a black roll-neck sweater, together with the dullest-colored pair of moccasins he possessed. Then, after placing the three steel ball-bearings, filched from Murik's control room, near the door, he showered, changed into the dark clothing, stretched out on the Sleep-centre, and lit a cigarette. Near his right hand lay the last piece of equipment, a wide strip of thick plastic, one of many odds and ends, screwdrivers, wires and such, provided by Q'ute.

Time passed slowly, and Bond occupied himself by working on the remaining pieces of the Meltdown puzzle — should

he not get through, it would be best to have some operational diagram in his head.

Six nuclear power stations were to be taken over by small suicide squads. Murik had stressed that the squads were small, and would occupy the control rooms. This probably meant that Anton Murik himself, with his many contacts in the hierarchy of worldwide nuclear power, had been able to supply identification and passes for the terrorist groups.

From what little Bond knew of nuclear power stations, the control rooms were self-sufficient and could be sealed off from the outside world. With desperate and determined men inside, the situation would be tense and fraught with danger.

If Meltdown did happen, and even if troops and police were brought on to the six sites, it would take time to break into those vault-like rooms.

Besides the authorities would be loath to precipitate matters, particularly if they knew the terrorists were prepared to die — and take a lot of people with them — by cutting off the cooling systems to the nuclear cores.

Logically, Anton Murik would be making demands at some very early point. From what the little man had said, the demands obviously concerned money or valuable convertible items alone. It would be a lot of money; and, if Murik was as shrewd as he seemed, the time limit had to be minimal. Whatever the governments of countries like Britain, the United States, France and Germany had said about never giving in to terrorist blackmail, Meltdown would present them with the gravest dilemma any country had yet faced.

With hostages, aircraft, embassies and the like, governments could afford to gamble and sit it out — establish a dialogue and find a way to stall matters. Yet if this situation arose, the governments would be left with no option. The hostages would consist of large tracts of land; cities, seas; rivers; and millions of people — all caught in a deadly pollution that would be devastating, and could even alter the whole course of the world for decades to come.

It was, Bond decided, the ultimate in blackmail — worse even than the threat of a thermonuclear device hidden in the heart of some great city.

For this very real threat meant — technically at least — that six nuclear cores would not only wreck six plants, throwing their radioactive filth over large areas, but also bore their way, gathering heat, through the earth itself — possibly producing radioactive expulsion at other locations on the way, and certainly at the final point of exit.

Anton Murik was thorough. He would have worked out every move, down to the smallest detail, from the takeover by the terrorist squads, and the making of his demands, right down to the collection of the ransom and the point where Bond

would rid him of Franco, and he would rid himself of Bond.

Yet there was still one factory for which Murik had not accounted: the circumstances Bond had considered earlier — the trigger-happy, death-wish uncertainty of any terrorist group under pressure. This thought — above anything else — strengthened Bond's commitment to get out and back to M as quickly as possible.

It was almost one in the morning before he heard the click of the electronic lock. Bond sprang like a cat from the bed, the strip of plastic in one hand, the other scooping up the trio of ball bearings. Gently he pulled back on the door, allowing Lavender to enter the room. Raising a hand, he signalled silence, then slipped one ball-bearing into each of the circular bolt housings, gently tapping all three, so that the bearings rolled gently to the far ends of the housings. If Bond's thinking was accurate the metal bearings would make contact at the bottom of the bolt housings. By rights the "on" lights would be activated in the castle switchboard room.

If luck was with them the flicker as Lavender unlocked the door would have gone unnoticed.

Bond then inserted the thick plastic strip over the bolt heads, to prevent them locking back into place. Only then did he partially close the door.

Lavender was still in the dress she had worn at dinner. In one hand she carried what looked like a pocket calculator, and, gingerly in the other, one of the duelling pistols which Bond recognised as coming from the valuable set in the hall.

"Sorry I'm late," she whispered. "They've only just gone to bed. A lot's been happening. Caber came up to the house with some of the men. The Laird's been giving them instructions, Lord knows what about, but Caber's in a fury. I heard them talking in the hall. It's a good thing you're going, James. Caber is threatening to kill you; but I heard Anton say, 'Not yet, Caber, your turn will come.' Have you any idea what's going on?"

"A fair amount, Dilly: enough to call in help. Yes, it is serious, I'd be foolish not to tell you that much. While I'm away, I want you to keep to yourself as much as possible. If things get bad, try to hide somewhere — and would you please not point that thing in my direction?" He took the duelling pistol from her.

She told him it was safe: the hammer was down. "I just thought you should have some kind of protection — some weapon; and I know how to load these. Anton showed me years ago. There's a ball in it, and powder, and a percussion cap."

"Just hope it doesn't blow up in my hand if I have to use it," Bond looked with some misgivings at the piece.

Lavender said it was fine. "The Laird tests them regularly — about once a year. He told me once that he shouldn't, but he

seems to enjoy it. That one's Monro's pistol, by the way. The one that won."

Bond nodded, trying to hurry her along by asking about the main doors, and the best way out. She told him there was a red button high up on the top right-hand side of the main door. "You'll find a small switch just beneath it in the down position. Move it up, and the alarm system'll be disconnected. Then just press the button, and the main door locks will come off. They'll know in the switchboard room straight away, so you won't have much time. I've checked, and your car's still in the same place outside."

"And that?" Bond pointed to the flat black object.

"The main gates," she told him. They apparently had a permanent guard on the gates, which were also equipped with electronic locks. "Both Anton and Mary-Jane carry these in their cars." She demonstrated that the flat box had two

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This time
there was no doubt
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controls, marked Open and Close. The rest was obvious. If you started to press the Open button at around 50 yards from the gates they would unlock and swing back of their own accord. "That's about all the help I can give you."

"It's more than enough, Dilly darling. Now I'm going to let you have about three minutes to get well clear, and back to your room, before I start. If everything goes to plan, I'll have help here, and there'll be some unmasking to do. I fear your guardian could end up in the slammer for a long time."

"Just take care, James. Dear James." She put her arms round his neck and he kissed her. This time there was no doubt about her intentions as she pushed close to him and their mouths locked. It was no way, Bond considered, to start out on a wild dash to safety. "Take care," she whispered again, and he opened the door — holding the plastic strip in place — wide enough for her to get out.

Bond slipped the remote control for the gates into a hip pocket, then slid the hard barrel of the duelling pistol into his waist band, making sure the hammer was right

down, and thinking of the dangers he would be running if it wasn't. Next he picked up his car keys and the flat box of his own. This was also a remote operator — one of the many extras provided by Communication Control Systems for the Saab.

With this, he could turn on the ignition and have the motor running almost before he was out of the main castle doors; that was unless somebody had wired a bomb to the ignition — the true security reason for having a remote starter anyway.

Taking several deep breaths, Bond clutched the car keys, remote ignition control, and the suitcase in his left hand, leaving the right free. Opening the door, he allowed the thick plastic to fall and pulled the door closed behind him. The bolts shot home, and he waited anxiously to see if the mechanism would jam against the ball bearings. It didn't.

For a few seconds Bond stood in the darkness of the corridor, letting his eyes adjust. Then, slowly, he moved towards the gallery.

A low wattage safety lamp burned at the top of the stairs. Bond stopped, peering down into the hall and along the gallery. The old building creaked twice. Quietly he made his way down the staircase, keeping to the side of the steps, where the wood is always more solidly based and unlikely to make any noise.

Once he got to the hall there was the normal desire to move too fast, an overwhelming need to get it all over. But long discipline made Bond cross to the door at a slow, tiptoe pace. He could see the small panel with the red button and switch quite plainly. Reaching up he flicked off the alarm and pressed the button. There were three heavy bolts on the main door, and the whole trio clunked back in unison, like a pistol shot.

In the night silence of the house it was enough noise to waken the dead, he thought; and, at that very moment, with the door swinging back and the fresh air carrying the unique scent of the gardens and Glen Murcaldy into Bond's nostrils, all the lights went on and a voice told him to put his hands up.

It was Donal. Bond recognised the voice, and judged the butler to be somewhere just to the left of the stair bottom. Trusting his own experience and intuition, Bond's hand grasped the duelling pistol, cocking the hammer as he drew it from his waistband. He whirled round as the end of the barrel came clear.

It was a risky shot, and the pistol made far more noise than he had bargained for, the metal jerking in his hand like a trapped snake and a cloud of white smoke rising from the explosion. But Bond's senses had been accurate. Donal was just where his ears had placed him. A pistol of some kind clattered over the floor as the butler wheeled in a complete circle, clutching his

shattered shoulder where the ball had struck and whimpering in a high-pitched squeal, like a terrified animal.

Of this Bond had only a brief and blurred picture, for he was already out of the main door, pressing his own remote ignition control and dropping the duelling pistol so that he could grasp the keys to the Saab. He had the impression of lights coming on and the shadows of running figures rising from the lawns near the great gravel sweep and heading towards the Saab as its motor sprang to life.

Almost dragging the case behind him, Bond sprinted to the car. The motor was ticking over gently as he thrust the key into the door lock.

The key turned in the lock and came away as he pulled at the door. Throwing the case into the rear, he slid behind the wheel, slamming the door and flicking down the lock.

The click of the lock came almost at the same moment as one of the shadowy figures closed on the car. It was time to test CCS's special fitments. Working quickly, Bond unlocked the two hidden compartments, threw the Browning on to the ledge above the instrument panel and grasped the spare set of Nitefinder goggles.

There were at least five men around the car now; even before he had the goggles in place, Bond could see two of them carried what looked like machine pistols, pointing towards him. He thought Caber was there in the background, but was not going to hang around to find out. One of the men was shouting for him to get out of the car. It was then that Bond hit the tear gas button.

One of the safety devices — a standard fitment in the CCS "Supercar", as they call it — consists of tear gas ducts placed near all four wheels.

At the press of a button, the gas is expelled enveloping the car, and anyone attempting to assault it.

Bond heard the thud and hiss as the canisters opened up, then saw the effects as the five men began to reel away and the angry white cloud rose around the windows. There was a portable oxygen unit, with masks, within reach, in case the gas penetrated the car or the air ran out; but Bond was more concerned with getting the Nitefinder set on his head, slipping the remote control for the main gates on to his lap and putting some distance between himself and the castle. He snapped on the seat belt, slammed the machine into gear, took off the hand brake. Holding down the foot brake, he slowly pressed the accelerator, building up power. Then, suddenly taking his foot off the brake, Bond let the car shoot forward, skidding wildly on the gravel. Straightening as he gained control, he drove at breakneck speed away from the castle. Through the rear-view mirror he could see the men coughing and reeling about, shielding their

eyes, bumping into each other, and one huge figure — it could only be Caber — lunging into their midst, as though reaching out for a weapon.

He did not see the flashes; only felt the heavy bumps as a burst of automatic fire hit the rear of the Saab.

Best not to be concerned about that: there was enough armour plating and bullet-proof glass around him to stop most kinds of weapon. Maybe an anti-tank gun would have some effect, but certainly not automatic fire.

Bond changed up, still with his foot hard on the accelerator. Then touching the brake, he took the turn in the drive too fast, and sent up a great spray of gravel as he slid outwards, before regaining control. There were two more heavy thuds. One of the tyres, he thought. No problem there: Dunlop Denovos — puncture and split-proof.

He could see the gates in the distance,

One of the safety devices consists of tear gas ducts placed near all four wheels.

and one hand went to the locking device on the gun port built in just below the dash. A turn and slide, and the port was open, Bond removed the old and unauthorised heavy Ruger Super Blackhawk .44 Magnum, pushing it into a spot where he could easily grab the butt.

He changed to third, the gear stick moving with comforting, firm precision. The gates were coming up fast, and Bond's hand now went to the remote control given him by Lavender. It flashed through his mind that this might not work and he would have to run at the gates full-tilt, relying on the stressed steel ram bumpers fitted to front and rear.

After the experience with Donal and the waiting men in front of the castle, Bond had begun to doubt Lavender and her instructions. So far, the events had all the marks of a set-up; so it was with some relief that he saw the gates start to move as he pressed the control button.

Then, from the right, he caught sight of a figure running towards the gates, one arm raised. A small yellow flash, followed by a thud; then another. The gatekeeper was firing at him. Bond went for the Black-

hawk and, still keeping his eyes on the opening gates, thrust the muzzle through the gun port, twisting the weapon to the right to allow himself the most extreme field of fire.

The gates, still opening, came up with alarming speed as Bond let off three shots in quick succession, the noise and smell of powder filling the car and battering at his eardrums. The figure of the gatekeeper was now out of sight, but the slowly opening gates were on him. He felt both sides of the Saab scrape against the metal. There was one long ripping sound and he was free, changing up again, and hurtling along the metalled road away from the castle.

The speedometer showed well in excess of 85mph; there was no moon, but the view was clear as day through the Nitefinders.

In a moment the Saab would be off the metalled road and on to the wide track leading to the village. Time, Bond thought, to give M some warning. He reached for the pen alarm.

At first he imagined it had merely slipped inside his pocket, so often had he checked it. More than 30 seconds passed before he realised that the alarm was missing — dropped outside the castle, or rolling around somewhere inside the Saab.

As the stark fact penetrated Bond's mind, he glimpsed the lights of another car, far back towards the castle. Mary-Jane's BMW, he would guess, crammed with Caber and the boys, carrying machine pistols and automatics.

Bond had to make up his mind in a matter of seconds. The village would have been alerted by this time. He reasoned that the most dangerous path lay straight ahead. The answer would be to take the Saab around, going back on his own head, following the track which ran parallel to the castle — the way he had come to reconnoitre the previous night. Without lights, the Saab would be difficult to follow and he reckoned that, even on the rough track, it would not take long to make the road to Shieldaig. At some point there would be a telephone. A call to the Regent's Park building would bring all hell down upon Murik Castle in a very short time.

The car was bucketing badly along the uneven road, but Bond held his speed. In the mirror, the twin beams of the chase car did not seem to have grown any larger.

Keep the speed up, he thought. Hold her straight, and try for a feint at the village, which was now visible, and appeared uncannily close — the bulk of the kirk and other houses sharp against the sky, standing out like fists of rock. Would they be waiting? Bond tried to picture the junction near the kirk, with its little wooden signpost. Watch for the signpost and drag the car around.

Without warning a light came on, then

another: twin spots from near the kirk. The reception committee; the spots wavered, then homed in on the Saab, like spotlights following the demon king in a pantomime. Bond started to pump the brakes, changing down slowing, but still travelling at speed. Slow just enough to let them think you're going to run straight through. Make them think the spots are affecting vision. That was the godsend about the Nitefinder.

Bond took in a gulp of air as he saw the first flicker of automatic fire from near the kirk, coming from between the spots. Then the slow, colored balls curved towards him — tracer, lazy, but deadly. Once again he shoved the Blackhawk through the gun-port, stood on the brakes and wrenched at the wheel, slewing the car to one side and blasting off two more rounds as he did so. Then one more shot. That was the Blackhawk empty. He reached for the Browning, clawing it from the shelf as he saw, with some elation, that one of the spots had gone out.

Now, his subconscious seemed to yell. Now — drive straight at them. The Saab kicked and jarred on the rough heather and gorse as Bond spun the wheel to right and left in a violent Z pattern.

The remaining spot lost him, then caught the Saab again as a second burst of tracer began its arc towards him. Bond squeezed the Browning's trigger in two bursts of two, losing four shots through the gun port as it came into line with the spot. For a second the firing ceased, and he realised he was driving flat-out towards the village, ears bursting with the noise and the car filled with the acrid reek of cordite. Get in as near as you can, then skid-turn on to the other road. In his mind he saw the pattern as a hairpin with himself travelling fast along the right hand pin. He had to negotiate the bend on to the left pin, and there was only one way to do that while still leaving the reception party wondering if he was going straight on — presumably into a second road block in the village itself. At speed it was a dangerous confidence trick. One sudden or misjudged action and he could easily run right out of road, or spin the car over on to its back.

He saw the little wooden signpost almost too late. There were figures of people running, as though afraid he would smash into them. Wrenching the wheel and doing an intricate dance between brake and accelerator, Bond went into the violent skid turn. The world seemed to dip and move out of control as the Saab started to slew round, the tyres whining, as though screaming because they had lost their grip on the rough surface of track, or heather. For a second, as the car spun sideways on, Bond knew that all four wheels had left the ground, and he had no flying controls. Then he felt a judder as the wheels took hold of the earth. He spun the wheel to the right, put on full power, in

a racing change down, and began to slide, broadside on, towards the signpost.

The car must have torn the post straight out of the ground. There was a teeth-jarring bump as the nearside door hit the sturdy sign. For a second Bond knew he was at a standstill; then he had his foot down again, heaving the wheel to the left. The Saab plunged like a horse, shuddering, shaking its tail violently, then smoothly picked up speed again. Briefly, in the midst of the noise, Bond thought he heard another engine.

He sighed with relief. He was now moving fast up the track which he had followed with such caution the night before. At least the dirt track was minimally smoother than the one he had just negotiated. There was no sign of the following lights, which he had assumed to be the BMW. He changed up, feeling confidence grow with every second. He needed as much speed as possible to cover the ground parallel to the glen

The wheels clawed at empty air, then the Saab began to drop forward, tipping to one side.

and Murik Castle. He would not be happy until he was completely clear of the castle area, away somewhere to his left, on the far side of the rise.

For reassurance he felt down, touching the butt of the Browning and at the same time glancing towards the panel — something he rarely did; but with the lights off and instruments dimmed down, the display was not as clear as normal.

He looked up again and immediately knew he was in trouble. A shape showed through the Nitefinder goggles, above and just ahead. Automatically, he changed down and pumped the brake. Then the shape moved, splaying a great beam of light across his path and he heard the engine noise he thought he had imagined back at the turn near the kirk. The helicopter. He had not counted on the helicopter. But there it was, backing away slowly like some animal gently retreating, uncertain of its prey.

Well, if he hit the damned thing it was too bad. Bond did not slow down. Again he reached for the Browning, pushed the barrel through the gun port, pointed upwards and fired twice. The helicopter was

dangerously low, yet remained directly in front, still backing away. Then, without warning, it lifted and retreated fast. From directly in front of the Saab came a massive flash and boom — like a huge version of the SAS "flash-bang" stun grenade. The Saab shook, and Bond felt the inertia reel harness clamp hold of him. Without it he would have been thrown across the car. He slammed a foot on to the brake as he felt, with the intuition of experience, that another grenade would follow the first. Certainly the helicopter was coming forward and low, again.

It came just as he expected — the same manoeuvre, a dipping of the nose, a fast slide up and back. Bond swung the wheel to the right, changed into second, and allowed his foot gently to increase pressure on the accelerator.

The Saab changed course, going off the track to the right as the second large "flash-bang" exploded.

With the horrific clarity of a dream over which one had no power, Bond realised what had happened. He had been fool enough to do exactly as the helicopter had wanted. The little metal insect had probably been watching his progress — on radar, or by other means — almost from his moment of escape. The sudden appearance of the machine, dropping its large "flash-bangs" in his path, was a lure. They had wanted him to go to the right.

Had not Mary-Jane Mashkin told him about the digging? A new drainage system?

All this flashed through Bond's head as he applied the car's brakes too late. The nose of the Saab reared up, and he was aware of the Mashkin woman telling him the size and depth of the pit. The wheels clawed at empty air, then the Saab began to drop forward, tipping to one side, bouncing and bumping in a horrible crunching somersault. In the final moments Bond was buffeted around in his harness, and something, possibly the Blackhawk, caught him on the side of the head.

He felt the numbness, but neither fear nor pain as the red mist came in, with ink in its wake, carrying him floating off into its black impenetrable sea.

Out on the track, the lights of the BMW could be seen in the distance as the helicopter slowly settled on the heather. "Got him," said Anton Murik with a smile.

The pilot removed the Nitefinder goggles taken from Bond the previous night. "They work well, these," he said. "Clear as sunlight up to over 500 feet."

From *Licence Renewed* by John Gardner © 1981 by Glidrose Publications Limited. To be published in Australia in July at \$14.95 jointly by Jonathan Cape and Hodder & Stoughton.

HAVE YOUR OWN LICENCE RENEWED

Find how to win your copy of this exciting James Bond adventure by turning to the Books section on page 32.



Making people laugh is no joke.

Veteran Australian comedy writer Freddy Parsons once said that Australia had few top class comedians because there was nowhere for them to be bad. Parsons' statement was based on the fact that the stand-up comedian does his apprenticeship according to the sink or swim principle. The aspiring comic has no text-books to tell him how to be funny, no training schools or diplomas, like those for actors, singers and musicians.

He can test his routine on his friends and family, and check himself out in the bedroom mirror, but the only place the comedian can learn to make people laugh is on stage, in the type of venue which features a line-up of developing talent and a frequently drunk and hostile audience which has often come along to laugh at the acts, rather than with them. It takes the comic many years to develop the self-confidence and versatility which ensure success. England's music hall tradition, its university revues and lately places like The Comic Strip make up a major part of that country's line-up of funny men. America has equivalent venues; numerous nightspots with names like Catch a Rising Star, the *Saturday Night Live* show on television and The Comedy Store in Los Angeles, which has groomed many of that country's comedians for stardom.

Until recently, Australia lacked the bars and nightspots where an aspiring comedian could test his talent and material. But in the past few years a variety of venues which deal specifically in humor have appeared. Parsons' comment is no longer valid. There are now many places in Australia for comedians to be bad and, as a result, some of them have become very good.

Comedy pervades Australian culture, from politics to the public bar. In this country, the lack of a sense of humor is considered a serious failing. Malcolm Fraser's inability to take a light-hearted approach to anything has drawn frequent criticism, and his low ratings in the popularity polls has been attributed to this factor.

On the other hand, the funny man is everyone's favorite. Bert Newton is one of Australia's most popular entertainers because it is virtually impossible for him to do anything without raising a laugh.

Graham Kennedy is another example. His natural flair for comedy and his ad-libbing ability made him one of the greats of Australian television, even though he was rarely thought of as a comedian. ABC Radio's Bob Hudson is in the same boat; just about everything he does on air has a humorous element.

Social historians say that when an economic recession occurs, there is a boom in the humor industry because people need to relieve their depression with a few laughs.

Australia's traditional forms of entertainment produced some remarkable comedy talents in the Seventies. In radio, apart from the aforementioned Mr Hudson, there was

FUNNY BUSINESS

BY PHIL ABRAHAM

Illustration by Tony Edwards

John Clarke's laconic character Fred Dagg, who made more than 1000 appearances on the ABC with the now familiar introduction "Ah, yeah, g'day" since he migrated from New Zealand in the early Seventies.

Dagg is proof of the Parsons comment that a comedian must endure a lengthy apprenticeship before he reaches his peak. John Clarke says he was never bad before he was good: "If I ever did something and people failed to laugh, I never admitted to trying to be funny. I only claimed to be a comedian when everyone was rolling around on the floor with laughter." His Dagg character grew up over his years on air.

Fred matured from being plain funny, to making sharp-edged comments about topical subjects, repeatedly hitting the mark with a brilliant use of colloquial language and an increasingly subtle approach. Fred Dagg is currently on holidays while his creator writes film scripts.

Australian television produced three major comedy talents in the Seventies; Graham Bond, whose unique and slightly too cute style has its origins in Sydney University architecture revues, Gary McDonald, a NIDA graduate whose ability as a comic actor made his Norman Gunston parody an Australian institution, and Paul Hogan, the *New Faces* discovery who did his apprenticeship on the box. Hogan is a natural, a brilliant mimic and sharp observer of the Australian middle class's more ridiculous mores.

The list of comic talent which found its feet in the Seventies continues. On stage there was Reg Livermore, with Betty Blockbuster and her offspring. Cartoonists like Pickering, Cook and Tony Edwards were prolific while Australian film, theatre and literature were laced with humorous themes and characters. The circus even became a vehicle for comedy, with the highly acclaimed Circus Oz troupe using the form for laughs.

While the Seventies revealed the depth of local comic talent, observers are predicting an explosion of laughter in the Eighties. The new acts who'll have us in stitches have not been seen on the screen, in print or heard on radio. They have been refining their humor in Melbourne and Sydney's fringe theatre venues and stand-up comedy rooms, before launching into the mass media.

Melbourne entrepreneur John Pinder says we're about to enjoy a boom in comedy. "There is a new group coming to the fore. A lot of them have been around for years and they're just starting to find their feet."

Rod Quantock is one member of that new group about to step out of Melbourne's comedy ghetto and address the nation. Quantock is part owner of Melbourne's Comedy Cafe with his wife Mary Kenneally, Geoff Brooks and Stephen Blackburn. Quantock says Mel-

bourne currently has the healthiest comedy scene in the southern hemisphere, and he is one of the main men behind the southern push — on stage and behind the scenes. At the age of 33 he has been doing the rounds of Melbourne comedy revue for 10 years, after a start in university reviews.

His popular cynical patter has earned him plenty of critical acclaim, but in common with most other Melbourne comedians, financial rewards have eluded him until recently. This year, Quantock and Kenneally signed up to work on the Ten television network comedy series *Ratbags*.

Television is the medium to which most young comedians aspire. Apart from the big money it also offers national exposure. Another Melbourne stand-up comedian, David Argue, is also launching his television career. Like Quantock, Argue has attracted rave notices. John Clarke says

Fred Dagg
matured from being
plain funny to
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comments about
topical subjects.

watching him is like being hit by four different express trains from four different directions at once and still laughing. Argue is also working with the Ten Network, with Jonathon Coleman, who made his reputation as a funnyman on the children's program *Simon Townsend's Wonderland*.

Melbourne's modern comedy scene has its roots in the Australian Performing Group, which featured comic actors like Graham Blundell and Max Gillies. That influence has resulted in an irreverent, vaudevillian approach to comedy, combining song and dance with fast-paced patter from a variety of duos, trios and single stand-up comedians.

Melbourne's comedy action is centred in Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, the location for the Last Laugh and the Flying Trapeze theatre restaurants and The Comedy Cafe. The city's variety of comedy venues also includes Catch A Rising Star and the Last Resort in Caulfield. The Busby Berkelys are probably the most successful and well known avant garde performing group in Melbourne, but there are dozens of young artists following in their wake. Performers like Alan Pentland, Con and

Vince, former members of the notorious Whittle Family and Los Trios Ringbarkus form the dynamic core of contemporary entertainers doing the rounds of the Melbourne comedy scene. None of them are amassing fortunes by making people laugh, but most agree that things are looking up.

Alan Pentland is a qualified architect. Like Quantock he became involved in comedy after appearing in university revues. Pentland's career as an architect lasted only three days; he decided comedy was his forte. Like most of the young Melbourne comics his stand-up style is low key and dependent on character and situation development rather than the stringing together of a series of jokes.

Pentland boosts his comedy income by performing in discos as a male stripper. He gets his gear off for female audiences to the tune of the B52s Planet Claire. After working as a regular at Catch A Rising Star and doing late night spots at the Comedy Cafe's Banana Lounge, Pentland is moving on to take the job of compere at the Last Laugh's new comedy room Le Joke.

Con and Vince display many of the radical theatrical qualities of Melbourne comedy. Six-foot-three-inch Simon Thorpe plays the part of Vince. Twenty-six-year-old Thorpe did a four-year comedy apprenticeship with the Whittle Family. He plays Vince as a skinny, dumb, deadpan prankster. Tony Rickards, short, stocky and 23 years old, is Con the straightman.

The pair's musical accompaniment is provided by trumpet and guitar and they get their costumes from op-shops. Con and Vince say their immigrant imitations have never offended new Australians. They reckon Italians and Greeks usually fall about when they see them perform. The duo has been together for about 18 months, and have worked a variety of venues in Sydney and Melbourne.

Their crazy song and dance routines are spiced with a series of snappy one liners, like: "What do you call a milk bar with a massage parlor out the back? — Mixed business with pleasure. Did you hear the Minister for Aboriginal Affairs has been arrested — he was involved in an armed corroboree." Lines like these look dead on paper. They need a response from an audience and professional delivery and timing if they're going to work, and a similar disappointment results when most comedians' jokes are taken out of their live context.

Thorpe and Rickards don't do stand-up jokes in the straight style, they use their characters to express their humor. But when pressed for a compact joke they came up with the one about a bloke who walked into a ritzy city hotel and noticed the receptionist, who was looking good. He propositioned her, saying he'd give her \$1000 if she went upstairs with him. The girl took him up on the offer, to their mutual

satisfaction. The next day the bloke came back to the hotel and made the same suggestion, once again for \$1000 and he came back again the next two days after that. The girl was always eager to earn her money. After the fourth day's dalliance the man told the girl he was only a tourist and that he'd be returning home that night. She said that was a pity and asked him where he lived. He told her he had a long way to go — Carnarvon in West Australia. "What a coincidence," she replied, "that's my home town."

"Yes," said the man, "I know your mother. She gave me \$4000 to give to you."

Los Trios Ringbarkus, another lively pair of Melbourne comics, have just been touring with rock band The Reels. Neil Gladwin and Steve Kearney combine singing, jokes and assorted tricks, in what they laughingly describe as good family entertainment. However, many middle class mums would find Los Trios a little too colorful for their liking. Their act includes the usual rapid fire one-liners like: "What did the Italian girl who was being raped in the back of a rent-a-truck say? It's a hertz!"

Most of Melbourne's old-style traditional comedians deserted the city long ago for the opportunities offered by the NSW clubs. Maurie Fields is a notable exception. He started doing comedy acts when he was eight. Now he's 55 and one of Melbourne's most successful straight comics as well as an accomplished actor. Fields became a familiar face to Australian television viewers after playing the part of John Quinlan, the resident mongrel on the rural soap opera, *Bellbird*, for 10 years. He moved into film, doing *The Club*, recently worked on *A Town Like Alice* and is busy with a variety of film and television projects.

Fields says he likes to maintain an Australian flavor in his humor. Exaggeration is a vital part of his technique. "I like outback stories, like the one about the fella who was talking about one of his outback region's worst droughts. He was reminiscing, saying it was so dry out there that the time it rained for 40 days and 40 nights and Noah was forced to build the ark, they only got half a point down their way. It got so hot his grandfather fainted and they had to revive him with three buckets of dust. The dry became so bad they had to close three lanes of the local swimming pool."

The penchant for exaggeration shown in Fields' material is a common characteristic of Australian humor. Sarcasm, dryness and irreverence for authority are also key ingredients.

We're a cultural colony, open to many influences, and they often reveal themselves in comedy.

British and Irish working class attitudes are strong — they are perhaps responsible for the larrikin quality in many Australian funny men.

Paul Hogan's old drunk character who thumbs his nose at the cop when he has his back turned but always buckles down in the end, epitomises many of the qualities of Australian comedy.

Melbourne is Australia's contemporary comedy capital because it has the venues to keep developing talent off the dole. While Sydney's Nimrod theatre has occasionally imported Melbourne acts and given some of the city's slightly less radical acts a go, very few other comedy or cabaret venues have attracted the broad audiences which the Victorian theatre restaurants have survived on. With a few exceptions, Sydney's modern vaudevillian comics have been restricted to the sleazy high camp drag venues. Centred in Darlinghurst, the Cabaret Conspiracy group produced some zany acts like Boom Boom La Berne and Fi Fi L'Armour, but their approach is a little extreme for your average Aussie audience.

Melbourne
is Australia's
contemporary comedy
capital because
it has the
venues.

They have never gained more than a strong cult following.

Geoff Kelso and Lance Curtis who did the Dr Poo series on ABC radio, and were a part of Mike Willesee's ill-fated attempt to humor his television audiences, are perhaps the most talented and professional young writers/performers on the Sydney scene.

Kelso and Curtis have a fast paced, original act, running through a series of outrageous Australian characters.

There's Wayne Simpson, the country and urban singer from Yagoona, who's got another musician for a mate — Rambling Jack from Barcoo. When he's not performing, Jack likes to enter animals at country shows. "Where does he do it?" asks Curtis. "Usually behind the wooden buildings," replies his partner. "But it's not a main event."

Kelso says the lack of venues in Sydney is a problem for developing live comedians. All the places Kelso and Curtis used to work — Garibaldi's, The Toucan Cafe and The Son of Roxy are defunct. Lately Kelso has been appearing at a new Sydney comedy venue, which promises to

boost the chances of success for Sydney's aspiring young comics.

Something Different, the large, low-ceilinged downstairs bar at the Jamison disco in the heart of the city, features a line-up of stand-up comics four nights a week. It's another example of the boom in Australian comedy.

Compered by Rodney Rude (he uses his real name, Keft, when he's working in his regular territory in North America), an energetic, old style comic who keeps things moving right along, Something Different covers a wide range of acts, with everything from old-timers like Barry Sandford who's been doing comedy for more than 50 years and does drunk imitations, balancing acts and plays the harmonica, and established professionals like Kelso and Rick Carter, to juggling acts like The Amazing Desmondo, a variety of young stand-up comics with a lot to learn about being funny and a lady who has very little going for her except a nice set of tits.

While there are no really big names on stage, the audience is a different matter, consisting of a collection of television types and entertainers who not only look for laughs but also have their eyes open for new talent.

While the theatre restaurants and comedy rooms are attracting audiences with contemporary comedy and cabaret, and the top performers move on to bigger and better things, the country's other major form of live comedy entertainment is suffering a decline.

The NSW club scene is unique in the world. There are well over 2000 registered Leagues, RSL, religious and sports clubs in the State. Poker machines give their revenues such a boost that they can afford to spend huge amounts on entertainment to lure patrons away from their television sets.

The State's clubs support at least 50 comics, and some of them make an excellent living out of cracking jokes. Ugly Dave Gray is at the top end of the market. He hit the television scene soon after he arrived in Australia from Britain 15 years ago, getting involved with Graham Kennedy and the *In Melbourne Tonight* show. The resulting star status, coupled with management by Harry M. Miller, means he now commands well over \$1000 for a club show. At that level he has virtually priced himself out of the market, which is no problem for Gray, who keeps busy with film and television work.

The average club comedian earns a minimum of \$250 a night, so if he's doing four or five nights a week he's earning a healthy income. The more successful comedians on the circuit, like Slim De Grey, Jan Adele, Noel Talbot and Johnny Garfield, command a much higher fee. Sydney club comedians agree that their industry is slightly depressed at the moment. There is not as much work around as there was in the Seventies. Performers

who were doing five and six nights a week a few years ago are now only getting two or three.

Some blame the introduction of the 0.05 breathalyser limit for the drop in attendance, others say people get sick of having their money taken away by machines. A few cite poor promotion and presentation of live club acts for the decline, while the cyclical nature of all business enterprises is also put forward as a contributing factor.

While the country's contemporary comedians are providing their audiences with an exotic diet of outrageous and original material, the club scene tends to be bland.

The majority of comedians' formats consist of a string of jokes, slickly presented under the correct assumption that an audience will laugh at anything after four of five drinks.

Johnny Garfield is one Sydney-based club performer with a distinctive delivery. He's a big bloke, and his approach is aggressive and intimidatory. Garfield often begins his routine with the line: "I'm a little different from most comedians these days, because I'm Australian." That comment refers to the fact that the Sydney club scene is dominated by British and Irish comedians, attracted by the lucrative entertainment industry. New South Wales offers many more opportunities than their homeland. About 40 percent of local comics are imports.

Kerry Jewel is a typical example. His father, successful British comic Jimmy Jewel, influenced his choice of career which began at the age of 17 with a musical trio in England. Jewel moved into comedy in the clubs, then theatre, and ended up doing warm-ups for Thames TV, supporting big names like Harry Secombe on concert tours and doing three seasons at the Palladium. Jewel, now 34, came to Australia three years ago to work the Leagues and RSL clubs "and I have no intention of returning to that septic little isle in the North Sea."

Jewel says the depression in the club entertainment industry is having one beneficial effect; it's increasing the quality of the performers, as the less professional acts are forced to look elsewhere for work. "Maybe it's a good thing for the industry to be purged like this. We're getting rid of the singing housewife and that sort of act, while the best comedians and singers are still getting work."

So the majority of club comics aren't worried about losing their jobs. In comparison with other entertainers, the qualified comedian improves with age, although like wine, some fail to mature and just get sour. But once he has suffered the inevitably gruelling apprenticeship and found his feet, the stand-up comic is usually up there for a while, unlike the performers who depend upon their looks for a living.

Brian Doyle, one of the country's most respected stand-up comics and the winner of the Mo award for the best Australian comedian in 1979 and 1980, says comedians usually improve as they get older. "You don't get into your prime until you are about 35 or 40. A comedian's face has to look lived in, you've got to look as if you've been around, observed a few things."

Brian Doyle's brand of comedy is sharp and sophisticated.

Rather than a joke machine, he presents himself as an individual putting a point of view across to his audience, and using humor to do it.

Relating to your audience is the key to a comic's success and these days, following US trends, comics are doing some crazy things to get an audience reaction which is sometimes not laughter. The insult is in for the contemporary comic. As Doyle says: "You don't want to have a go

It is that
interaction with an
audience which makes
live comedy such a
unique and dynamic
medium.

at the crippled pensioner, but just about everyone else is fair game."

Barry Humphries is, of course, the maestro of this method. Don't sit too close to the front of the stage, unless you want to become a part of the show.

It is that interaction with an audience which makes live comedy such a unique and dynamic medium. When everything goes according to plan and the man in the spotlight has his audience eating out of his hand, the effect is electrifying.

Sean Kramer, an Irish import based in Sydney, says the effect is exhilarating. "Your stomach tightens like a spring, you're making a million decisions a minute. When you're firing your subconscious is on tap; you're memory banks are open. Sometimes there's no control over it, your reactions actually become spontaneous."

But there are also times when things don't click. Even the best have their bad nights. Kerry Jewel says he just wants the floor to open up and swallow him when he's not producing laughs. "It's the loneliest job in the world when your audience doesn't respond. You're on your

own out there. A singer can forget about the audience. She can pretend she's singing a song to her lover and if she doesn't get any response she just goes on and sings the next song. A comedian can't do that. He must get a reaction."

Most stand-up comedians have stock lines to handle an unresponsive audience, for example: "Let's all hold hands and see if we can contact the living."

An audience which thinks it's funnier than the man on stage is the other side of the coin. Hecklers are an unavoidable nuisance.

They are usually put down with lines like: "Don't worry, it'll be your turn to come on stage next. Dale Buggins is going to bring his motorcyle in. He's going to try to jump over your mouth." Or if it's a woman: "Haven't you heckled me before, madam? I know I've seen you in here. Yes — it was seven years ago. I remember your dress."

Stand-up comedians agree that the drunken woman is the hardest type of interjector to handle. Ugly Dave Gray says you can insult an obnoxious male with impunity, but if the comic makes fun of a woman, the rest of the audience will invariably side with her.

Ask a Sydney comedian where he gets his material and he'll probably tell you it comes from Reuben F. Scarf's. Jokes are a unique commodity. No one ever had sole rights to a good jest. It's common practice among comedians to rip each other's jokes off. Some have made their names with fellowcomics' jokes. Wealthy American star Milton Berle was known as The Thief of Badgag by other comedians. In his case, crime paid.

Jack O'Leary, another Irish import, makes up most of his material, but he also puts new slants on old jokes, particularly for his all-male audiences at smokos and Sunday morning sick parades. According to O'Leary: "They want low mentality blue jokes. They don't want humor, they just want filth."

One of his favorites is the story about the man sitting at a bus stop. He stood out from the rest of the crowd because he had a tiny head: it was the size of a cricket ball, even though the rest of his body was perfectly proportioned. When asked how his head became so small the man said he had been on an archeological expedition in Egypt, and while he was digging he came across an ancient brass urn. He was rubbing the dirt off it when bang! a beautiful blonde genie popped out and said "Master, you have rubbed the golden urn, now I will grant you any wish." Well, he looked her up and down, and she was a very attractive genie. He'd been pretty lonely out there in the Egyptian desert, so he told the genie his wish was to make love to her. She said: "No master, you may have any wish but that one."

"All right then," he replied, "how about a little head." O—



HELEN



Location, inflation; shoes, Raymond Castles; clothes, Boom Boom, Prahlan, Victoria; make-up and hair, Sandy New.



Brown-eyed Beauty

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RENNIE ELLIS

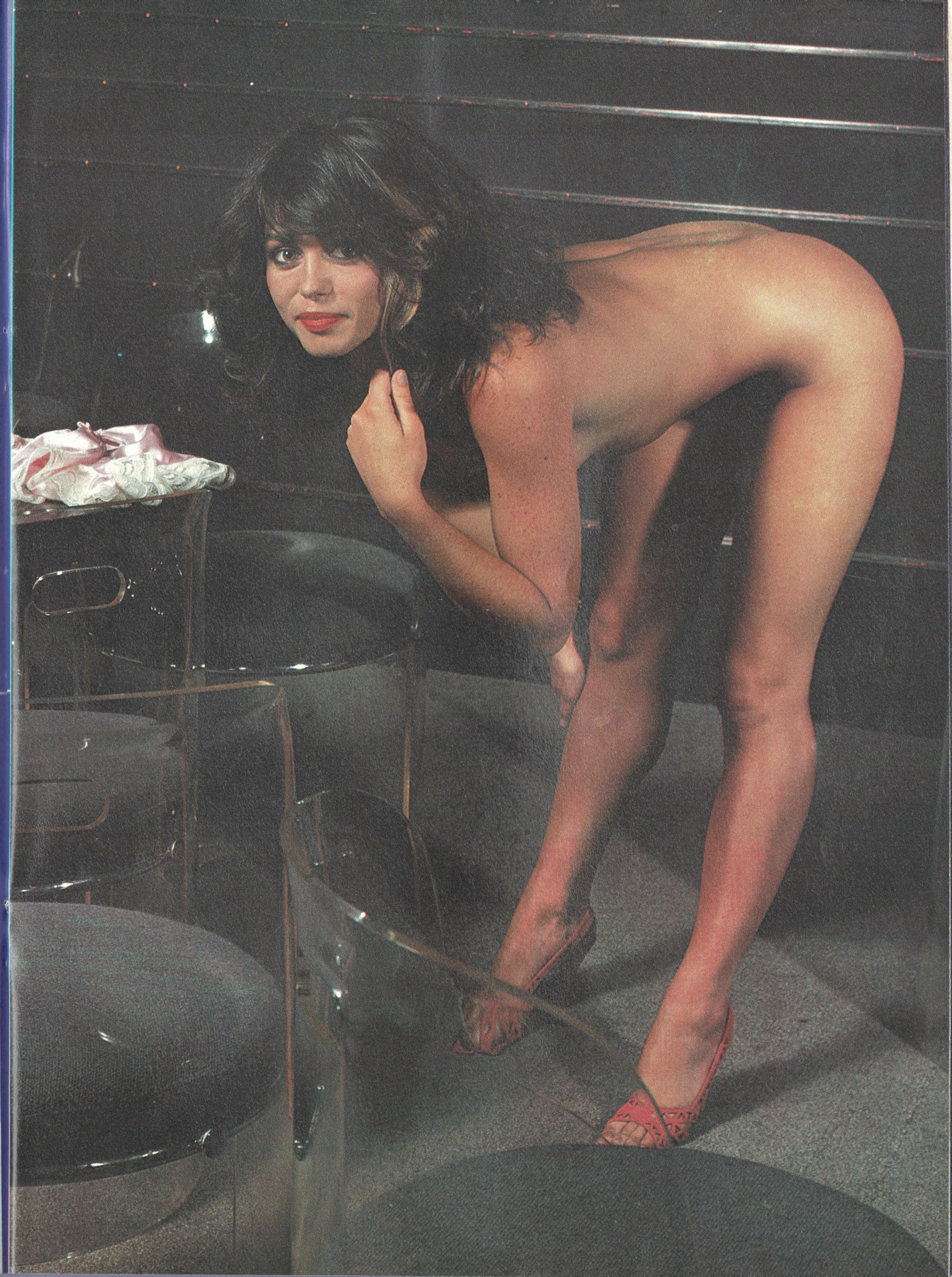
"This is my first year in Melbourne, in the big city, and what that means is that it's my first year of real independence," says brown-eyed Pet of the Month Helen Brown. "Being away from the close community of a country town . . . I'm from Gippsland . . . has meant that I've had to make an effort to get out and meet people. I've loved the freedom. It's made me much stronger as a person."



Our 21-year-old Pet with a 35½-24-35 figure works as a hostess at a classy Melbourne disco, which means she gets to meet a lot of people.



"City men, especially those I meet at work, are the 'Joe cool' type," says Helen. "Country men are more down to earth, more honest, and I miss them."





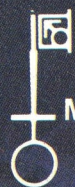
Helen was a champion athlete at high school. "The adrenalin rush was the high point of sport for me. Winning was the climax. I suppose it's the same with making love. The challenge, the build-up, the tension, and finally the moment of truth. I like a man to be strong, both physically and in character. There are times to be gentle and times to be passionate and more forceful. The mood you create together will determine this."





"I've always been interested in photography," says Helen, "and I wanted to see how a photographer and I would work together. That's why I posed for *Penthouse*. I enjoyed the experience and I am really pleased with the the pictures. They exceeded my expectations. I am curious to see what effect this will have on my life, It's very exciting!"





MISS HELEN BROWN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Come to real flavour.

Marlboro 25's



The world's No.1 selling cigarette.



BY GEOFFREY E. SMITH

During his 25-year career, Dr Smith, who lives in Melbourne, has been involved in field research for the World Health Organisation and has been a consultant for major international pharmaceutical companies.

BIOLOGICAL ENGINEERING — THE ULTIMATE TECHNOLOGY

Breeding bacteria which can eat oil spills, generate electricity, turn garbage into gas, transform methane into human food and genetically manipulate other microbes to produce biological materials like insulin and interferon, promises to be the boom industry of the Eighties.

The giants of the global pharmaceutical and chemical industries, including ICI, Hoechst, Hoffman La Roche, Mitsubishi Chemicals, Dow, Monsanto and G.D. Searle, are already investing tens of millions of dollars in the new technology, and bank-rolling the work of scientists in a score of recently established research and development companies around the world.

The US National Research Council has pointed out: "The magnitude of the breakthrough of this new technology is hard to overestimate. It will make its major impact in three areas: medicine, agriculture and industry." One of the pioneering companies based in California, Genentech, recently went public. Overnight the book value of the shares rose from \$11 million to \$600 million.

At present American companies lead in developing the technology; Japanese scientists admit they lag by about five years, but by 1983 believe they will be less than one year behind the Americans. France, Germany, Britain and Switzerland have all entered the race to produce genetically engineered by-products, and developments in the field are now moving very rapidly indeed.

What is happening in Australia? In 1980, the Australian Academy of Science set up a committee to evaluate the impact the new technology might be expected to have on industry here. After conferring with academics and a number of firms, the committee reported that the commercial exploitation of the new technology by Australian industry during the next five years would be minimal. Fortunately, ASTEC, the Australian Science and Technology Council expressed concern at this pessimistic conclusion and immediately set up a study group to try to co-ordinate the interests of various academics and industrialists.

Australia should be taking positive steps to exploit the new technology. Biological engineering is here to stay, and for its population size, this country is very strong in research into biochemistry, physiology, immunology, microbiology and the plant sciences. Australian researchers in these fields are internationally recognised and equal to any in the world, but unless steps are taken soon, overseas groups will take over the commercial development of promising scientific breakthroughs in this country.

Throughout the history of mankind, the technologies developed have been extensions of man's hands or senses; but genetic engineering, the ability to manipulate the very basis of life itself, is an art of a different order — it has been called the ultimate technology.

Today, more than a hundred chemical products are made from microbes in fermentation techniques — antibiotics, steroid hormones, enzymes, vitamins, sugars and organic

acids. Synthetic food already being made in this way, could eventually eliminate the world shortage of proteins. The fermentation industry is also searching for ways of producing anti-cancer and anti-viral drugs, insecticides and drugs effective against plant diseases. It may soon be possible to produce electricity by fermentation, and gold and other precious metals can be extracted from sea water by busy microbes.

All these processes depend on finding microbes which are already programmed by nature to produce specific end products. Suppose we could interfere with the genetic make-up of a microbe and program it to produce any chemical we desired? And that exciting prospect is precisely what genetic engineering, or recombinant DNA technology, is all about. For the first time in the history of the planet, hybrid molecules of DNA have been created which contain DNA from two completely separate evolutionary sources, bacteria and man.

Specialised human cells can produce insulin; they do this because certain genes in the nucleus instruct the cell to synthesise and secrete insulin. Genetic engineers have identified these genes, isolated them, and then spliced them into the DNA of a rapidly multiplying bacterium called *Escherichia coli*. Fed a simple diet, a single bacterium divides and multiplies every 20 minutes, producing a few billion exact copies of itself overnight. Every daughter cell is now synthesising and secreting human insulin into the medium. The bacteria have become minute but efficient and self propagating chemical factories manufacturing insulin. At regular intervals the insulin-loaded broth is drawn from the fermentor, purified and packaged for use by human diabetics.

In theory it all sounds simple. In fact, bacteria are so small that 1000 could fit on top of a pin; it would take 50,000 placed side by side to form a line one inch long, and even then the line would be so thin it would be invisible to the naked eye. With objects so tiny, chromosomes and genes can't be cut and spliced like recording tape. But the molecular biologists have found a way.

To date, genetic engineers have produced human insulin; interferon, a powerful anti-viral agent with some anti-tumour activity; and, somatostatin, a hormone present in minute quantities in brain tissue. Researchers are attempting to introduce single genes into plant cells to confer resistance to disease or pests in certain plant crops. Laboratory synthesised radioactive DNA is being used in diagnostic tests for human genetic disorders, and the presence of foreign virus DNA in human, animal and plant cells. Such techniques can rapidly diagnose virus disease in plants, or detect hepatitis virus DNA in human cells. In the foreseeable future, mass cultivation of animal cells will result in the low cost, large scale production of a range of hormones, vaccines, preformed antibodies and anti-viral agents.

Cancer is the one disease everyone would like to see conquered; and interferon may be the drug researchers have been seeking for the past 80 years. Last year a research company, Biogen, which is connected with Hoffman La Roche, an-

“The magnitude of the breakthrough of this new technology is hard to overestimate. It will make its major impact in three areas: medicine, agriculture and industry.”

nounced that they had produced interferon by recombinant DNA technology. At present, yields from bacteria are low, but scientists believe they should improve rapidly. But interferon isn't new. It was first discovered by two British researchers almost 25 years ago. But back in 1957, biochemists lacked the techniques available today for isolation, production and purification of the drug. Obviously the interferon story has many chapters to run, but production of the drug is going up and costs are beginning to come down; and, at last, large scale clinical tests are getting underway to answer the billion-dollar question — is interferon the miracle cancer drug some scientists believe?

Genetic engineering is now being made more simple by computerised machines which can construct synthetic genes. Five companies will be marketing these machines by the end of 1981. Genes contain the instructions for making the proteins of which living organisms are composed. They code this information by using an alphabet of four different chemical letters called nucleotides. A gene is a sequence of nucleotides strung together in a row. The machines now beginning to reach the market can synthesise short sequences of nucleotides cheaply and quickly; a Canadian machine can synthesise genes at the rate of 21 nucleotides a day. Previously, this would have taken months of laboratory work.

The main application of synthetic genes is in searching out specific genes in the cell chromosomes. The combination of genes in a single cell can be many millions of nucleotides long; so finding a particular gene can be much harder than trying to locate a needle in a haystack. But the problem can be simplified by synthesising a short strand of nucleotides matching the strand of the gene you are seeking. Because the artificial strand will latch on to its real cousin, it can be used to search for, and tag, the gene you require.

What Australia needs is a few home-grown entrepreneurs ready to join with scientists in forming research and development companies to get on with the job of commercially exploiting one of the many areas the new technology has opened up.

At the moment the experts on plant genetics at the CSIRO Division of Plant Industry in Canberra are the equal of any in the world. So too are many of the scientists at the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute of Medical Research in Melbourne. We don't need a government-sponsored body to confirm this. But wouldn't it be exciting to hear from an Australian entrepreneur prepared to bankroll some of these researchers?

All the American recombinant DNA companies were initially funded with venture capital put up by private enterprise. Involving a slow-moving, cautious government bureaucracy in such a vital and rapidly expanding industry would give it the kiss of death. Australia has the talent and the money to get into the technology now; if we don't, we will be paying licencing fees and royalties on a vast range of future products to American, Japanese, Swiss and German companies, for the next 50 or so years. ○—■



The Frolic Adventures of Superman

STARRING
JANE PRIEST
AND
DON BOLAND

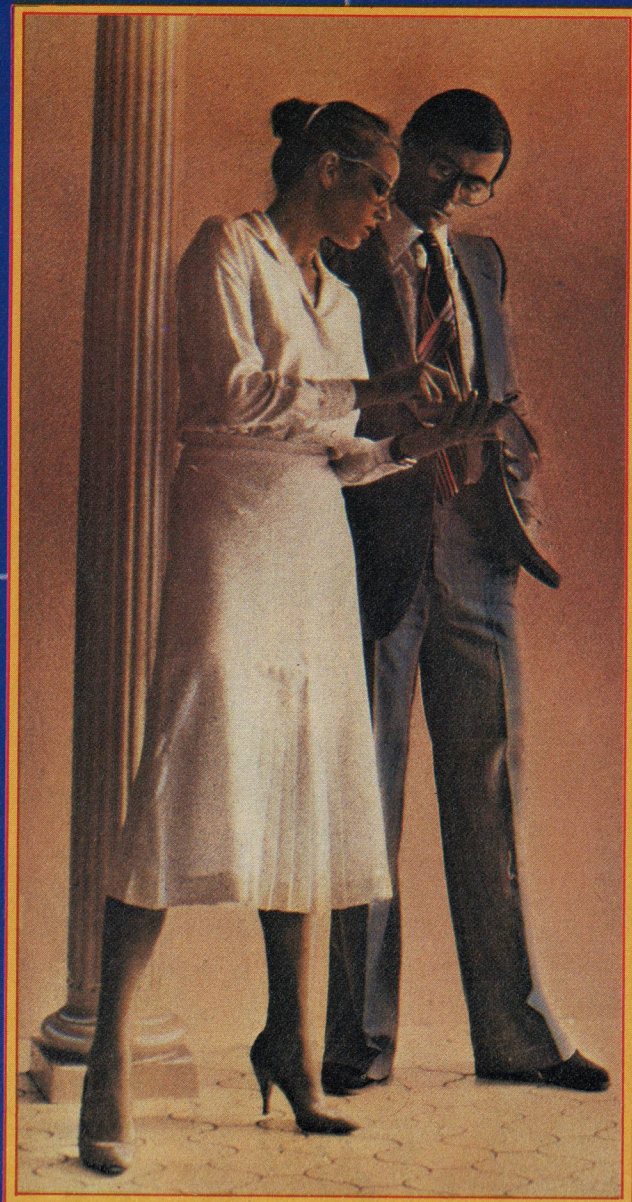
PHOTOGRAPHY & HAND COLORING
PAUL FULLBROOK

WORDS
PHIL JARRATT

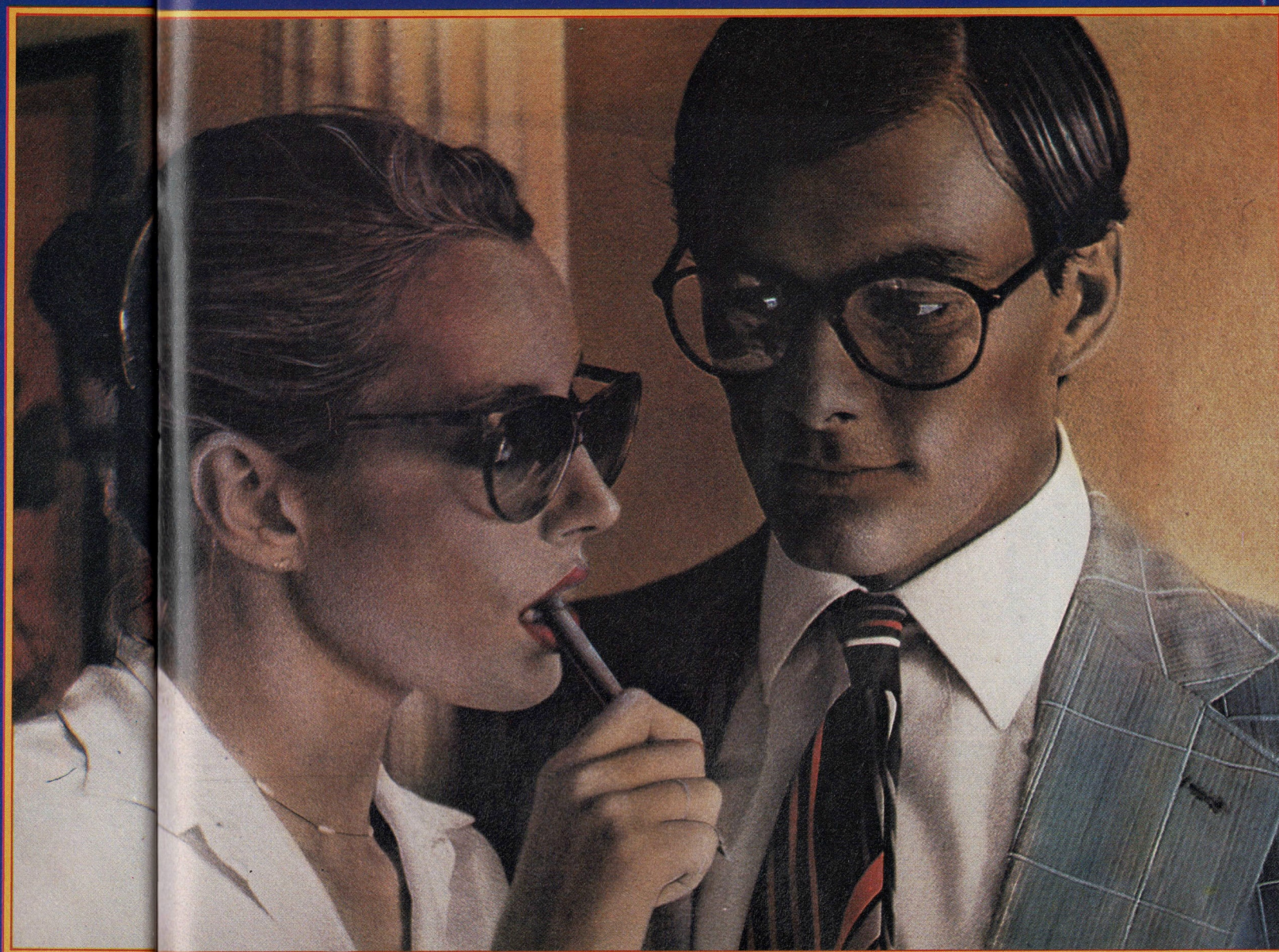
THE STORY SO FAR: Mild mannered reporter Clark Kent (aka Superman) has played the waiting game for a long time — through several decades of comic books, television series, merchandising deals and two movie epics with more on the way in fact. Clark has simply bided his time, come to work each day at the Daily Planet, nicked out between editions to save the world from the odd disaster, and held his own. Saving the world and holding your own are noble pursuits sure enough . . .

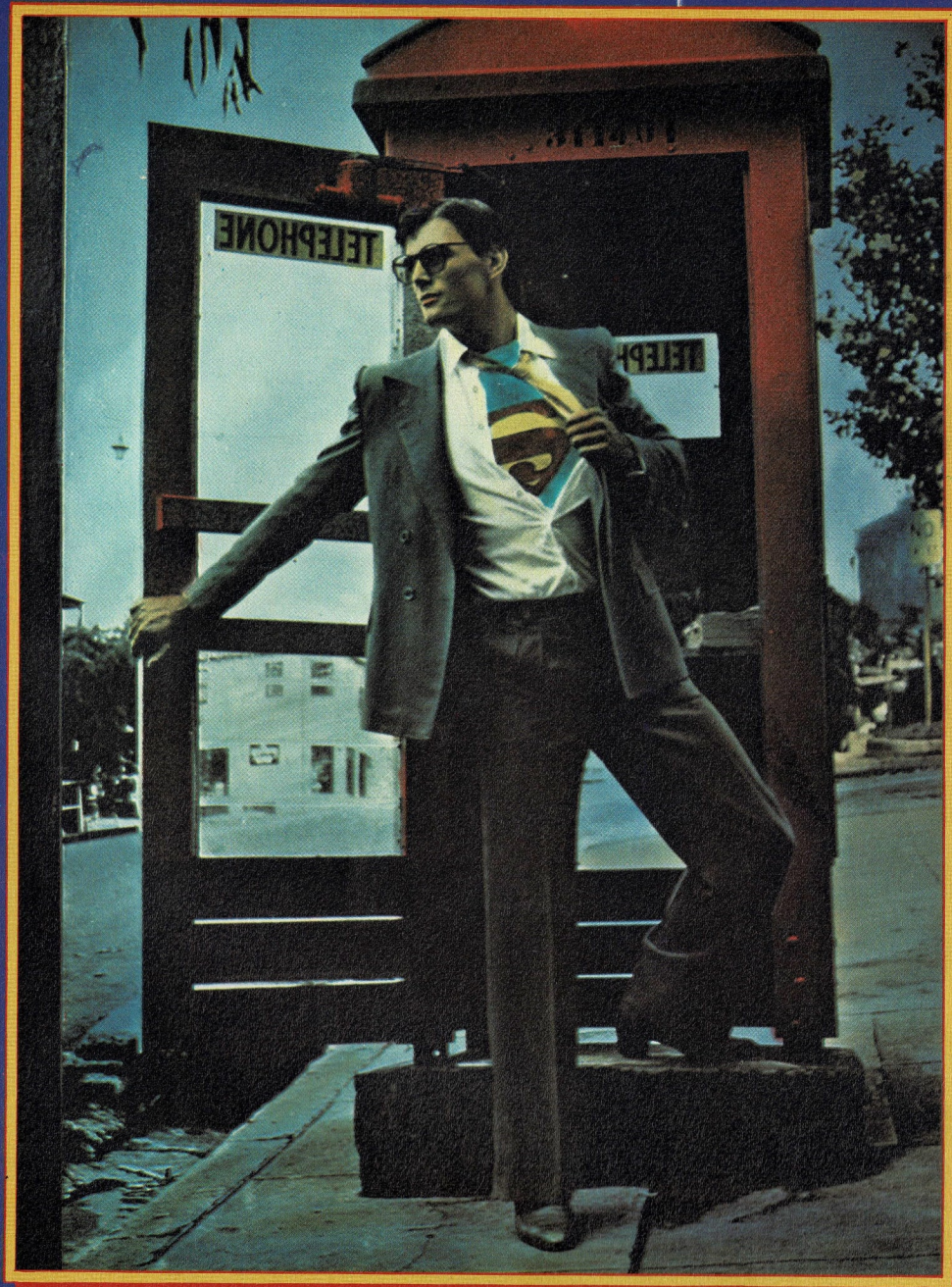
BUT MEANWHILE ... star reporter Lois Lane, saved from certain death by Superman more times than you could poke a stick at, continues to out-scoop, outsmart and outrun the hapless Kent at every opportunity. Taking secret delight in Kent's mental anguish and sexual agony, Lois taunts him with filthy sideways glances, momentary whiffs of her ritzy and extremely exotic perfume, and worse — she leads him on with throwaway remarks about the starch in his collar and the lead in his sub-editor's pencil. (Yes folks, heartily sick of Clark's inexplicable disappearances during work time, Perry White has grounded the errant reporter in a desk job.)

THE QUESTION IS ... how long can Clark go without relieving the pressure? We take up the story right on edition time at the Planet. (It's always right on edition time at the Planet.) Lois, as always in a "sensible dress" and with soft locks out of harm's way in a bun, needs help with her story. She always needs help with her story. In addition to being somewhat slack in the area of survival, Lois can't write her way out of a paper bag, but what great legs! It's a little story about a meltdown in a kryptonite reactor and Perry is holding the front page, but what the hell? Lois wants to know how to spell kryptonite. Clark wants her body. In his usual way with women Clark blurts out: "Why don't you ask your friend Superman?" "Listen schmuck," says Lois, "if you were half the superhuman he is we could make beautiful music together while we saved the world." Schmuck! This time Lois has gone too far. There are limits to even Clark's patience.



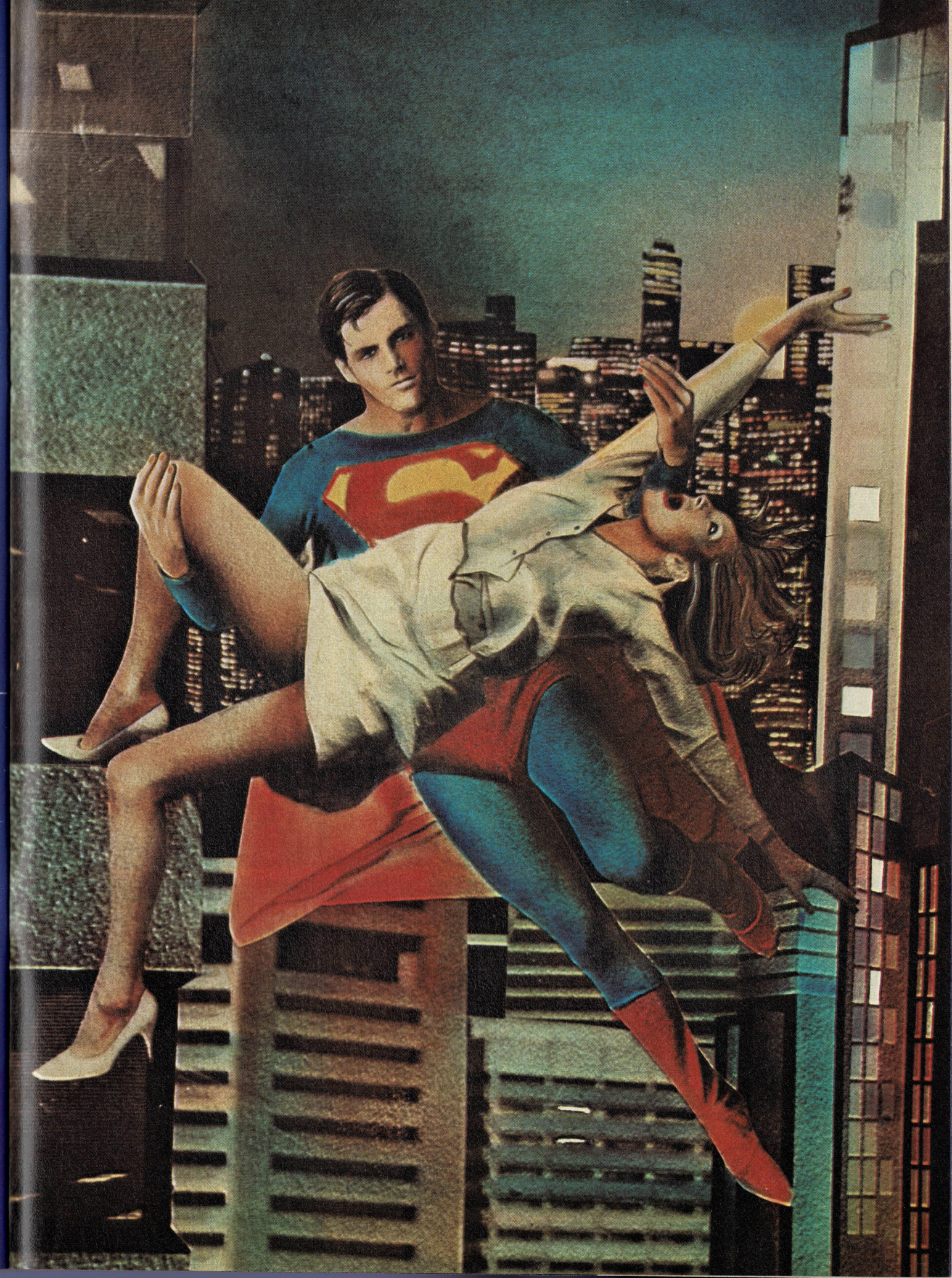
LUST CAN DRIVE A MAN WILD ... and, contrary to earlier documentary evidence, Superman experiences superlust. Mere words cannot do justice to the way he feels as he steamrolls out of the Planet's news room, pride wounded, libido aching. The bitch. What she needs is a good ... Clark bites his lip, tears at his tie and looks for a likely phone booth ... lecture on being nice to her fellow workers. Even now, dual drugs of lust and adrenalin pouring through his system, Superdong has a highly developed sense of right and wrong. And he knows that flying through the window at the Planet, knocking Lois out and raping her on the linoleum floor, while it would do wonders for his head, would destroy him as a family entertainment. No, there has to be a way ...

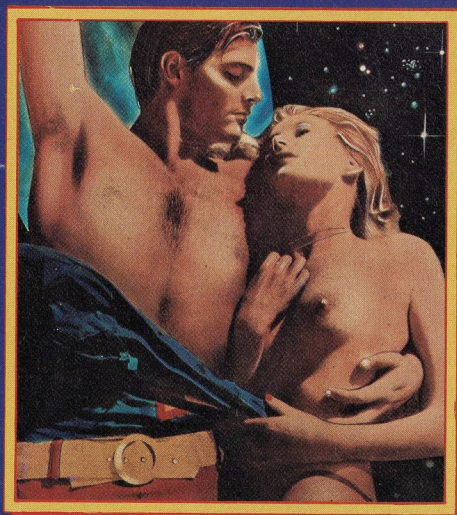
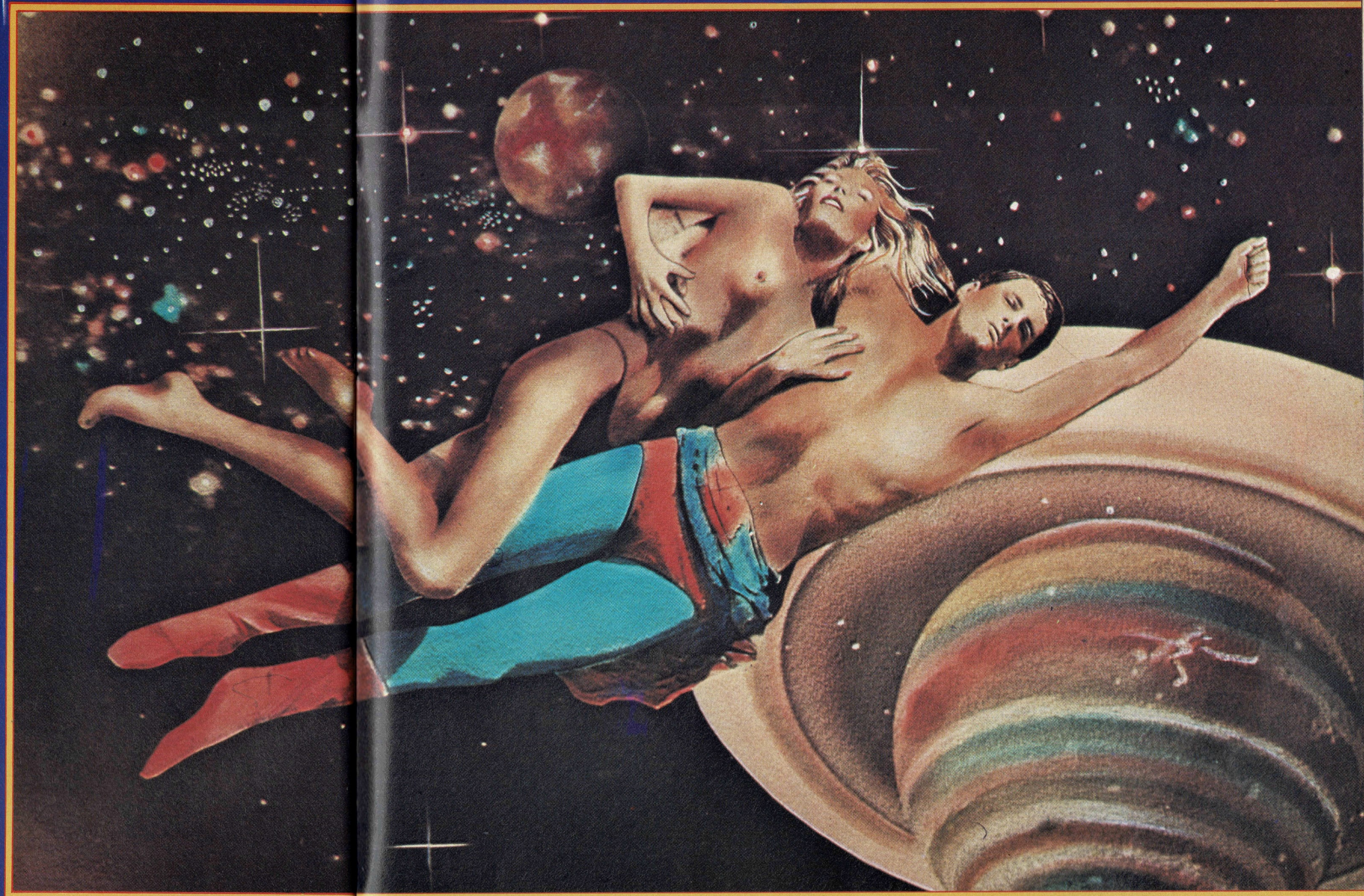
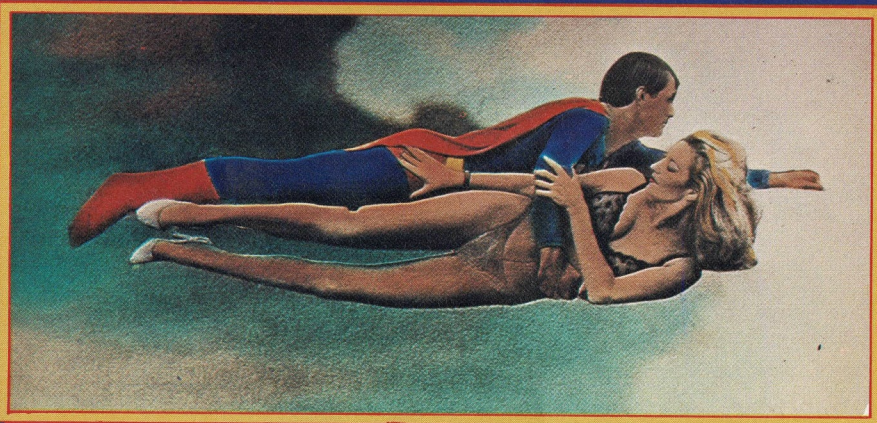
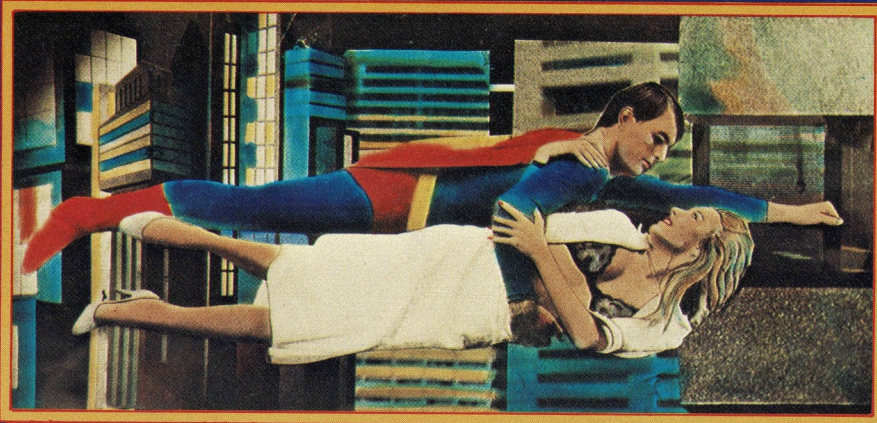




JHEY DON'T MAKE PHONE BOOTHS LIKE THEY USED TO . . . and it takes Clark a good ten minutes to divest himself of his Reuben F Scarf and free his upper limbs for flight and the rest of his torso for action as required. He has a vague plan in mind involving sex and travel. Perhaps if he can rip Lois out of the office and whisk her off to another galaxy — maybe even the old “dirty weekend on Krypton” routine — he can make her understand that there is more to life than truth, justice and the American Way. She needs a shake-up anyway, for Clark’s sake.

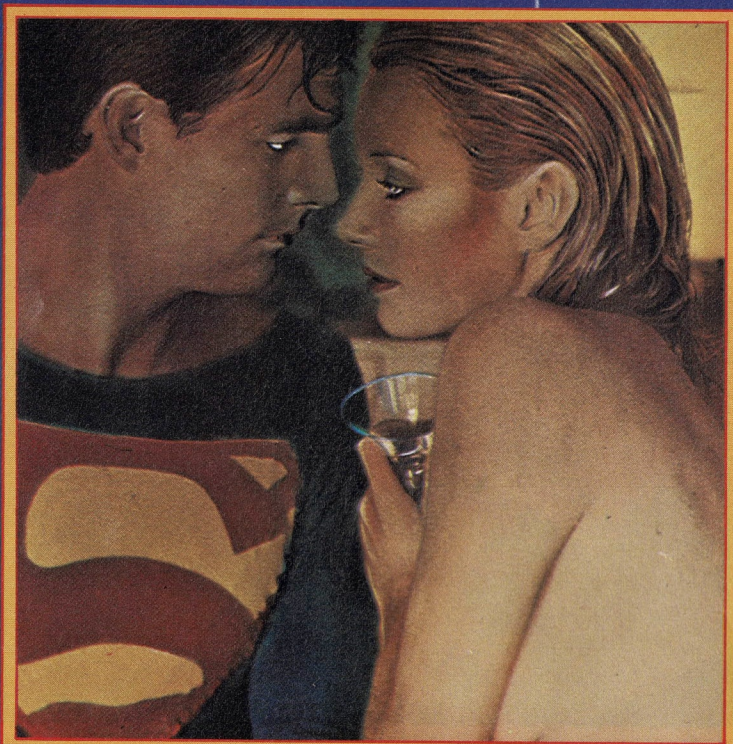
UP, UP AND AWAY . . . cries Superman, thrusting his body skyward faster than a speeding locomotive and in one deft movement removes Lois from her position by the Cafe Bar, where she preens and fondles a styrofoam cup. Lois, either fearless to a fault or bloody stupid, screams a mixture of anguish and delight. Literally swept off her feet by the man she loves, but when Superman speaks for the first time she begins to wonder about the advisability of mid-morning intergalactic travel. “Call Clark a schmuck, would you,” he growls. “I oughta drop you from a great height, Lane, but instead I’m gonna teach you a lesson you’ll never forget. Rough loving, Superman style.”





E NWARD AND UPWARD Superman streaks, his hysterical baggage sheltering from the headwind under a mighty blue-suited armpit. "Saving the world must be sweaty work," thinks Lois as they speed above the city. But, suitably chastened, she keeps her thoughts to herself. Which is more than can be said for Superman's control of his hands. As Metropolis disappears into the distance and the Black Holes of Space loom ahead, the Superfingers of the free Superhand (once out of the traffic one hand is sufficient for safe human flight) clutch and tear at the sensible cashmere. Lois Lane's protests are lost to the winds. Mission Control is a one-man band with a swelling ache in the Supergroin. Lois thinks of England and recalls her mother's words: "When rape is imminent, lie back and enjoy it."

P LANETS TO THE LEFT and planets to the right. Lois has never experienced anything like this before. Now almost naked and yet warm all over, she strokes the pounding Superchest and the blue body stocking slips away.



LATER THAT EVENING . . . "So now you know everything," murmurs Superman, overdoing the dramatics as usual. "I am Clark Kent, Clark Kent is Superman and he is me. We in fact, are I." "Don't be ridiculous, possum. Have another drink." Lois, untrained in the liquid necessities of knockabout journalism, is pite quissed having feasted on roast kryptobeast and washed it all down with several magnums of Chateau Krypton '48 (south side of the hill, before the great whiteout). "Do thilthy fings to me," she purrs, spilling the vin all over the Supercape.

VERY WELL," says Superman, standing erect in front of the fallen woman. "But first I want you to know that I'm able to leap tall buildings with a single bound and I'm not bad at jumping either, but it's only fair to warn you that I'm quicker than a speeding bullet." And with that the mighty crusader unhinges his huge buckle and lets the baby blue Supersuit drop to the ground. Lois gasps and the planet of Krypton, resplendent in the night sky above Metropolis, oscillates in expectation.

TO BE CONTINUED



Australia's hottest
tennis star lives
life in the
fast lane.

JUMPING JACK FLASH

BY BILL BENNETT

I love the big point. If I serve an ace on a big point I'll jump when I see it because I'm ready after I've made my serve. I'm ready to jump in either direction and knock that volley off. And when I see the ball's not coming back I'll jump in the air. It's my point. Let's go — all right!"

Paul McNamee plays tennis as if he has a steel spring tensed inside him. His snapping reflexes and speed send him jumping around the court so fast that it sometimes seems that he is in two places at once. McNamee's hyperactive acrobatics have earned him the nickname Jumping Jack Flash. Last year his speed and flair won him the Wimbledon doubles title with partner Peter McNamara and pushed him to the 40th spot on the world tennis ratings.

McNamee says his quickness and his keenness on the court are the key to his success: "My energy is channelled in a positive direction. I'm making shots at the net that normally would be past me if I wasn't on my toes and keen and ready to jump. I'll do everything I can to jump in either direction. I want to be like a raging fireball. I want to play so they don't know where I'm going to be at any time. I want my speed to intimidate them."

This adrenalin charged tennis player trained those tennis reflexes in his parents' backyard in the Melbourne suburb of Strathmore. Young Paul couldn't afford to miss a return shot in his rough-house matches against his brother and father. If he did, the ball invariably shattered the louver windows in the house behind him. And the money for new glass came straight out of

Photos from *The Australians*, courtesy of Peter Luck Productions.



On and off the court, McNamee has been elevated to the glamor status of rock idols and movie stars.

Paul's little piggy bank, the receptacle for his life's savings. McNamee had to be quick. "I could always stop the ball, no matter how bad the shot was. So I learnt about fast reflexes then, trying to stop tennis balls from breaking windows." Now the stakes are higher. In 1980 McNamee earned \$200,000 playing tennis.

The Jumping Jack Flash title is a fitting one, on and off the court, in the decade when the tennis champion has been elevated to the glamor status of the rock idol and the movie star. At the age of 26, McNamee has a reputation to live up to.

"I always travel first class, stay first class, eat first class, because I think that's important in my professional approach, so I never pinch pennies."

His new-found confidence, the riches and the rapid rise in the ratings have not gone unnoticed in his home country. McNamee has been making headlines and he's one of the characters chosen by producer Peter Luck for the \$1.5 million television series, *The Australians*.

The trappings of success also include a townhouse in London, a beachside residence in Florida, the limousine garaged in the States so he can drive in comfort when he's touring there, and a new Mercedes sports on order in Europe.

McNamee knows how good he's got it. "I have total independence, total freedom. I can go to whichever city I want to, I can wake up every morning at whatever time I want to. I'm my own boss — I don't have any deadlines, I don't have anyone to

answer to. I lead my own life and that's probably the greatest advantage of being a professional tennis player."

For McNamee, fame has accompanied fortune. When he appears in public these days he is faced with a legion of young female fans, some of whom will go to great lengths to get close to him. The girls' tricks have included standing on the tips of their toes beside the dressing room shower partition and pointing their cameras over the top in an attempt to get a candid shot of their idol, naked in the shower. McNamee says some are prepared to go even further to get a souvenir. "They want to get my sweat bands or anything that's got the most sweat or whatever on it, I mean the grottiest thing is what the girls like.

"They really go to a lot of trouble to attract your attention. They'll find out what sort of car I'm driving and leave messages under the windscreen. We have to take the phone off the hook now because there's so many young girls calling up all the time. I can't leave the dressing room at Kooyong these days, not even to have a cup of tea, because there'll be 200 girls out there and there's no way I can move from A to B.

"So it's really something I have to deal with during a tournament. When you're getting ready for a match you don't want to be signing 200 autographs, and have to talk to the girls. But there is a place for it, and I think once you've played your match then it is time to go out there and sign some autographs, and I think I'd be doing a little injustice to them if I didn't do that."

This success story is no fairy tale. McNamee didn't make it by waving a magic wand. He slugged it out on the gruelling professional circuit for years before he claimed a respectable place on the ratings, and he's always been conscious that his time at the top is limited. In professional tennis the top dogs are always looking back at the hungry young pack at their heels.

In his youth McNamee was never considered a particularly talented tennis player. None of his early coaches thought he had much natural ability. They told him he was performing well because of his gutsy approach. If he did lack natural talent, he compensated with sheer determination and aggressive singlemindedness. Failure has never been an option for Paul McNamee.

He won the Australian Junior Open title when he was 18, and although he was studying science at university at the time, he decided to give the cut-throat professional scene a go. He slogged around the international circuit for a year without making much of an impression, then gave it a miss while he returned to Monash University in Melbourne to complete his degree.

But the challenge of professional tennis dragged him off campus again. In 1976, halfway through his second degree, this

time in law, McNamee decided to test himself on the pro scene again.

He was more successful the second time around, moving from 459th in the ratings to 90th in a few years. But despite his efforts, he could climb no further. That was not good enough for McNamee.

"I always saw myself as someone who would be successful and I really couldn't understand why, when I was putting all my energies into something, I wasn't improving and hadn't for 18 months.

"And that hit me very hard. When I realised I was losing to the same people time and time again, and beating the same people time and time again, I had to face it: I was stagnating. I was at a stage in my life when tennis didn't really hold anything more for me. I had fulfilled myself as a tennis player."

That was in February 1979, the period McNamee now looks back on as the turning point in his career. His next move

We have
to take the phone
off the hook now
because there's so
many young girls
calling up.

reveals the singlemindedness and strength of will which sets McNamee apart from the thousands of hopefuls who never made it down the rocky road of success in professional tennis.

He puts some of the cause of his new-found motivation down to his reading of the Ayn Rand novel *The Fountainhead*, the book to which Malcolm Fraser has attributed his inspiration. McNamee picked up on the book's central character's lack of compromise in his profession.

"I knew the weaknesses I had, in my backhand especially. I'd done everything I could to improve my backhand. I'd taken three months off twice, I'd seen different coaches, watched video tapes and done the whole thing, and still I wasn't improving. I had to face it, I was going to drop down five places a year until I was 30, making my \$35,000 a year and that would be my whole life for the next six years. There was one regret I had in tennis. I wished I had a two-handed backhand."

Of the top 10 players in the world, five have a two-handed backhand stroke: Borg, Solomon, Dibbs, Gimone and Connors. McNamee made his decision, he

knew the only way he could progress was to add that stroke to his repertoire. There was no precedent for the switch. He was 24 years old and had been playing tennis for almost two decades. Everyone told him it was too late to make such a radical change. But McNamee ignored their opinions, and committed his body and mind to the new stroke.

He went to Harry Hopman, the former Australian Davis Cup coach who now runs a tennis school in Florida, and launched into an exhausting training program. He practised constantly, up to 12 hours a day, working so hard on the court that he had to wear gloves to protect the blisters that built up after the constant repetition. He also spent long hours in the gym, building up the left side of his body. It became an obsession.

"I felt at 24, that it was so late in my career that if I was going to try something as radical as that I would have to fit into six months what should have taken six years, and I became so fanatical, so obsessive that my perspective on life changed.

"I began to disregard all the ties I had with my family and friends. Letters remained unopened, I felt I was living on an island and after three months I started cracking up. I began to suffer headaches, and went through a period of severe depression."

But McNamee got the hang of his new backhand style, he pulled himself out of the doldrums and realised that he had to test his backhand in competition. At first the results were ridiculous.

McNamee describes his first attempts at a backhand return as comical and embarrassing. "I remember my first tournament in Boston: my first return bounced three times before it hit the net and the second one went over the back fence. I could just see people paying eight or 10 dollars to come and watch a match and here's this guy ranked 90th in the world hitting balls over the fence and under the net.

"All the other players were coming out to watch and laugh at me, and I had so much free advice — you know 'You've got to go back to the single-handed backhand'. Once I nearly did that, but I got through that period of doubt and now I'm very strong because of it."

After he recovered from the inevitable teething problems, McNamee's game improved dramatically. Within 18 months his ratings rose from 90th to 40th and his annual income rocketed from \$35,000 to about 200 grand. That six months training bout cost him \$15,000. It was obviously a smart investment. Although it had pushed his physical well-being and his mental stability to the limit, he came out a winner.

McNamee's aspirations are now aimed in one direction; he wants to win tennis tournaments. Everything else is incidental. He spends up to nine months a year following the pro tennis circuit around the world, hitting the major tournaments and

playing in front of thousands of spectators in Europe, Australia and the US.

He presents an image that has made him a marketable commodity for the companies he approaches for sponsorship. McNamee knows that showmanship must play a part in his performance on court. The reason why tennis is such big business is that people like to be associated with its image and trendiness.

Clothing and equipment companies naturally go looking for the type of player who will reflect the image they want their product to project. So if a competitor is petulant and rude on the court, if he throws his racquet around and swears at the line judges, he's going to find he only has a limited appeal to the sponsors. There are, of course, notable exceptions to this generalisation. McNamee is not one of them. He strives to be popular, but he is certainly not a prima donna. "I'm into the natural deal. I try to be as I am, and I think that helps my tennis and the way I train. I can't really fake anything. I just try to be as I am."

McNamee may be doing his best to try to look good for the public, but it's a different matter when he steps out on to the court and looks his opponent in the eye. McEnroe, Gerulaitis and Sadri have all walked off as losers to McNamee recently, victims of his aggressive game plan. For McNamee, a game of tennis seems to be something between a chess masters' challenge and guerilla warfare.

"The intimidation process might start as early as the night before in the bar. You want the other guy to feel that you're confident. Of course you can get someone like Bjorn Borg or McEnroe, and when you get to their stage there's very little that is going to break their confidence. But you see the guys who are lower down the ladder and they are much more vulnerable, so you can certainly take advantage of that."

His pre-match psyche-up technique includes the donning of stereo headphones before those high noon confrontations. "The reason I like to use music when I psyche-up for the match is that I think it's a great external mechanism which allows you to feed off someone else's inspiration. I draw strength and a bit of fire from the music. You take a performer like the boss in New York, Bruce Springstein. If you listen to his music you're going to be able to draw from that; it's so strong, the man has so much power and I'm going to feel that strength and that confidence and I'm going to go out there swinging from the hips like a boxer would."

McNamee carries his intimidatory approach on to the court. "When we're on the court and we've got the five-minute warm-up period I like to be very detached from the other guy so that all I really want to do is see and feel the ball. I want to feel it on my strings, I want to look at the fur on the ball, I want to become one with the ball. I mean, that is really the centre in terms of

where you've got to place your concentration. It's the ball I'm concentrating on now; how it looks, how it's spinning.

"And during the warm-up I take my serves completely independently so that what I try to do is assert my independence and detachment from my opponent as soon as we get out there. I think that is important. I want to have a psychological edge. I'm not going to go out there and be chatting on a friendly basis with the guy."

The intensity of a top duel, the subtlety and variety of tactics and the interplay between competitors is a major factor in tennis' popularity as a spectator sport. Each player has his own approach. The best way for John McEnroe to win a tennis match is to create such a pugnacious atmosphere by yelling and screaming and questioning line calls, that his tension allows him to perform at his best. Nastase likes to have it so his opponent is so upset by his behavior and his antics that he can't

I want to
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the guy.

concentrate on his game. McNamee has a different attitude. He often draws his inspiration from the crowd.

The pressure cooker atmosphere generated by a big crowd suits McNamee's adrenalin-charged, hyperactive tennis style. "I think movement is the key to my performance, and I think if I'm going to get the maximum out of my legs and my movement then I should be hyperactive. I'll be there with my reflexes, so I want that other guy to feel it, to feel that energy coming from me and that speed, and that's going to intimidate him, at the moment he's about to play his shot and that is the key moment."

There's another important factor behind McNamee's success. He has the will to win, the aggressive approach which the sporting hacks like to call killer instinct. He knows that approach is vital.

McNamee spells out his philosophy towards the game: "You've got to use every bit of advantage if you want to be a top player. Pro tennis is tough. It's so competitive now because the dollars are there. You can make hundreds of thousands of dollars every year and every bleeding

nose kid wants to be a great player. Mumies are sending their children out to play tennis because they can see the megadollars rolling in if their kid makes it.

"You need every bit of killer instinct, every bit of grit, fight and determination to win each match, otherwise you're going to be sloughing around in the 200s in the pro rankings and you're never going to get anywhere. You've got to stick your neck out, not hang with the other guys, and then you get out there and never give an inch."

That can be a difficult attitude to maintain. "There are times when you go on the court and you don't have that instinct to win. It's funny, but for me those times correlate with the times I've had problems with my love life. Every time I used to break with a girlfriend, I'd lose that desire to shatter me. But over the past two years I haven't had a steady girlfriend, I have had no emotional problems and I've had that killer instinct when I've walked out there every time. It's okay for my tennis."

But McNamee doesn't let his commitment to tennis get in the way of his good times. The world circuit divorces him from a settled existence and steady relationships, it means he lives out of suitcases and even if he does get to dump his luggage in some of the world's best hotels the luxury doesn't compensate for the inevitable loneliness and boredom that is the legacy of this sort of life style. But McNamee and his pro tennis mates have an antidote for that poison: when hotel walls start to close in, they go out raging, and Jumping Jack Flash does it in style.

"We won't go to some sleazy joint and hang out with broads. I'm going to go to the best places in town and, sure, it might be a little bit more expensive but that's good. That's the type of people I like to be around. I think it's only natural that I go out, even during tournaments, because let's face it, you're under pressure so you've really got to get out and relax. When you're travelling around the circuit you can't go home and relax and whack on the big quadraphonic and get into the music. No, you're in a hotel room, you've got four walls for company and no one wants to go and look at four walls every night. It helps fill in the evening and gets your mind off tomorrow's matches."

When age dictates the finish of his tennis career, when his lightning reflexes and his motivation inevitably slacken, Paul hopes to combine his sporting achievements with his law studies, completing his half-finished degree and moving into sports management and promotion.

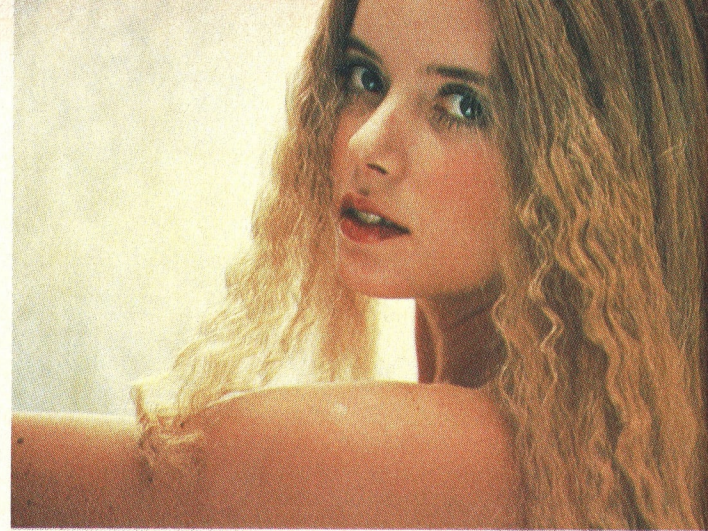
"I would like to be an agent in Australia looking after the Australian tennis players' interests in general. I would also like to promote some major events, not necessarily in sport but also in the rock and roll field. I'm looking forward to that, but whatever I do I'll be putting everything into it, you can be sure of that." ○—■



DELFINA



BLINDED BY THE LIGHT



I have been told by my ski instructor that my looks are dazzling enough to make anyone go snowblind if they stare at me too long," says delightful Delfina Ponti. Our fetching 34-24-34-inch bewitcher was born in Krakow, Poland. "My mother was Polish and my father was Italian," she explains. "Naturally Dad was the boss, so we've lived in Rome since I was a child."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CEDOMIR V. KOMLJENOVIC





"Right now, I'm studying drama," she adds. "My favorite performer is Olivia Newton-John, and someday I'd like to become just as famous in Italy," she confesses. "I inherited a dramatic streak from my father and a lot of drive and perseverance from my mother. So I think I'm well equipped for the challenge."



"After I had my first broken heart, last year," she confides, "I became a little more humble. I realised that having good looks is simply a matter of luck, and so is having a love affair with a happy ending."





Though Delfina loves swimming, dancing, and socialising, there are also times when "I just want to curl up in a corner and be alone with my thoughts . . ."

But a 19-year-old stunner like Delfina will *never* curl up alone for long!







Illustration by Mark Sawowski/TimeWarp Studio

Bags of money, an old school tie and impeccable antecedents may not be enough to get you into . . .

The Most Exclusive Clubs in Australia

While many sociologists may argue about whether or not Australia is a classless society, there are men who are quite determined that, sociology be damned, *they* are not going to mix with just *anyone*. For whether by accident of birth or devious design, these men can retreat to places that suit "their kind of fellow", places where they will not have to put up with people treading on their sensibilities, the roar of poker machines, or an unsuitable religion. It is an impenetrable world to those without a private education, golf lessons at an early age, twenty thousand on fixed deposit ("You never know when you might need it, old man"), and a network of connections established in the cradle.

Popping into "my club" is an escape route available to all of us but, as any golfer knows, there are clubs and there are clubs. Leagues clubs, RSL clubs, and many similar institutions throughout the land will welcome anyone who has the subscription fee, but *the* clubs, those whose remote and formal atmosphere is represented by leather upholstery, cigar smoke and deferential stewards gliding across carpets bearing gins and whisky, are an entirely different matter. Anyone can join a Leagues club; anyone *can't* join these clubs. Every major town and city in Australia has at least one of these bastions of privilege where the bosses and gentry and professional men gather, well-protected from the wretched world and usually also from their wives and other womenfolk. And while they may be paying through the nose for the privilege of being where millions are not, the

RESEARCH BY HORAN, WALL & WALKER

cost is, they say to a man, "quite reasonable really". Pressed for actual figures, they don't know: "Oh, the ACCOUNTANT handles that."

Our exclusive clubs owe a great deal to counterparts in England like the Reform Club or the Carlton Club, founded early last century to provide centres of political power outside the parliamentary walls. Of the Reform Club, a member claimed in the 1880s that this was one of the places in which English history of the previous 60 years had been made.

The same trend appeared at first in Australian clubs. The founders of Sydney's Union Club originally wanted to establish it as a branch of the Conservative Party. They changed their minds and decided that they would have a club on a social basis, not a political one — a club where all political parties could meet. Founded in 1857, its first president was James MacArthur, son of John MacArthur the well known shepherd of Australia's early fortunes.

The Union Club developed some quaint customs. Before World War I it was customary for members to sit around wearing hats except in the dining rooms. Only silk hats were allowed, and members were obliged to take them off in the presence of superiors. On special occasions members ran a steeplechase over the chairs in the smoking room. It was a symbolic activity. Joining these clubs is a steeplechase of a different kind.

Where are the clubs? Who belongs? Which clubs accept younger members? How much does it cost? What do you do to gain admission? And what will you find when you get there?

Firstly, don't just pick up the phone and ring the club secretary, prefacing your remarks with a folksy touch like "Hear you run a ripper little place down there, how'd you like to have me on the members' list?" No way. Quiet inquiries are the name of the club-entering game. Ask around those of your acquaintance with a touch of the silvertail about them and who are familiar with "the committee", or sometimes talk about the "PDR" (private dining room), or "black-balling". But don't be pushy, and remember that new money is frowned upon in many of the clubs, in the same way Regency and Victorian England distinguished between "trade and "established" family.

It doesn't really matter where the money came from originally. It's okay for your great grandfather to have been a lying, cheating, poddy-dodging SP book-maker, but not for you. The money must be laundered by age. Incidentally, one never actually uses money in the private clubs; you sign a chit and pay up at the end of the month or when the wool cheque or whatever comes in.

The barriers to new members are rarely put into words, but blackballing and black-listing are still very real practices. Anti-

semitism is prevalent, although the clubs usually have at least one token Red Sea pedestrian to show they are not prejudiced. To be that token exception it helps if you're Sir Zelman Cowen, although Kenneth Myer was refused membership of the Melbourne Club when he was head of the Myer retailing empire. Most of the clubs circulate lists of prospective members and a name that jars is unlikely to get out of the ranks of the "could have beens". So keep your name out of the papers if you want to join.

The charter of a typical exclusive Australian club provides for a "rendezvous for gentlemen interested in finance or commerce, or belonging to a profession or the civil service or connected with art or science or such other gentlemen as the company may by its articles or association or regulation thereunder prescribe".

That's what you gain, a rendezvous of the elite. You may also find yourself enjoy-

These clubs
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ing reciprocal rights with clubs in other countries, among them the US, England, Japan and Singapore. You will find yourself with a place to take friends and business associates to lunch cheaply in some of the most convenient city locations, in generally undisturbed quiet.

Exclusive facilities. Their accommodation would not rate highly compared with the expensive hotels. Their rules about dress and decorum are often daunting, not to mention outmoded.

But this is not the point. The point is to rub shoulders with like-minded people. These clubs are the hub of establishment power. The challenge is to join their ranks.

In Sydney, the Union Club and the Australian Club vie for the title of "most exclusive". Suspicions and jealousies run deep, with heated arguments regularly heard over which has the better "table", entertaining facilities and, of course, "better" members.

Both clubs are city-based with a lucrative trade in business luncheons. (Note: you don't say lunch). They are rivals, although this would be vehemently

denied, in all aspects of their operation. To be admitted to membership of Sydney's Australian Club one must have a proposer, seconder and four referees. Preferably, all these men must be of long-standing in the club and the odd one who has known you since your childhood doesn't hurt.

Incidentally, this six-man team is not unusual at all in Australia's top clubs. When your name comes up on the list for potential membership, the club members are all informed by mail.

If you are not "desired" by any member, he sends a confidential letter to the club secretary rejecting you and that's that.

Nonetheless, a recently admitted member found entry was not as difficult as he expected. It was only a year from getset to get-in and having coughed up his \$108 per annum he was in. Country members under 30 are asked for a measly \$72. However, once having reached the age of 30, there is an entrance slug for a new member of approximately \$500 and the annual subscription is hiked to \$360 for city members and \$240 for country members.

You'll find the club premises at 165 Macquarie Street, where you'll see Australian paintings of a standard any State art gallery would envy. Streetons, Smarts, Percevals line the walls of the dining and lounge areas, setting off nicely the abundance of antique furniture and the superb wood panelling.

The first floor holds the mystery of the Australian club.

Non-members are not admitted to that floor, and find themselves toiling by elevator to the second and third floors where the Cedar Room, The Buttery and the residential sections are located. The elusive first floor is, in fact, where the smokers congregate to read the *London Times*, mostly chaps over 50, with a well developed relish for the impeccable service from stewards who appear at the elbow as if by magic the moment a member lifts his head. It's a very good place for suppers after the theatre, we're told.

The Australian Club does not indulge in religious discrimination, and the membership is generally young and business-oriented. Members are more "up and coming" than current top echelon, which may be why members of its rival, the Union Club, call the Australian "The Haberdashers Club".

That said we should tell you that prominent members include the Treasurer, John Howard; Sir Garfield Barwick, ex High Court Supremo; Ian Sinclair, Communications Minister; ICI chief, Sir David Zeidler and Gordon Jackson, General Manager of CSR.

This could well be the club to try for if you're on the make and clawing your way skyward in Sydney's power circles.

The Union Club in Sydney has a

membership of approximately 1500. The annual subscription is \$480 after you've gone through the arduous procedure of getting, yet again, a proposer, seconder and four referees to say you're okay.

The Union Club spreads over five floors at 25 Bent Street. At the entrance you'll find the nude statue, brought in from the old Union Club which was knocked down and rebuilt. Club members' eyes are assaulted by lime green carpet on the floors and Ray Crooke paintings on the walls. Up the stairs you'll find the usual amenities, including the Smoking Room which overlooks a carpark and the Government Office Block. A more tedious view in Sydney would be difficult to find.

The Members Dining Room, should you be in a position to search for it, is on the third floor. Sad to say, because of costs there are fewer staff than in the past. The club's taste in reading matter runs to newspapers like *The Sun*, *The Mirror*, *The Financial Review*, with "no fancy magazines".

The residential section of the club, on the fifth floor, has reputedly the best plumbing found in Sydney's private clubs, possibly because of the greater proportion of country members needing accommodation in the city. The club is an important hangout for stockbrokers, accountants and lawyers, who'll be found port in hand, traditional fruitcake on plate, any afternoon at the Union Club. Meals are not provided on weekends but the weekday fare is very good indeed.

Leading lights on the membership list include a high proportion of knights — Sir Nigel Bowen, Sir John Cadwallader, Sir Russell Drysdale, Sir Vincent Fairfax, Sir John Kerr (who actually used the club as his Sydney address in one stage of his career), Sir William McMahon and Sir Lawrence Street. Be neither alarmed nor impressed when you read these names on other club membership lists — once a clubman, always a clubman appears to be the clubman's motto.

There is an aura surrounding the club that is jealously guarded by the members — if you have any desire at all to demonstrate iconoclastic tendencies, this is not the place for you. It is regarded as a very "serious" club, and it is in keeping with this, perhaps, that not many members are under 40 years of age.

Both Sydney and Melbourne have Australian Clubs. Both pride themselves on their exclusiveness, but whereas the Australian Club in Sydney vies with the Union Club, the Australian Club in Melbourne has a far more formidable opponent in the Melbourne Club. Initially it started as a break-away from the Melbourne Club, so rivalry is more fierce. If you appreciate quality furniture and fittings, chandeliers and marble you might like this club. If you don't you won't fit in, so forget it. It has seen better days, with the element of shabbiness, quite common in exclusive clubs,

being more noticeable than usual. The businessmen don't mind, however, as they trot to its convenient location for a spot of discreet negotiation. It has quite a reputation as the place in which many a monster business deal has been closed.

The Melbourne Australian Club also takes pride in holding the richest calcutta on the Melbourne Cup — each year a much-cheered, maybe bleared member walks away with a smile on his face and \$30,000 or so extra in his pocket.

The waiting list is considerable. The annual sub is about \$350 per year, which isn't chicken feed but members can save a bundle entertaining there rather than at Melbourne's restaurants. Finance and stockbroking heavies Sir Ian Potter and Campbell Johnston are among the members.

The Melbourne Club occupies a unique nook in Melbourne proper, with a beautifully kept private garden fighting off the smog. Members are offered similar facilities and comforts to other top Melbourne clubs. The others, however, do not offer the same opportunities to mix it with the peers, top clergy, top politicians and successful businessmen of Victoria's capital.

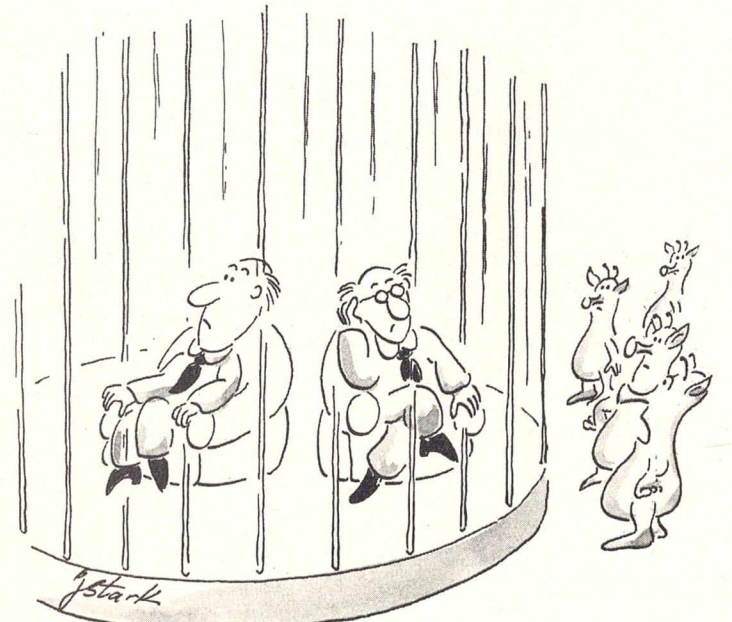
The club, founded more than 140 years ago, has also been a great favorite with graziers visiting the big smoke from the

Western Districts. The Melbourne Club has always had a reputation as a hangout for top Liberal Party persons. Sir William McMahon and Sir John Gorton, Cabinet ministers Nixon, Peacock and Street and various State ministers are members. Malcolm Fraser also helps to uphold this reputation, although he is rarely seen there.

Local colossi of learning, the arts, law and country landowners belong, as well as sportsmen and businessmen of every stamp (including several Baillieus among them).

Archbishops, ambassadors and knights are around every nook and corner.

Younger members and their wives are now encouraged to use the club rooms for dinner parties — a new trend which compares rather drearily with stories of grand scale bashes of earlier years. In 1969, for example, the chairman of David Syme and Co threw a party so lavish that some members were horrified by the attendant publicity it (and therefore, the club) received. John Gorton, Lord De L'Isle and Sir Rohan Delacombe were among the celebrities celebrating in the Morning Room, the Lawn Room, the Smoking and Billiard Rooms, through the Dining Room and into the Breakfast Room till the early hours of what may have seemed like



"Can't understand it. On Earth they breed like crazy, but here — nothing!"

springtime to some of the more enthusiastic guests.

This is the club for the young, rising Melbourne "would-be". A Geelong Grammar or Melbourne Grammar tie is an enormous help and a peer among your relations is also a plus. Subscriptions are around \$180 a year if you are under 30 and the joining fee is \$200.

In an old, multi-storey building nestled in Collins Street, Melbourne, is the Athenaem Club, a favored spot of many establishment figures. You'll find a swimming pool in the basement of the club, which is one up — in terms of facilities — on many exclusive Oz clubs, although some look down on this innovation as mere "pandering".

This is the place to consider if you are turned down by the Melbourne Club. If you are, don't grieve. There is a classic "club" tale, possibly apocryphal but nevertheless comforting to many, which says that Sir Robert Menzies, in less prominent days, was turned down by the Melbourne Club. He asked the Athenaem for shelter. They said yes. Years later, the Melbourne Club apparently invited him to join. Tables turned, Menzies spurned them!

Perth's Weld Club is entered by invitation only, which is as exclusive as a club is ever likely to get. A committee decides whether you will be invited or not, and then

a ballot of members is taken. The Weld Club is in the very heart of Perth in Barrack Street but still manages to offer a two-storey car park, a lawn tennis court and a bowling green. Indoor facilities include a members dining room, smaller rooms for cocktail parties and private function rooms. The Weld Club has a reputation for offering a lot to its members. There are regular club parties, card nights and, yes, The Club Morning Teas. Unexciting as this sounds, members seem to feel that this kind of socialising is an integral part of the club's offered activities.

The atmosphere is quiet and dignified and, as usual, old fashioned. The food is excellent though not fancy, and served with a precision and courtesy much appreciated by its members. For a change young people are numbered among its members. The Weld Club is mainly a place for socialising and relaxation, any business conducted within its walls is "incidental" to pleasure.

Nevertheless the membership list contains some impressive names. Garrick Agnew, the first man to start a new bank in Australia for countless years, is a member, also the Most Reverend Geoffrey Tremayne Sambell, the first Australian-born Anglican Archbishop of Western Australia. Federal ministers, Vic Garland and Senator Peter Durack, Sir Paul Has-

luck and Gordon Freeth are also there. The Weld Club was founded in 1871 by the then governor of Western Australia, Sir Frederick Weld, with an initial list of 50 prominent members of Perth society.

The Queensland Club was founded in 1859 and in 1884 was established at its present site on the corner of George Street and Alice Street, overlooking the Brisbane Botanic Gardens and the old Queensland Parliament. The Governor-General, Sir Zelman Cowen, is a member, as is the Archbishop of Brisbane, the Most Reverend Felix Arnott (who also belongs to the Melbourne, the Australian, and the Brisbane Club as well). Chief Justice of Queensland Sir Charles Wanstall, businessmen of the stature of Sir Rupert Clarke and Sir Vincent Fairfax, and country cavaliers like Sir James Walker and Sir Bill Gunn are all on the list.

It has tennis courts, a billiard room, dining room and two floors of accommodation patronised by country members and the occasional husband fleeing from his nagging wife.

Once strictly an Anglican affair, it has now relaxed its rules to include a few folk of different religious beliefs. A strange concession to modern life is its take-away service — members' wives can phone up for food to be delivered to their homes.

The Queensland Club itself is more of a home than a club. By which we mean huge, comfortable, colonnaded and gardenised to within an inch of its life. It attracts more businessmen than the Brisbane Club, as well as a sprinkling of professional men and those "on the land" who want a comfortable atmosphere for their city visits. The 900 members pay an annual subscription of about \$300 a year.

The club has moved with the times more than many other exclusive clubs in Australia. It can afford to be generous, with its superb setting and high desirability. It is probably one of the best hangouts in town. Brisbanites, put it first on your list.

"Where men congregate" is the wording on the Brisbane Club's coat of arms. They mean it, too. The club was set up in the early years of this century to provide a home away from home for "gentlemen" otherwise suffering the rigors of a tough life in Queensland. Civil servants, artists, financiers, professional men and scientists were embraced in the articles of association as well as "any other such gentleman".

You can find the Brisbane Club on Isles Lane, a very central city location for its 1000 odd members who pay about \$300 to join and an annual subscription of some \$200 a year. New members can expect about a three-year wait — at least.

You find your way into the club via an antique lift, and once there you are confronted with yet another painting or two by Ray Crooke, whose works in this case mingle with other well-known Australian

artists. One of the club's claims to fame is its habit of buying or commissioning one painting each year. It's other major concession to the good life is a fine cellar, which some claim is the best to be found in any Australian club.

Overlooking Lake Burley Griffin in Canberra, the Commonwealth Club is not to be approached without thought. Of all the clubs in Australia, this is the one most approaching the political influence of London's Carlton and Reform clubs. Its modern premises house on occasion such notables as Malcolm Fraser, the Chancellor of the Australian National University, senators, ministers, big businessmen, heads of government departments and as many chairmen of banks and multinationals as you might care to poke a stick at.

If you don't rank, don't try for membership. The atmosphere is tranquil but it's very much a case of still waters running deep.

The Adelaide Club provides succour and shelter to only the bluest of South Australia's bluebloods. Its level of exclusiveness makes the other private clubs around Australia look like the Tamworth and Surrounding Districts Working Man's Club.

The food is excellent in the British shop-house tradition, and smoking is barred from the dining room. However, smokers retire to the smoking room for coffee and cigars.

Oddly enough, in view of its host of snobberies, the club does very well selling wines and spirits in bulk to members and has an in-house whisky which it imports from Scotland specially for the purpose. It carries the Adelaide Club label which may not improve its quality but no doubt adds a certain status value to the bar shelf at home — at least for those aware of the club's existence.

Don't let this cast any doubt on your belief in the high class conservatism of the Adelaide Club. It was once reported that well-known South Australian writer Geoffrey Dutton was threatened with whipping by a senior member of the club when Dutton made his republican sympathies known. Dutton is no longer a member.

The club, founded 120 years ago, is on North Terrace, within spitting distance of State Parliament and Government House, both of which provide several members. The actual number of members is quite small — approximately 700 we are told. But what a 700! Drawn from the Adelaide families who have propagated only just so much. The membership is very select indeed.

There is no waiting list, as other clubs understand the term, but there exists a system where members vote for a prospective entrant. The initial entry fee is around the \$250 mark with annual subs at close to \$300, but this is no reflection on its quality, service or style. It has these in abundance.

While it is difficult to hang a professional leaning on many of Australia's exclusive clubs, the Tasmanian Club is often considered to be the haven of the legal eagles. The club sits in Hobart's Macquarie Street in a sandstone building originally erected for the Derwent Bank in 1846. The club was founded in 1861 and is considered to be the most exclusive in Tasmania. It has reciprocal arrangements with other leading clubs on the mainland, in London and in Paris.

Membership is carefully select, with elections being conducted by a members' ballot.

The denizens are mainly drawn from the elite suburb of Sandy Bay and are more than likely old boys of The Hutchins School, which was founded in 1846.

At the club's cocktail parties you will run into a fair crop of doctors, lawyers and other professionals plus a smattering of professors. You'll be waited on by some

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very ancient persons. The Tasmanian Club has a reputation for elderliness in all its parts — the premises, the staff and the members comply with this particular requirement with few exceptions.

A story goes that a resident member expressed his own great age by absent-mindedly taking too many sleeping pills one night and expiring on the premises to the great alarm of those members left behind. This is the kind of history you have to contend with.

Your membership chances will thus be enhanced considerably by longevity and by the long ties with the Apple Isle. So if you are planning on going to Tasmania and moving up the social ladder, perhaps your children or their children will be more successful in being considered "quite the thing" sometime in the far distant future.

Although mahogany panelling and damask tablecloths are usually the go for the exclusive clubs, there are some whose cruder facilities in no way depreciates their desirability. Membership of Sydney's Cabbage Tree Club at Palm Beach separates the sheep from the summer goats when you are faced with two weeks

in this god-forsaken beach resort; with its minimal comforts, you'll begin to lust after membership. For starters there's no pub for miles around and The Cabbage Tree Club has booze. And women abound — with kids.

The facilities, are no big deal at all. In fact, the club offers next to nothing. But they are offered to so few! What you can get at this club is showers — Palm Beach has the stickiest sand around — changing rooms, highly coveted seating areas looking over one of the prettiest aspects in Sydney, a barbecue area, a place to prop your surf ski and the bar. The club is a watering hole — alcohol is purchased and consumed on the "honor system". You sign for what you drink, and pay once a month. The idea is to leave the place as you find it, so you do your own washing up.

The Cabbage Tree provides a homey setting, one particularly favored by the many wealthy country people who have finally turned their collective backs on Manly; and a cross-section of Sydney's north-of-the-harbor community at the club. It is not an easy club to get into — its 600 members quite like it just the way it is. Our suggestion for a successful application only takes six years: join the Palm Beach Surf Club three doors down, march up and down the beach for a couple of years, do guard duty for another four and presto, you're in.

Blink and you'd miss it. The Queens Club is tucked into 137 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, down from Tattersall's Club and close to the main Market Street crossing to poor old David Jones. The club was founded in 1912 as an exclusive hideaway for those who had "arrived" and wanted the fact known.

The annual subscription is around the \$150 mark for which you get an exceptionally chintzy atmosphere and everything done "properly" when you entertain at dinner, bridge or at a private party. There are 1200 members at present and to become one, you must find a proposer, a seconder and three referees.

You enter to find a beautiful lobby with a desk that is passed only by those who "belong". The first floor holds the Dining Room, crystal-chandeliered and cedar-tabled. A pale green mood pervades. Upstairs, there is a very large lounge room (drawing room, that is) in muted chintzes. There is also a Members Room and a small card room upstairs, along with residential facilities. The pastel, understated nature of the club is maintained at all costs. Woodweave blinds were called upon to block the view of David Jones, as it is aesthetically less than what Leslie Walford would like. The fact that shoppers may have had the temerity to look in was also a consideration.

But we're willing to bet, gentlemen, that you'll never manage to gain membership of the Queens Club. We leave you now, to figure this one out for yourself. O+





Bob and Eva Hill

The business of
arranging marriages is booming.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET

BY CHRIS PRITCHARD

Alf Green figured he needed a shower, a fresh shirt and a splash of after-shave. Ormoc City in the Philippines was hot, sticky and dusty — and Alf had been on the bus for three hours. Spurning the help of the little barefooted boys who scuttled about and offered to be his guide, the intrepid Alf set off at a brisk pace toward a cheap hotel.

From his room window he could see the cathedral. It was almost sunset when he set off, walking swiftly across town and feeling increasingly nervous as the cathedral loomed larger in front of him.

He asked a man at the entrance the way to Monsignor Filemon Quianzon's office and walked briskly over the stone floor, worn smooth by the faithful, to where the sound of typing was loudest.

Alfred Green, 43, a cabinetmaker from Homebush in Sydney's western suburbs, poked his head round the door, cleared his throat and remembered the face on the picture in his wallet. But, before he could speak, the girl behind the typewriter looked up and called out: "Hi! You must be Alf." Alf's planned clever remarks disappeared in the haze his mind had become. "And you must be Ludy," he said, stating the obvious.

She led him from the cathedral building by another route, through a room where about 50 middle-aged women were waiting for a meeting to begin. Their

chatter subsided when they saw Alf. Instead, they giggled and pointed and waved.

Alf's embarrassment was acute. Ludy — short for Ludovina — proudly explained that nearly all the women in the room, and many others besides, had read his long and very intimate letters to her. Alf's first taste of culture-shock didn't please him. He felt a burning sensation on his ears and cheeks. He was blushing. The room seemed to take forever to cross. Alf wished he could disappear. He, as most westerners would, had thought his letters were something private. Ludy, however, considered these written endearments from afar something to be particularly proud of, to show to anyone who had time to read them. Most people had time.

Alf, not wishing to be too disappointed if reality wasn't what he had been led to expect, wrote to Ludy to say his trip would be no more than a getting-to-know-you visit. He didn't want to commit himself in advance to marriage. Ludy surprised him by replying that she wanted things that way, too. She wasn't about to marry *anyone* who stepped off the bus in the little city, just because he was foreign, even after three months of letter-writing and photo-swapping.

But after a week of being constantly in each other's company, they felt comfortable together. A week later they decided to marry. Now, almost two years later, Alf

Photographs by Chris Lemnick

and Ludy Green are a typical Sydney suburban couple. They are still very much in love, holding hands almost constantly as they talk about themselves and about how meeting each other transformed their lives, replacing their despair about the future with happiness. Alf and Ludy's marriage is an example of a growing phenomenon: Australian men taking Filipinas as their wives.

Immigration Department statistics indicate that roughly the same number of men as women come to Australia from almost all countries supplying us with immigrants. But figures for the Philippines are an exception. They are lop-sided, with a significantly larger number of women than men coming here. Marriages between Australian men and Filipinas account for the difference, Immigration officials confirm.

Consider the breakdown: of 1856 people from the Philippines who came to Australia in the 12 months to June 30, 1978, only 774 were men. The previous year there were only 837 men among 2112 arrivals. Breakdowns by sex by 1979 and 1980, when available, are expected to show the trend has quietly become even more pronounced. Marriages arranged through Sydney-based Vickie Enoviso's Filipino Introduction Service, regarded as the biggest of about a half-dozen operations in this area of the match-making business, have grown from about 50 a year five years ago to 300 last year, with 500 forecast for 1981. Ivan Enoviso, who runs the agency, estimates that throughout Australia, 1500 marriages will take place between Australians and Filipinas this year.

He bases this figure on his market-share of about one-third of the business — others marry through smaller agencies or go to the Philippines and meet the woman of their dreams independently. "There could well be even more marriages than my estimate — there's no way we'd have heard about some of the independently arranged ones. We know only about those where the wife has joined a Filipino club or association after settling in Australia."

Alf Green found himself hit with a bad bout of depression when he turned 40. It was time, he thought, to terminate his bachelor status, to find a wife. He had never really thought of marriage before. The years slipped by. He worked hard — and then found he was 40 and alone.

Alf is no oil painting, as they say. On the other hand, he's not what you would term an ugly fellow. He's a pretty ordinary, regular guy who presents no obvious features that women would find off-putting. There's probably nothing they would find an immediate turn-on either. In short, he's your plain-and-simple suburban bloke.

Alf's experience as a lounge lizard was minimal. Meeting girls in bars and clubs didn't work. Finally, Alf went to see one introduction agency after another. He tried to be as easy-going as he could. He didn't care whether they were tall or short, skinny or fat, blonde or brunette, Australian-born or from overseas. He wanted a Catholic girl, mind. But that was his only condition. An easy-to-please customer.

They promised Alf the world as they relieved him of his money. One agency parted him from more than \$1000, promising as many introductions as he needed. Others would demand an extra \$50 or \$100 whenever he showed up because he was

"becoming difficult" by asking to meet additional women and not being happy with the goods supplied.

Let's be clear about one thing: they didn't con him about women. Oh, they produced the "girls", all right. Alf can tell you stories about the old boilers they sent him. "I found I was getting to meet a lot of divorced women who didn't want to get involved but who wanted to be taken several times a week to expensive restaurants or to be bought valuable gifts," Alf recalls bitterly.

These peroxidized piranhas strung Alf along as long as they could. Finally, he would realise they wanted him only for the thickness of his wallet and he'd send them on their way. Another one would replace each woman he rejected, with Alf hoping initially that this time things would be different — only to discover that once again he had fallen victim to a bitter woman whose only interest in men was to enjoy herself at their expense. It wasn't hard to see why they were no longer married.

After almost a year of this, Alf Green cried "Enough!"

He clung to a slim hope things might change but it seemed that, for him, a woman's long-term companionship wasn't likely. Then, purely by chance, his luck changed. He met someone who told him about the Enoviso operation, located in a storefront office in Bondi Junction. There were all these girls in the Philippines, he learned. It took him a few months to pluck up the courage to drive to Bondi Junction.

Ivan Enoviso runs the business which bears his wife's name. She's a Filipina. He's a Pole. Now they're both Australians. They met through a pen-pal agency. They

were doing business with the Philippines so Ivan decided to adopt his wife's last name, Enoviso.

As Ivan tells it, soon after settling in Sydney, they found that girls from Vickie's hometown were writing and pleading that Australian husbands be found for them. Soon Ivan found himself with a dozen letters. He wrote back to all the girls, asking them to complete a simple form he'd prepared that would reveal biographical data about them. He told them to supply a mugshot, too. Next, Ivan advertised in a selection of Sydney daily newspapers with the news that he could put Australian men in touch with Filipinas, "view matrimony".

About 100 replies were received. Ivan immediately advertised in Filipino papers for more girls (these days he doesn't need to advertise for girls; the letters just keep on coming) and his agency was born. Last year he had 3000 Filipinas and 1000 Australians on his books.

His wife Vickie explains. "The guys come in and they're obviously bitter about previous experiences with wives or girlfriends," she says. "They're fed up with aggressive gold-diggers — city girls who are out only for themselves. And they're wise enough to know the girl from Manila may be no better than the one from Sydney or Melbourne. They say 'Get me a country girl' and that's what we do. We concentrate on the bigger country towns, where the middle class girls are sophisticated and educated — but without the hard edge of big-city girls."

The guy comes in, is told how the system works and pays \$50. For this, he can pick a girl from files listing those who aren't already been written to and send her a letter to establish a pen-pal relationship. If, after several letters, he isn't happy with the

girl (or she dumps him) he can select another girl and so on. Ivan won't allow more than one name and address to be noted down at a time "because we used to have guys who would write to five or six girls at the same time. When they decided on one they'd ditch the rest and we'd have all these unhappy girls on our hands." For the one-time fee of \$50, men can select a succession of girls as pen-pals for as long as they like.

They are told to let the agency know when they feel ready to meet their girlfriends. Generally, Ivan notes, this happens after about three months. He leaves it to his clients to tell the girls in advance that they want to marry them — or to play it by ear, as Alf Green did, after the first meeting.

Once the client decides to meet his girlfriend he does one of three things:

- He buys his own airline ticket and travels independently to the Philippines (in which case Ivan, only \$50 richer from the one-time fee, sometimes never hears from the guy again).

- He arranges his independent travel through Ivan (whose service also operates as a travel agency and makes most of its income that way through commissions), who handles flight reservations and hotel accommodation.

- He decides against travelling by himself and joins one of Ivan's packages: 12 hopeful guys in one group with Ivan as their tour leader.

This latter group is by far the most interesting. They are often poorly-travelled, small-town Australians who don't have the confidence to travel alone. They meet their wives-to-be and are shepherded through marriage and legal red tape by Ivan, who then supervises the return journey of the couples to Australia. It's a growing aspect of the business: these packages of Australians flying in, scooping up wives and departing.

What happens if the pen-pals don't like each other when they meet? Ivan says this happens in fewer than 10 percent of cases but, when it does, his clients are instructed to go to his Manila office where an "emergency file" is kept. In it are listed girls who want to marry quickly, without an initial correspondence to get to know their prospective husbands. "Sometimes a man will meet a few of these before the right match is achieved," Ivan acknowledges. "But we've never had anyone go to the Philippines to marry and come back unmarried."

Before bringing their new brides back to Australia the husbands must comply with Australian and Philippines red tape. Philippines authorities must be satisfied the man isn't already married, that he's documented as single or divorced. Australian consular authorities want evidence that the marriage was properly performed in accordance with Philippines law. (One of Ivan's clients had to marry his bride three times before Australian diplomats were satisfied. Philippines law provides that a marriage ceremony must be performed in the home district of one of the parties — and the first two marriages weren't in the bride's home area.)

Australians are entitled to bring their foreign spouses to live in Australia provided evidence of marriage is provided. Some Australian men prefer to marry their Filipino girlfriends in Australia, however. In these cases, a fiancée visa is issued to the woman — which does not grant permanent residence unless a marriage

takes place within six months. Inevitably, the question arises of whether many Filipinas use their Australian husbands merely as tickets to Australia, where they can leave their chosen husbands and link up for support with boyfriends already in Australia or find work. Ivan and other sources in the matchmaking industry say this seldom happens. According to Ivan, "these girls are devout Catholics. They take marriage seriously. For them it's for a lifetime. It's not a whim. The guys, too, are determined to make it work — they've often failed before, remember."

He adds that among hundreds of couples he knows, only two marriages have broken down. In both cases physical cruelty by the husband was responsible. But neither marriage has so far ended in divorce because the women are still determined to make them work.

People familiar with the Australian-Filipina marriage business admit there are a small number of cases where the husband is dumped, usually instances where the man — seldom a street-

wise, well-travelled individual — has gone to Manila and proposed to the first bar-girl who smiled at him or took him to bed. Some of these men have quickly found themselves lonely again after being back in Australia.

"But even with bar-girls you can't generalise," Ivan protests. "I've known some bar-girls — not marriages I've arranged — who have made excellent wives. They just wanted a chance to escape that life."

What's the attraction of Filipinas? Why, for example, don't more Australians marry Chinese or Indians or Indone-

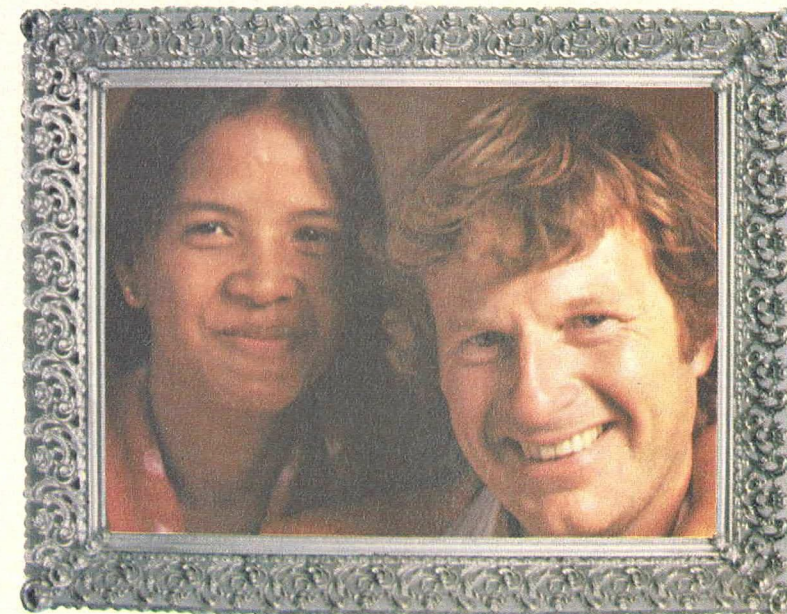
sians or Thais? Bob Hill, a former ABC *Four Corners* producer who is now a partner of the Enovisos, says it's a word-of-mouth situation: "They hear about other people marrying Filipinas and finding happiness or see our advertising and they want to do the same."

Vickie Enoviso adds: "It's quite simply that many of the Australian men we see are not that well-travelled or familiar with other societies. They regard Chinese, Indonesians and most other Asians as very different culturally or as far as religion is concerned. But Filipinas are viewed as similar. They've been, by and large, Christians for centuries. Their society isn't very different."

Ludy Green (she's 10 years younger than Alf, which Ivan says is the general age difference for husbands and wives in the Philippines) says Filipinas often dream about finding foreign husbands to escape a life which offers them little future. The average middle class small-town Filipina is well educated, often better-schooled than the men she meets locally. She finds it hard to find work — and, if she does, it's as a low-paid nurse, teacher or secretary. Her high school education fuels her discontent. What's more, there are more women than men in the country. Many girls are condemned to a life of spinsterhood in a society where marriage and the family unit are revered.

"I wanted to meet a foreign man and marry him so as to have a better life overseas," Ludy explains. "But I was determined not to marry someone I didn't love. I grew fond of Alf through his letters. I was thrilled he felt the same way. Those first two weeks we spent together proved to both of us that we had the same attitudes, that we got on well — that we really loved each other."

Bob Hill grew interested in Australian Filipina marriages when



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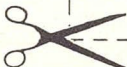
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he was filming a *Four Corners* documentary on the phenomenon. While on location in the Philippines to film a wedding he met a Filipina — and married her. He found himself “helping Ivan to sort out all sorts of hitches. Our hotel room reservations were mixed up and we had to double up, causing tension. I shared with the bridegroom, a very handsome Italian-Australian paraplegic. He wanted to do everything for himself and resented anyone helping him.

“He couldn’t get his wheelchair into the bathroom so I had to carry him on my back — and he blamed me for it rather than the people who designed the hotel doors.” Bob Hill got so involved in making things run smoothly that, once back in Australia, he quit his ABC job and went into partnership with Ivan.

He agrees that “dirty old men in grubby raincoats with their bar-girl wives” gave the industry a bad name a few years ago. “They’d go up to Manila and marry just any girl. Anyone can find a wife in Manila — we could easily marry everyone off to Manila bar-girls. But the marriages wouldn’t last and we’d soon be out of business.

“We get calls from guys who ask us to find wives for them and deliver the girls to their door in Australia,” he reveals. “But we don’t operate that way.”

Bob Hill says in the past year he’s noticed a big change in his clientele. “It never was a freak show,” he says. “We never did get too many guys with two heads. They were usually plain-looking guys in their forties.

“But now we’re getting more and more good-looking guys in their twenties who make you ask yourself ‘What the hell is he doing here?’ But the story usually tumbles out: so-called ‘liberated’ women have become so hard and aggressive that the guys have embittering experiences, even at a young age. They cling to the idea — and there’s nothing wrong with it — that women should be soft, feminine companions rather than rivals who become bitter if they don’t out-perform men.

“We make Australian men happy by finding them their ideal sort of woman and make Filipinas happy by finding suitable marriage partners for them. There’s nothing wrong with making people happy, is there?”

Ivan Enoviso says the Filipinas “don’t regard it as a sin to want to make their husbands’ lives happy and to raise a family. The men say they don’t get continually hassled about money or have aggressive feminist opinions thrown at them.”

While the marriage business booms, there’s an increasing demand for more fleeting contact with pretty Filipinas. A Melbourne travel agency now advertises tours for men to Manila during which “day and night escorts” are provided, along with “breakfast in bed for two”. ☪



GROOM AT THE TOP

This fine piece of furniture has hidden talents.

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BY GARY SAUNDERS

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and there’s a timer for set periods of massage. The chair is available in about 20 colors and a variety of finishes ranging from vinyl to crushed velvet. The chair, valued at \$1650, carries a five-year guarantee. For information, contact David Emdur, 20 Brighton Boulevard, North Bondi, NSW 2026, or telephone (02) 300-9084. As a special bonus to *Penthouse* readers, David is offering a free hand massager, worth \$212, with every Sonoid Massage Chair purchased from him before October 1, 1981. ☪

Photograph by Bob Watson; lingerie, Dorith Unger; pearls, Rox, Sydney.



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Stadium
motocross means
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SUPERCROSS COMES TO TOWN

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

By creating the largest Australian motor sport attendance of the year, the 35,000 people who jammed the Sydney Showground in May for the Superbowl of Motocross have touched off a stampede among promoters hoping to make a killing with the latest box office success story. That many people, paying from \$8.50 to \$12.50 a ticket, left about \$300,000 at the turnstiles on their way to witness an evening of spectacular motorcycle competition.

Largely ignored when it was first introduced to Australia 18 months ago, one Sydney night of stadium motocross can turn over more bucks than most racetrack promoters see in a year. Motocross is one of the long established world sports. It has enjoyed many years of popularity in Europe and in the past 10 years has opened up in America and kicked on in Australia via the bike boom.

Motocross itself is a saga of ordeal — the rider who must subject himself to endless body pounding on a rough track in hot dusty conditions.

It is widely acclaimed the third most strenuous sport behind Soccer and cross-country skiing, but some aspects of motocross are more than a little horrifying when you hear of vision blurred by the constant pounding and slight concussion due to the hammering received by the brain in the course of a race.



Tough on competitors though it may be, it's the spectators at motocross meetings who prove themselves just as hardy. Without fail, motocross tracks are located on the outskirts of towns and cities where their presence will not attract attention of neighbors or flak from conservation do gooders. The resulting syndrome of warm beer, cold pies and chemical toilets has disguised the true crowd appeal of motocross.

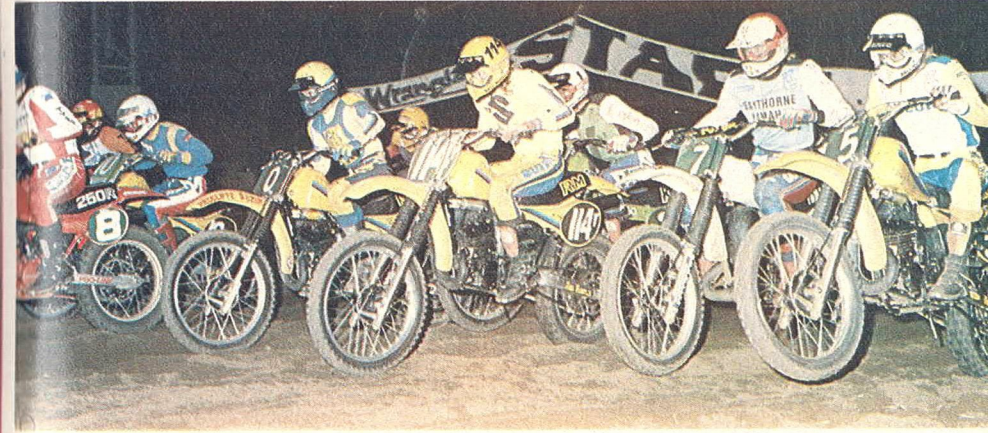
American Mike Goodwin is credited with the discovery of stadium motocross — supercross is its more popular handle — when in 1972 he turned the Los Angeles Coliseum into a motocross track. His first hurdle was to convince Col-



iseum management the idea was sound and that he could, in fact, change the face of the stadium, race and then return it to normal within a few days. They agreed to give the man a chance and now, a decade later Goodwin's bikies are responsible for a crowd of 80,000 people which puts the Coliseum Superbowl of Motocross fourth behind the Indianapolis 500, Daytona 500 and Watkins Glen car races as a motor sport crowd puller.

If Goodwin has a counterpart in Australia, it is Queenslander Blair Shepherd who laid the foundation stones of Australian supercross.

Well known in his home town of Brisbane as a speedway driver and promoter,



drag racer, used car and real estate dealer, Shepherd witnessed a Coliseum event two years ago and quickly realised its potential in the Australian environment.

He won the race to stage the first meeting when, in December 1979, despite a late afternoon thunderstorm, 5000 people turned up at Archerfield speedway, Brisbane, to watch Australia's first supercross. The show was a good one with the wet fans getting value for money.

One very important part of Shepherd's dealings in the pioneer promotion of supercross was to do it with the right amount of capital. His involvement in speedway promotions awakened him to the pitfalls of shoddy promotion. He

established a strong American involvement in all of his promotions, and the turnstiles have not dropped any revs for it.

He was part of the Australian speedway scene for 20 years, and drove on the really big nights pitted against Americans. At each of his supercross shows there has been at least one top American competitor who has enabled the crowd to display its patriotism.

Last year when Californian Rex Staten defeated local crowd hero Steve Gall, the crowd stood and cheered the young Australian for 20 laps as the pair drew away on their own to fight it out. They raced in each other's shadow for almost the entire event. Gall ultimately finished second

after clashing bodily with Staten near the finish and coming off his bike.

With much less advance publicity in the press, but similar radio and television coverage as the previous year, supercross in its second performance in Sydney played to a packed house.

To some spectators it was like being back in the bush again. Those arriving at 7pm anticipating snappy purchase of tickets, snacks and drinks in plenty of time to be seated for the 7.30 start were just struggling into the arena two hours later.

At no time did the action drag — something always happened to maintain interest. When the good riders were on the track racing was fast, close and spectacular. When the so-so riders took over to give the stars a breather it became better, to some.

All the earthwork at supercross is designed to make the racing spectacular and difficult. The less skill, the more difficult and greater the spectacle. Although the race track wound round the Showground arena and up into the stand, it was hard to miss any of the most horrible-looking crashes.

Fortunately injuries were generally not severe and the fallen quickly resumed their feet and most times, re-entered the fray. By the time the main event was due everyone had been sufficiently entertained to cover admission costs.

In a repetition of last year's race, Gall had his hands full with wily veteran Jim Weinert, a former US open champion, only this time the Australian reigned supreme at the finish to delight all.

Planning for next summer's undoubted crop of supercross events is now well underway. Definite dates are Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne, Canberra and Perth. Probable events are listed for Adelaide and an alternate site in Sydney.

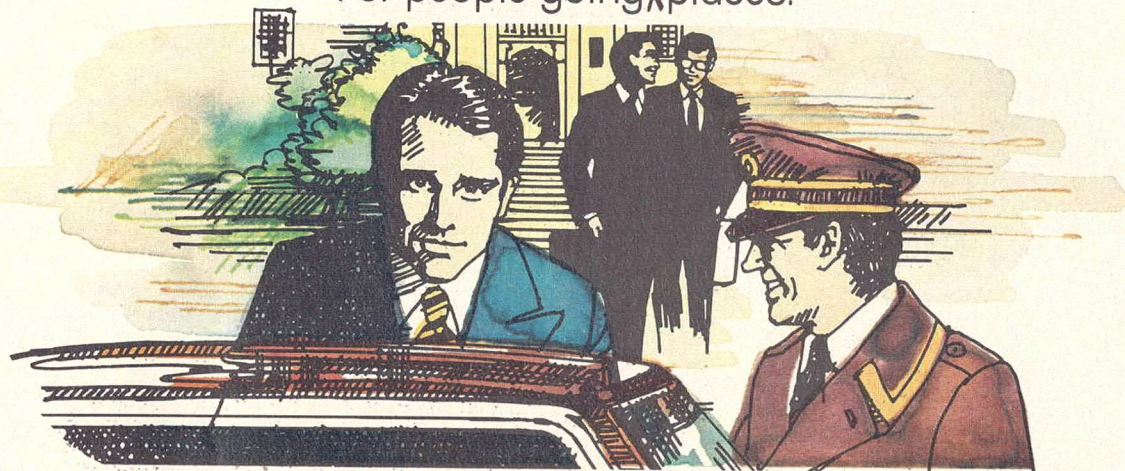
What promoters like Shepherd are dreading most is that every man and his dog will get to stage supercross in any tin pot location and knock the glamor out of a charismatic sport spectacle.

On November 21, the Royal Melbourne Showgrounds will host the first professionally promoted event of its kind in Victoria. At that time of the year US riders have concluded their season, team contracts are up for renewal and, hopes promoter Phil Harrison, the idea of seeing Australia will be appealing to the sport's biggest names like Bob Hannah and Kent Howerton. If not, there are others in the top 20 so close together in ability that they will be more than worthy substitutes.

Harrison likes what he sees in Melbourne and bases this on opinion formed in working closely with Goodwin in the promotion of the Kansas City Supercross and the LA Superbowl last year. Per head of population Melbourne ranks as the sports crowd capital of the world, so combination of Melbourne and supercross should provide an interesting statistic. 

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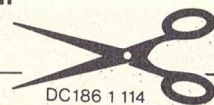
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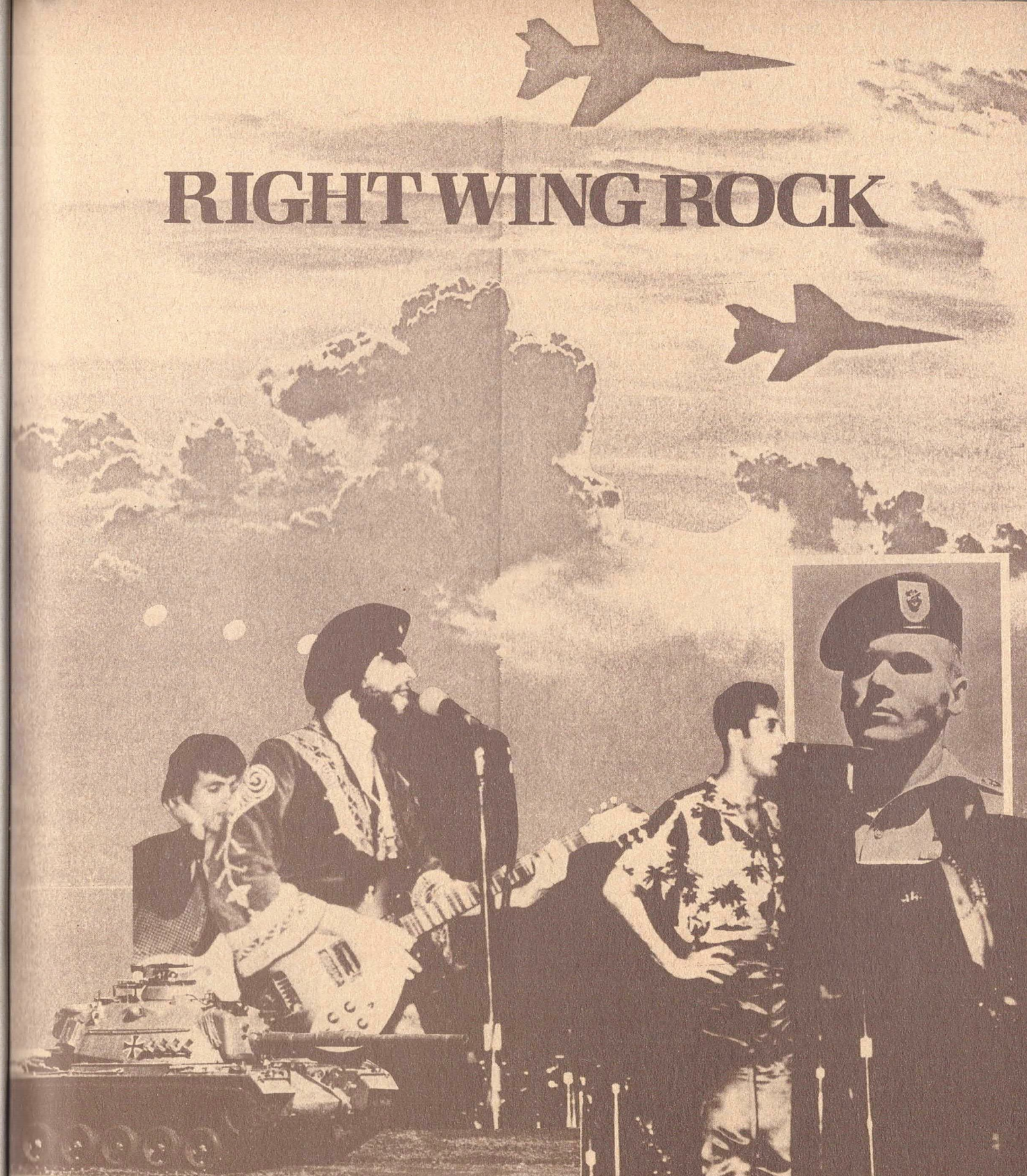
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DINERS CLUB INTERNATIONAL

A CREDIT TO AUSTRALIA

RIGHT WING ROCK



BY GLENN A. BAKER

Record production is not the sole domain of libertarians, degenerates and druggies; it's more than a means of promoting free love and brotherhood. There are two sides to every record, and the flip side of vinyl propaganda is reactionary. Yes, the medium is available to all lunatics. The fact that there are fewer right-wing records than

those of a leftist persuasion may have something to do with the fact that few sane individuals want to buy them. Most people who want to take orders either join the army or get married.

But there have been enough overtly right-wing records produced over the past few decades to make seeking them out a morbidly fascinating pastime for dedicated record collectors. The worst (best?) are so unbelievably bad they even offend conservatives. Although they are rarely pressed in anything more than the smallest quantities, and nearly always on obscure labels, these fascist rants are elusive for all the wrong reasons.

Truly right-wing reactionary singles first proliferated in the mid-Sixties as the Vietnam war dominated the evening news and polarised national opinion. Songwriter P.F. Sloan unwittingly drove the rightists into recording studios in 1965 when his gruff paean to pessimism, *Eve Of Destruction*, became a number one smash hit in America for singer Barry McGuire.

The result was a rash of petulant, reactionary replies from upstanding US citizens outraged by Sloan's "pinko" swipes at the glorious red, white and blue. The most successful release was *Dawn of Correction* by The Spokesmen from Philadelphia. It reached the number 36 spot on *Billboard*. Produced, written and performed by the Madara/White team (they were also responsible for the Leslie Gore hit *You Don't Own Me*), and delivered in McGuire's unique hoarse vocal style, it declared in its opening lines:

The western world has a common dedication / To keep free people from red domination.

The faceless Spokesmen followed this release with another patriotic ditty — *Have Courage, Be Careful*, a pep talk to Vietnam-bound draftees. The record was not handed out free at army boot camps, despite its producers' high hopes.

The second answer to McGuire's hit also came from that unlikely hotbed of reactionary sentiment, Philadelphia. Tony Mammarella stepped up to the microphone to deliver *Eve of Tomorrow*, a dull sermonette on the merits of positive thinking. It began by calling McGuire "a man with a paper heart":

You're afraid they're gonna push that button / and the bomb is gonna fall right on you. / Well brother, nobody's gonna push any button / as long as we got a button to push too.

Billy Carr, who recorded on the bubblegum Colpix label, also jumped

on the McGuire-bashing bandwagon. His *What's Come Over The World?* written by the Howie Greenfield/Jack Keller team, expressed horror that "now some rock and roll singer is knocking the home of the brave". Dripping with venom, Mr Carr accused:

There's an army of cowards, see them marching in line / While the country's in danger they just carry a sign / Look at them burning their draftcards and refusing to fight / While they talk about freedom, they're dimming liberty's light.

Although McGuire drew the reactionaries out of the closet in 1965, they had been making their presence felt in the record industry since the 1964 US Presidential election. One of the more interesting conservative characters was Tony Hilder, the owner of the

There have been enough right-wing records to make seeking them out a morbidly fascinating pastime.

Southern California Impact label, which produced some very fine surf instrumentals.

Apart from issuing singles like *John Birch America* by The New Breed, *Voice Of Liberty* by Bob Preston and *Our Opinion Of Barry Goldwater, Our Next President*, by a cast of thousands (including Ronald Reagan, Robert Stack and Efrem Zimbalist Jr), Hilder sneaked slogans on to the labels of some of his non-political releases. "Our country can never go right by going Left" and "Not all liberals are communists, but all communists are liberals" were two of his best.

It's hard to pick Hilder's most obnoxious disc, but *The Letter*, by Bob Preston, was right up there with the worst of them. Preston was generally believed to be Bob Linkletter, the son of ultra-right television personality Art Linkletter. His astonishing rant, in the form of a Vietnam soldier writing a letter to his mother, implemented a phrase coined by that paragon of right-wing virtue, J. Edgar Hoover. Preston accused the "masters of deceit" (the

protest movement) of "killing us with speech, music and foreign aid, while hiding safe at home", which was a rather tame statement compared to his conclusion:

We learned our lesson long ago / 'twas the world's greatest loss. / They took their liberal hammers / and nailed him to a cross.

If Preston can be presumed to be the young Linkletter, he went on (this time using the family name) to cut an unintentionally hilarious love song called *The Out Crowd*, in which he equated masculinity with arch-conservatism. Among the tender words he barked into his beloved's ears were these:

In this jungle of long haired freaks / you'll find a guy who stands up and speaks. / ... Girl I don't dig those gutless kind / and if you do, I'm not the guy for you.

Goldwater supporters revelled in grotesque audio propaganda. One short-lived outfit called The Goldwaters cut an album in 1964 titled *The Goldwaters Sing Folk Songs To Bug The Liberals*, with the last word of the title encased in various shades of pink, graduating to red.

Most of their songs were childish cheerleading, but they did manage to ensure a place in the fascist hall of fame with *Down In Havana*, which lambasted the liberals and the CIA for totally screwing up the Bay of Pigs crusade and thwarting the "brave freedom fighters".

Before the deep freeze of the cold war began to thaw in the more enlightened atmosphere of the mid-Sixties, East-West relations inspired a predictable bunch of right-wing recordings. Red River Dave hit the US charts in 1960 with *The Ballad of Francis Powers* (There's a Star Spangled Banner Waving), following it with *The Trial Of Francis Powers*.

They didn't help Powers much. The U-2 spy plane pilot who had been shot down over Russia was sentenced to 10 years' jail.

John Bean dedicated a disc to Mr K., and even Bo Diddley devoted his trademarked beat to a bit of humorous (but conservative) fist waving with his *Mr Khrushchev* song.

But the ultimate swipe at Nikita came from one Don Meehan. His *Open Letter to Mr Khrushchev* began with a spoken introduction by Viktor Jaanimets, a Soviet seaman who jumped the ship *Baltika* to seek asylum in the land of the free. Meehan's choked, whining reading of what purported to be Jaanimet's missive, offered a spelling lesson based on the

word "peace", incorporating these profound conclusions:

P is for the persecution of every person or thing or body of people which stands in the way of communism. / E is for the evils brought about by communism and the hate which is its driving force. / A is for atheism, there is no god where there is communism.

Meehan continued in similar style, to the backing of a dirge titled *Beautiful Lady in White*, wrapping up his exercise in bad taste with a chorus from a choir that sounded as if it was taken straight out of a Hollywood tear-jerker. This was not the last of the open letters. In 1967, Victor Lundberg streaked into the top 10 in the US with *An Open Letter To My Teenage Son*, which was answered by Robert Tankin's *A Teenage Son's Open Letter To His Father*.

Lundberg's song reeked of sanctimonious pomposity. This minor media personality laid down the rules of civilised behavior to his errant offspring under the pretence of being enlightened and aware:

I would remind you that your mother will love you no matter what you do — because she is a woman. / And I love you too son. / But I also love our country and the principles for which it stands, and if you decide to burn your draft card then burn your birth certificate at the same time. / (swelling notes of Battle Hymn of the Republic) From that moment on I have no son.

Lundberg next addressed himself *To The Flower Power*:

A trivial portion of our population, I'm happy to note ... / As long as you do not keep me from my barber, / I have no quarrel with your long hair or your beards. / As long as I'm not required to spend any time in an enclosed area with you / the same goes for your personal hygiene.

His inevitable album, *An Open Letter*, carried more snare drum scenarios: *In The Slime of Vietnam, To The Destroyers, Dear Parents*. They went on and on, ad nauseum.

The advancement of the civil rights movement during the Johnson administration and the growth of black militancy gave birth to a horrendous series of racist records from the deep south. Rebel Records, run by the renown R & B figure Jay Miller, was one of the major producers of these bigoted singles. Miller's involvement is puzzling, con-

sidering that his Excello label recorded many black acts.

Rebel's output consisted of fairly ordinary country music rescued from obscurity by rivetting titles like *In Coon Town, Vote Wallace in '72, Some Niggers Never Die, They Just Smell That Way, Looking For A Handout, More Federal Guidelines, Move Them Niggers Up North and Kajun Klu Klux Klan*. Meanwhile in Texas, Armadillo Records released Will Barnes' *She Ran Off With A Nigger*.

But perhaps the most blatant and best known redneck rant was Merle Haggard's *Okie From Muskogee* (which was answered by a number of bands; The Youngbloods' *Hippie From Olema* was the best of them), in which Merle made this statement:

We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee / We don't take our trips on LSD / We don't burn our draftcards down on Main Street / We like living right, being free.

Haggard scored a 1969 top 40 hit with that song, then continued his crusade for all things decent with *The Fighting Side Of Me*:

I read about some squirly guy / claims he don't believe in fighting /

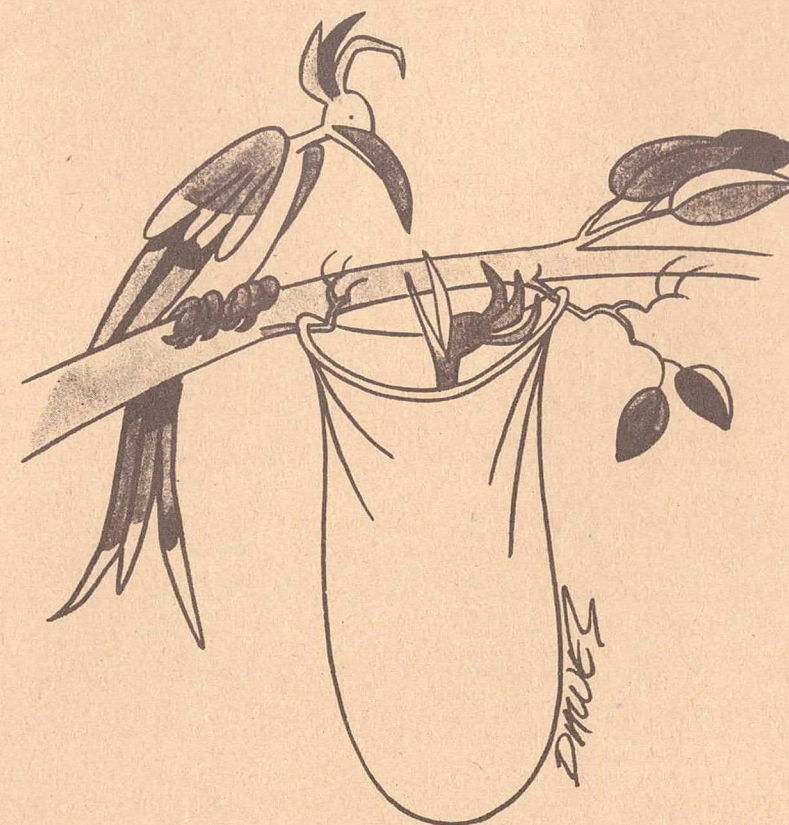
and I wonder just how long the rest of us / can count on being free. / If you don't like it, leave it. / Let this song I'm singing be a warning / When you're running down my country / You're walking on the fighting side of me.

To appreciate the Bible belt's mass support for these two songs, it's essential to hear the Capitol album of Haggard's performance at the Muskogee Civic Centre. He played to thunderous applause.

Haggard's success inspired a variety of imitations. Guy Drake's *Them Marching Hippies* stands out for its ill-tempered spite and incoherence. Drake filled his belligerent ballad with references to homosexuals, flea collars and yellow streaks, adding for good measure:

If you got within twenty foot of these bunch / of fellas you could tell they were really / coming on strong.

While talented musicians like Dylan, The Byrds, Peter Paul and Mary, Donovan, Phil Ochs and even Manfred Mann turned the issues of teenage protest and indignation into successful hit records, right wing recordings were



"It's a condominium."

usually the domain of unknown, middle-aged and talentless individuals. Most rock stars gave a wide berth to any political expression which would seem to set them at odds with the liberated image of their peers.

There were exceptions, and Jan Berry the determined, near-illiterate and often ruthless other half of Jan and Dean was one. Berry was a strong supporter of American involvement in Vietnam and the draft, and he was eager to let wayward American youth hear his opinions.

In 1965 he rewrote the lyrics of the Donovan/Glen Campbell hit *The Universal Soldier*, and called his song *The Universal Coward*:

He just can't get it through his thick skull / why the mighty USA has got to be / the watchdog of the world. / Else that greedy USSR will bury us from afar / and he'll never see the missiles being hurled.

Dean Torrance was so embarrassed by this song that he refused to have his name associated with it. But the Jan and Dean credit did emblazon the 1967 single, *Just A Boy*. Inspired by Berry's father (who recently suggested that he

re-record it), the song would be offensive if it wasn't so peurile:

He was only a boy but had a man's job to do / willing to die for me, for you. / Set sail for Vietnam to help another nation / put down the red infiltration. / Fighting in trenches out in drenches and stench / shooting headlong at a throng of Vietcong.

Jan Berry's singing career was cut short by a tragic and ironic accident. When this sanctimonious patriot found he had been drafted, he became enraged. After losing his temper at the news of his new career in the army, he crashed his car, an accident that resulted in severe brain damage, from which Berry has not recovered.

The Vietnam war inspired a variety of records presenting a political point of view, including a rash of servicemen's discs. Private Charles Bowens' *Christmas In Vietnam* was fairly inoffensive and made only a minor impact. But Sergeant Barry Sadler struck a responsive conservative chord with his *Ballad Of The Green Berets*, which shot to number one on the American charts. Five years later, Terry Nelson and C

Company broke into the top 40 with *Battle Hymn of Lt. Calley*, a song of support for the Mai Lai massacre culprit.

Australians also made their contribution to the genre. The Twiliters folk group echoed a briefly popular sentiment of *We're With You All The Way LBJ*, an innocuous piece of brown-nosing.

But that was tame when compared with the piece of musical propaganda called *Shadow Valleys and Iron Triangles*, attributed to the Young Australians.

The song was the brainchild of conservative South Australian politician Andrew Jones, the youngest member of Parliament at that time.

Over an introduction of machine-gun fire and a crisp drum beat, a resonant adult voice expounded a frightful rave which rose into a crescendo of frenzied fanaticism and patriotic fervor to the muted strains of *Waltzing Matilda*. These lines illustrate the tone:

You may be beaten, tortured even shot / made to sing 'The East Is Red' / and you know there's only one color on the red flag, / Their aim is simple / to destroy our Heritage for theirs, / to cast out hope for fear / to crush the spirit, manhood and youthful pride of our nation / Wake up Australia, can't you see the warning lights, the danger signs. / We are the blue skies of prosperity / the new light of Asia.

The record was released in June 1967, when opposition to the Vietnam war in Australia was starting to grow. It debuted on the Adelaide charts at number one, and stayed there for two months.

Not one other city in the country would have anything to do with it.

Pro-Vietnam recordings diminished along with Richard Nixon's credibility, but some stalwarts persevered. Don Crawford pleaded *The Eagle Must Stand* in 1968. This song was one of numerous foreign policy narratives of the time which evoked the better dead than red philosophy.

The eagle's got to stand and face the dragon, / I show the bear and people everywhere we're not hiding. / Lay down your guns, let your enemy know that you / won't fight for freedom, then watch them grow / You can't talk to a bullet — if you live then you'll know / And if you haven't, keep quiet, you're not running the show / It's better to die free than live like a rat.

A popular Nixon era bumper sticker slogan was "America — Love it or

Leave it". In 1969, a surly sod called Jack Walker extended the sentiment to *There's A Boat Leaving Every Day*, which was directed at any residents who were anything less than enraptured with the American nation or its leader:

There's a boat leaving every day / and if you don't like this country why stay? / Take a list of good advice / don't say nothing unless its nice / There's a boat leaving every day.

The lethargy of the Seventies provided an unfavorable atmosphere for the inspiration of political recordings. No one wanted to resurrect the Vietnam issue, race relations were relatively stable, and the initial impact of liberation groups had faded, leaving little to motivate reactionary rants.

But the international climate hotted up towards the end of the decade. The crisis which arose over the American hostages in Iran inspired at least a dozen discs attacking the Ayatollah Khomeini and Jimmy Carter. They found a receptive market.

The first and most successful was *Bomb Iran*, by Vince Vance and the Valiants.

Sung to the tune of the Beach Boys' classic, *Barbra Ann*, the song echoed the sentiments of the majority of Americans:

Went to a mosque, gonna throw some rocks / tell the Ayatollah 'gonna put you in a box' / Ol' Uncle Sam's getting pretty hot / time to turn Iran into a parking lot.

With the sound of a B-52 squadron straffing Tehran over the guitar break, this militant missive ended with a rumbling atomic explosion.

Kristian Rex broke all the rules of reactionary rock with his *We Gotta Get Tough* single, by turning out an excellent track which would not be out of place on a Tom Petty album. Unfortunately, his Byrds-style guitar jangle and spacious rock production was overshadowed by a paranoid warning of a forthcoming invasion:

Mr President I admire your restraint / but too little too late / I hope it ain't / They just went in and took the oil / pretty soon they'll be landing on our soil / We gotta get tough, can't let them run over us. / We gotta get tough, go right in and call their bluff. / We gotta get tough show them we've had enough.

Mr Rex was not the only performer to address himself to President Carter, and the others who offered advice were not quite as polite. Lyle Dean insisted

We've Waited Long Enough Uncle Sam, Brent Burns decided *I Think I'll Run For President*, and R.B. Stone and Armadillo snarled *Peanuts To You*. Max D. Barnes came close to tears in his *Dear Mr President*, as he begged Carter

Not to turn the other cheek / to a pitiful heap of ashes / that was once our flag.

The Defenders' jingoistic *Nobody Tells The US What To Do* offered an aggressive answer to the hostage problem:

Nobody tells the US what to do / No little fool's gonna mess with me and you / No little country's gonna push us around / One false move and we'll put 'em in the ground. / Step on 'em! / Stomp on 'em! / Step on 'em! / I said stomp on 'em!

The mid-western bullying mentality was also prevalent in *Let's Make Islamic Atomic*, by Carl P. Mayfield and Rich and Famous, *A Message to Khomeini*, by Roger Hallmark and The Thrasher Brothers (which cleverly rhymed Khomeini with meanie), J. W. Thompson's *Khomaniac*, and an

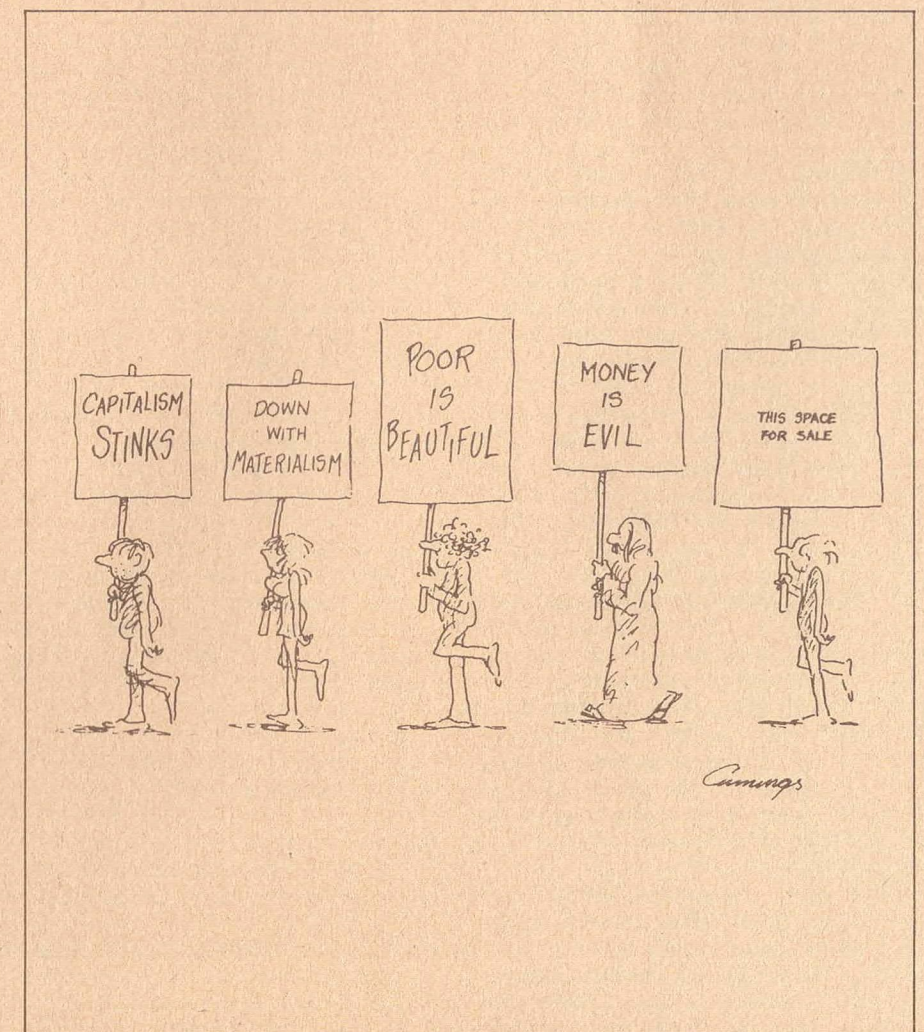
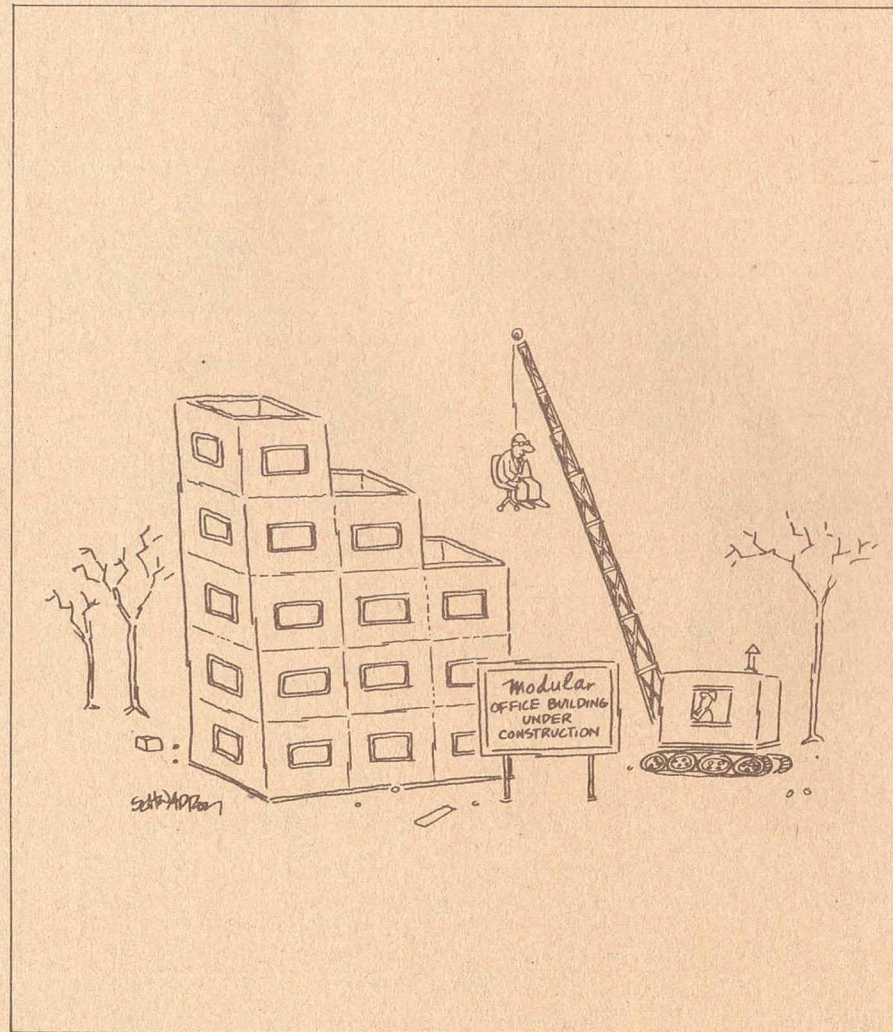
assortment of "shove it" efforts inspired by the Johnny Paycheck hit, *Take This Job And Shove It*. In *Take Your Oil And Shove It*, Bobby B. Baker thunders:

They can take their oil and shove it / let 'em drink it let 'em love it / They can let it rot there in the ground / but they aren't gonna shove Uncle Sam around.

The Americans expressed a similar sentiment in *Take Your Crude And Shove It Baby*, while Richard Duane's *From America* offered this advice:

Take your oil and shove it / and your leaders too. / All the oil in your land / won't make us stoop to you. / You hold our people, burn our flag / Protest in our schools / So take Iran and shove it / we've had enough of you.

The right-wing rock genre is distinguished by its cretinous conservatism, its lack of logic and its consistently ill-informed and unintelligible approach to contemporary issues. World War III is bound to produce some amazing efforts. ☐



PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Twenty-five questions to decide
whether you're living in the right place.

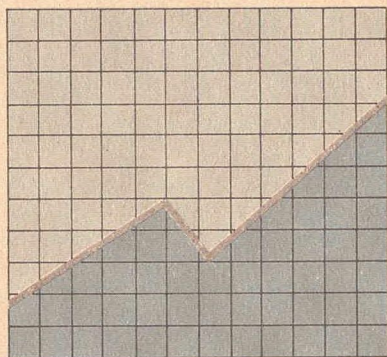
Living in the wrong place can be hell. Now this may strike you as so obvious that it doesn't need pointing out, but you'd be surprised how many people end up living in places that are psychologically wrong for them without ever realising the actual cause of their misery. The world is full of country boys who just seem to shrivel up when they hit the hothouse atmosphere of the big city. Then, on the other hand, there are those who long for the bright lights of Gomorrah while they languish unfilled out in the sticks.

This psychograph may help you to pin down whether you'd be most at home in an urban or a rural environment. It's an inventory of your values, your needs, your behavior, your likes and dislikes. It gives you a chance to decide whether you're living in the right place.

We've rummaged through the research in this field to come up with the following questions. If you answer them honestly you should be able to tell whether you're more suited to being a city slicker or a country bumpkin.

1. If you were analysing yourself, which of the following statements would you say came closest to describing you?
 - (a) I guess I'm basically a conformist; I feel extremely uncomfortable when I have to do something that makes me stand out in a crowd.
 - (b) I guess I'm basically a conformist when it comes to the general values of society, but I'm not a slave to convention; I don't mind attracting attention as long as it's for *good* things I've done
 - (c) I'm pretty much a nonconformist, but I don't make a fetish of it; I do what I want, but I don't generally go out of my way to be different just to show off
 - (d) I'm a true nonconformist; I enjoy doing whatever I please; and if I do something outrageous that shocks people, so much the better
2. If you had to choose, which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree with?
 - (a) most of our political leaders are fools or crooks or both; they base their decisions on

HOW ARE YOU PLACED?



their own self-interest, not on what's good for the rest of us
(b) most political leaders try to do a decent job; we live in a democracy — we elected our leaders, and we can't always go around questioning their actions

3. Would you say you're basically an optimist or a pessimist?
 - (a) optimist
 - (b) pessimist
4. If you had to choose, would you rather be the proverbial:
 - (a) big fish in a small pond
 - (b) small fish in a big pond
5. How do you feel about this statement: "I like to live in a place where most of the people are like me, and I feel uncomfortable if many of the people around me speak with foreign accents"
 - (a) agree strongly
 - (b) agree somewhat
 - (c) disagree somewhat
 - (d) disagree strongly
6. How important is success to you?
 - (a) very important; I'd make just about any sacrifice to get to the top
 - (b) quite important; I want to succeed, but I wouldn't wreck my life just to make it to the top
 - (c) not too important; other

things, like being happy with my friends and family, are more important

7. If you liked where you were living but could get a much better job by moving to a place you didn't like, would you go?
 - (a) definitely
 - (b) probably
 - (c) probably not
 - (d) definitely not
8. Ideally, how frequently would you like to attend a major sports event?
 - (a) at least once a week
 - (b) at least once a month
 - (c) a few times a year
 - (d) never
9. Ideally, how frequently would you like to attend an opera, a ballet, live theatre, or a concert?
 - (a) at least once a week
 - (b) at least once a month
 - (c) a few times a year
 - (d) never
10. Would you say that you're basically highly strung?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) somewhat
 - (c) no, not at all
11. When it comes to food, are you basically a meat-and-potatoes man who doesn't care much for gourmet cuisine?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
12. Be honest now. Are you basically a trendy person? Is it important for you always to be in the vanguard of the latest fad?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) somewhat
 - (c) a little
 - (d) no
13. How strongly are you attracted to what are commonly thought of as the kinkier forms of sex?
 - (a) very much
 - (b) somewhat
 - (c) a little
 - (d) hardly at all
14. A friend whom you haven't seen for a year calls and says he's in town for a couple of days. Would you be more likely to:
 - (a) tell him to come right over
 - (b) check your schedule and try to arrange a meeting that's convenient for both of you

15. Do you always seem to be in a hurry?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
16. How much quiet do you need in order to sleep?
 - (a) I need total silence
 - (b) I need relative quiet, but my bedroom doesn't have to be like a tomb
 - (c) I can sleep through anything
17. Which of the following statements is more characteristic of you?
 - (a) I have frequent swings in mood; one minute I'm up, and the next minute I'm down
 - (b) my moods don't vary too rapidly or too frequently
18. If you could have any job you wanted, would you be more likely to choose:
 - (a) a highly specialised job, in which you were one of the few experts
 - (b) a generalised job that required you to be sort of a jack-of-all trades with the ability to draw on skills in several areas
19. When you tell people that you'll call them, do you:
 - (a) keep your word and call
 - (b) often forget to call because you've been busy or just forgotten
20. How do you feel about other people knowing your business?
 - (a) I don't really mind; gossip and nosiness are part of life
 - (b) I dislike it; I consider privacy one of my most important possessions
21. When someone talks to you in a roundabout, chatty way and doesn't come directly to the point, which of the following is more likely to be your reaction?
 - (a) I get impatient; I don't like people beating around the bush; it wastes my time
 - (b) I don't really mind; everyone has his own style of talking

22. Look back over the past five years and review the hobbies and special interests you've had. Which of the following patterns is more likely to characterise these interests?
 - (a) I've had a lot of different interests, and my focus of attention has shifted frequently
 - (b) The interests and hobbies I have are basically the same as those I had five years ago
23. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "It's best to be suspicious of people when you first meet them; most people are looking out for themselves and don't care who they screw, and you shouldn't trust them until you really know them?"
 - (a) agree strongly
 - (b) agree somewhat
 - (c) disagree somewhat
 - (d) disagree strongly
24. Is it important to you to come across as someone who is always cool and blase?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
25. How do you feel about this statement: "There's nothing wrong with friendship for friendship's sake, but you should also choose your friends for the clout they have?"
 - (a) agree strongly
 - (b) agree somewhat
 - (c) disagree somewhat
 - (d) disagree strongly

SCORING

To get your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose.

- | | | | |
|----------|------|------|-----|
| 1. a-1, | b-2, | c-3, | d-4 |
| 2. a-4, | b-1 | | |
| 3. a-2, | b-3 | | |
| 4. a-1, | b-4 | | |
| 5. a-1, | b-2, | c-3, | d-4 |
| 6. a-5, | b-3, | c-1 | |
| 7. a-4, | b-3, | c-2, | d-1 |
| 8. a-3, | b-2, | c-1, | d-0 |
| 9. a-4, | b-3, | c-2, | d-1 |
| 10. a-4, | b-2, | c-1 | |
| 11. a-1, | b-4 | | |
| 12. a-5, | b-3, | c-2, | d-1 |
| 13. a-5, | b-3, | c-2, | d-1 |
| 14. a-2, | b-4 | | |
| 15. a-4, | b-1 | | |
| 16. a-1, | b-2, | c-4 | |
| 17. a-3, | b-2 | | |
| 18. a-4, | b-2 | | |

- | | | | |
|----------|------|------|-----|
| 19. a-2, | b-4 | | |
| 20. a-1, | b-4 | | |
| 21. a-4, | b-1 | | |
| 22. a-3, | b-1 | | |
| 23. a-5, | b-3, | c-1, | d-0 |
| 24. a-4, | b-1 | | |
| 25. a-5, | b-3, | c-2, | d-1 |

If you scored 77-101 points:
You are the very model of a modern urban gentleman. You possess many of the traits that researchers associate with people who live in cities. You're likely to be happiest where the density is highest. The sounds, smells, and pulsing diversity of city life get your adrenalin flowing. The feel of concrete under your feet puts a spring in your step, and you just may not feel alive until you've had your daily dose of pollution. You'd probably be bored to death if you were put out to pasture in a rural environment.

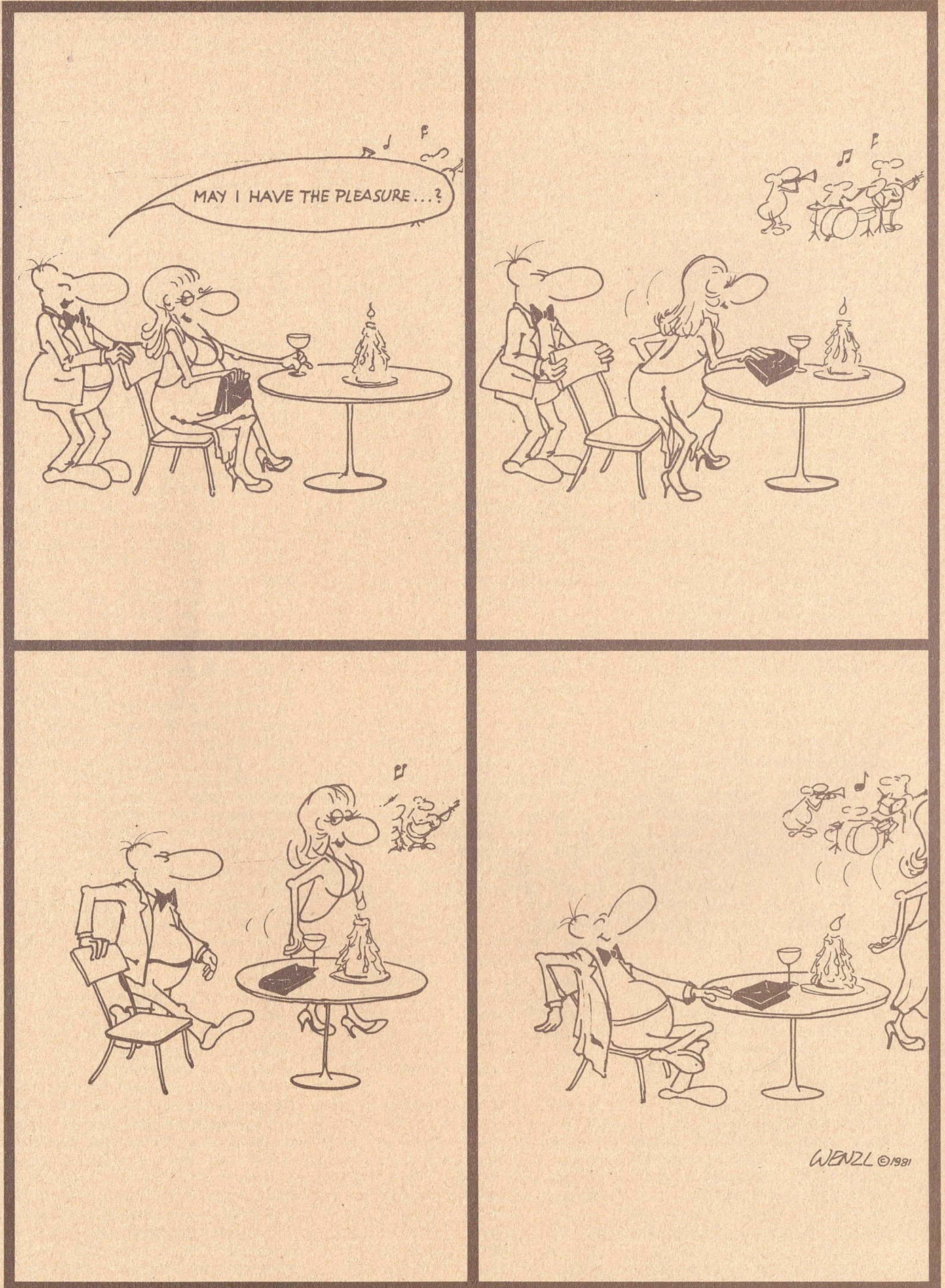
Of course, every rule has its exceptions. There are probably people who share your traits but still manage to live contentedly in the country.

52-76 points:

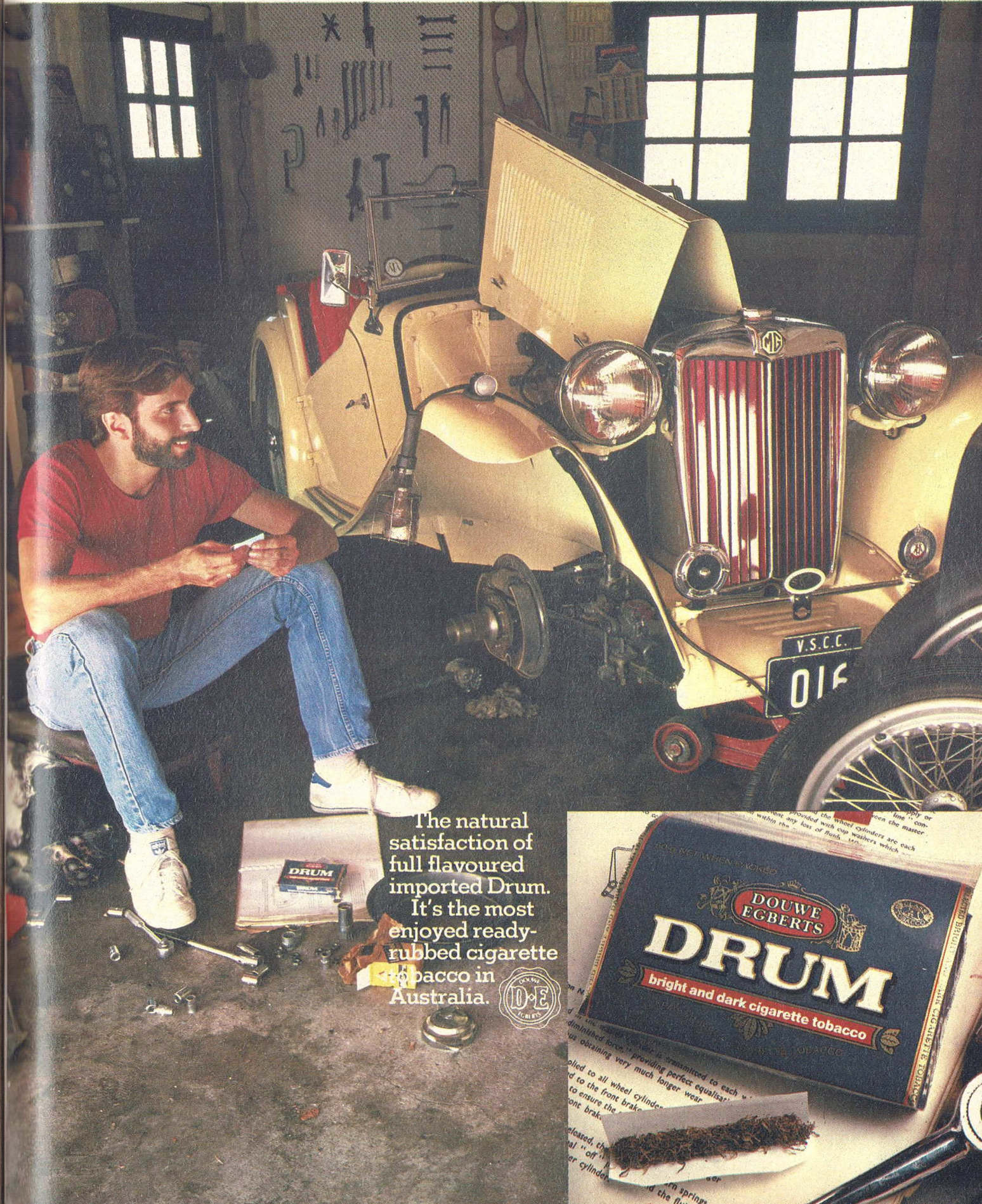
As your score indicates, you are between the two extremes. You value the opportunities that a city offers, but you wouldn't want to deal with urban stress 12 months of the year. You can also savor the low-keyed pleasures of rural life, but you'd probably feel a lack of stimulation if you lived in the country full-time. Obviously what you need is a chic apartment in the city and a house in the country (along with a job that allows you to spend substantial amounts of time in each place). If you can't swing that (and few people can), life in the suburbs may be the best compromise for you.

28-51 points:

You seem to embody the traditional values of rural, small-town life. You want a relatively simple, uncomplicated, straight-forward existence unencumbered by the strains of an urban environment. You're likely to prefer simple pleasures, and you'll leave the glitzy, expensive entertainments of the city to others. Clawing your way to the top of your field is probably not so important to you as the company of family and friends. Unfortunately, you may be an endangered species. The growth of the megalopolis is a fact of modern life. In the decades to come, there may be fewer and fewer places where folks like you will feel comfortable. ○+■



The satisfaction of doing it yourself.





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

JAN STEPHENSON

I really would like to
have been a household name for my golf
and not for something else.

Jan Stephenson, the Sydney girl who hit the big-time on the American golf circuit, has always had an advantage over a majority of her opponents — good looks: and beauty is an unusual asset in a sport which is dominated by some tough ladies. *The New York Times* once described her movements as being reminiscent of Marilyn Monroe, and the inevitable attention from photographers has resulted in the "golfing sex symbol" tag.

While her femininity hasn't given her an advantage on the golf course, it has offered the 29-year-old professional a boost in the lucrative sponsorship stakes. So while she hasn't been winning too many tournaments lately, Jan Stephenson has maintained her rich girl status by signing up with a diverse range of businesses. They include the Ford Motor Company, *Newsweek*, and the exclusive lingerie outfitters, Lily of France.

But her looks have also got her into trouble. She was making headlines as a junior in Australia by upsetting staid officials when she wore psychedelic briefs under the shortest of mini skirts. The latest storm occurred when she posed for a golfing magazine picture which revealed her languishing in slinky attire on a bed. The shot aroused some strong reactions from her colleagues. One fellow female pro said the photos were trash, virtually pornographic and "a low form of exposure". Stephenson rejects those accusations, saying the critics are overreacting, and that she shows more leg on the course than in the magazine.

While the issue has given her promotions a push, Stephenson says being the sex symbol of the American golf circuit has hurt her game, and she has been unable to consistently reproduce the form which won the former Austra-

lian champion two big victories in the US in 1976, making her the first Australian girl to earn really big money on the US circuit — \$67,000 in prize-money alone in that year.

Stephenson turned pro in 1973, after an outstanding career as an amateur and then made the courageous decision to take a crack at the challenging American tour. Although the move paid off, she's had her ups and downs in competition since then. She recently won the Tokyo \$60,000 world women's championship by two strokes, firing a final one over par 76 for a three round total of 220, five under par, to take the first prize of \$12,000.

But her recent performances in the US have been erratic; some of her failures have been the result of a recurring back injury. Her last win on the tour was in the Sun City Classic in Arizona in March 1980. She recently shot a two over par 74 in the final round of the Atlanta women's event to take 10th place and raise her US winnings for this year to \$27,000.

Penthouse sent Edward Rasen to interview Stephenson at the Mesa Verde Country Club at Costa Mesa California. Although she agreed part of the blame for her recent form could be put down to the furore caused by the "sex symbol" label, this outspoken and self-assured lady was also flattered by the attention.

Stephenson certainly isn't complaining. "I've got everything I want . . . two houses, a bunch of cars and a plane," she said on her last Australian visit. She has also got Eddie Vossler, professional golfer, personal coach, agent, manager, pilot and fiance. Rasen asked her how she felt about the storm caused by the publication of her photos and the conflicts which have arisen as a result of her promotion as a feminine idol rather than a professional athlete.

Penthouse: You have become something of an overnight celebrity.

Stephenson: I know. Instant sex symbol!

Penthouse: How do you feel about that?

Stephenson: I think it's great. It's kind of fun to get all the attention. I'm in a lousy mood right now because I've had the flu for two weeks and I've played badly because of that. So despite everything, even though I'm getting attention, the number one thing is my golf.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself remaining in golf beyond this year? Would you consider going into a movie or becoming, say, a television commentator, covering the tour?

Stephenson: Number one is my golf. I still haven't done what I set out to do, and I would never forgive myself if I quit before doing that. It's a very difficult sport, very challenging, and I've put a lot of time into it, in fact most of my life into it. And I'd like to be able to quit and say "I did my best", and I haven't. So I have no intentions of quitting. Of course I think everyone wants to get into acting. I like to really goof it up and have my pictures taken, so that's kind of a letting loose; and I think acting is just to be yourself, in another way. And it is something I'd like to get into, but definitely not before golf.

Penthouse: So even money would not take you off the tour?

Stephenson: No. Money would not take me off the tour!

Penthouse: How about the pressures of being a sex symbol, would that force you off the tour?

Stephenson: I'll tell you what it does tend to do. It's forcing me to reallocate my time, because before I spent most of it practising, and even today, if it hadn't been so cold and windy, I'd as soon be out there practising.

Penthouse: And how about your personal life?

Stephenson: Obviously if I've been playing every week and not having any spare time, there is no personal life. I have a boyfriend and he is now my manager, so it's a little easier; at least we talk business on the phone. If it is pleasure we may not have time, but now there's so much business going on and he's setting up so many things for me that at least we talk. Seeing each other is difficult but he also knows how important my golf is. And now that he's my manager, it's as important to him.

Penthouse: Has that been a problem in the past, where you felt pressure because of being on the tour and of trying to succeed in the goals that you've set, that you've had to relegate your personal life to a position of minor importance?

Stephenson: Back seat, yeah. Unfortunately it's always been like that. My boyfriend's been understanding. He's been going with me a long time. It is very difficult for me to have a personal relationship be-

cause of that. I love to travel, I love to be with people. So if there's a choice I'll usually pick my golf.

Penthouse: How do you feel about becoming a sex symbol in the eyes of America? Do you feel embarrassed or ashamed about it?

Stephenson: Well if I've done anything, if I've had any pictures taken to be ashamed of, maybe that would be the case. But I know I haven't done anything wrong, and I don't think there's anything wrong with showing that I can be a woman. I'm not sure if I have flaunted my body, but I'm not ashamed of it. I really would like to have been a household name for my golf and maybe not for something else.

Penthouse: Do you feel that on the tour there's a lot of resentment from the other girls now?

Stephenson: I don't know if resentment is the right word. A lot of girls don't understand, don't comprehend the reason I've done the pictures. They are benefitting from it. They are benefitting from the attention I'm getting, the exposure I'm getting from it, because of the extra galleries. It's going to build up sponsors and we're probably going to get some more feminist sponsorship. So I think, in the long run, whether they're resentful or not, it's going to help them as well as myself.

Penthouse: There's been a lot of talk that the ladies' professional golf tour is somewhat inundated with girls who have chosen homosexual relationships instead of heterosexual ones, and that is one of the reasons that you're drawing a lot of flak. How do you feel about that?

Stephenson: I think that's exaggerated. I truly think the girls don't understand the reason it was done.

Penthouse: The question was whether you feel it's because of sexual resentment — that you are an attractive, good-looking, heterosexual person; that this friction has arisen because there are girls on the tour that are not.

Stephenson: I don't think that's the case. I think that image is changing; and that's the reason I did all those pictures, to show that the LPGA is new and different and it's trying to get beyond that image. But unfortunately, things stick, first impressions. And I think the only reason that they resent all this attention is because they don't understand it.

Penthouse: If you had the choice, would you do it all over again?

Stephenson: Knowing that I did it for charity, that I did it for nothing, and knowing that the picture was in good taste — yes. Sometimes I've had my doubts, wondering whether I was fooling myself in thinking I did it for the right reasons. I know the picture was in good taste, and I know that I'm not a bad person. I know that I don't do anything that would be called immoral. My golf is important to me and I don't party to an extent to hurt my game, and I don't wear clothes on the golf course

that may question the way I have to bend over. I am purely professional on the golf course. And when I'm off the golf course, if I tend to feel like a girl and go crazy and maybe wear something daring, I don't think I'm doing the wrong thing.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself as a flirt?

Stephenson: Oh, absolutely. I'm the world's worst. I love to flirt. I mean I may not do anything else, and I may not go anywhere else, and my boyfriend knows that. But that's probably why I do so many golf exhibitions: companies hire me to bring in their top executives and meet me someplace; I eat dinner with them at night, play golf with them during the day, kind of tease with them all, and eat dinner that night. And I love it, I love men. And my boyfriend knows I'm not going to do anything with them, but I just love giving the attention and getting the attention. I think it's part of life.

Penthouse: When you were younger, did you ever envision doing anything else besides being on the tour?

Stephenson: Well, not really.

Penthouse: Did you think of being a model?

Stephenson: No. I did some modelling when I was younger, in Australia. And it sure wasn't anywhere near as exciting. I mean I knew I couldn't be a top model, and it wasn't as exciting as golf, to me. When you play, when you win — there's nothing like it.

Penthouse: Would you ever consider posing for a men's magazine?

Stephenson: Nope. Not nude anyway.

Penthouse: Semi-nude?

Stephenson: I guess I asked for that one! I don't know — it's always come up that way. They've always said nude.

Penthouse: But would you consider a semi-nude?

Stephenson: It depends on the money. What does semi-nude mean?

Penthouse: I guess in the context of men's magazines nowadays, that would probably be . . .

Stephenson: Top off? No, I would not do that. I always have to have clothes on, of some kind!

Penthouse: Is that just personal preference or because of all the flak that's happened?

Stephenson: No, I've been approached several times recently. And I don't think I could imagine myself doing anything before this fuss. The thought of the caddy seeing it and my parents seeing it . . . I just couldn't handle that.

Penthouse: Is golf just a business to you?

Stephenson: No, golf has become a way of life. Sometimes I say that I would like to just stop and not play golf, but I couldn't live without it. It's really become every part of life.

Now when I play badly like I have the last couple of weeks it is an effort to have to get up out of bed and join the team. I mean going to play golf is sometimes like

going to a job. But most of the time it's really exciting and it's worthwhile.

Penthouse: In a sport where overnight success is as common as failure, how do you keep and maintain your goals and priorities?

Stephenson: Overnight success in golf is very rare and usually if you get there fast you'll lose it fast. You have to earn it in golf. And I feel like once I get to my thirties and I haven't reached my goals, it may be a little different, but right now you really don't reach your peak, or I know I won't, until I'm in my thirties, because I'm only just learning to control my emotions. And discipline is very important in golf.

Penthouse: Do you believe sex should be used to sell golf?

Stephenson: Yes, I think sex sells everything. Every magazine you open and every newspaper or any kind of commercial. I think that it's one of the things that has gotten us off wherever we were; we've gained exposure now and media and acceptance, and that's because we did start selling the sex.

Penthouse: Do you have a fear of being considered a sex symbol instead of a golfer?

Stephenson: Well, that would probably upset me a little bit. I don't think that will happen. There are a lot of pretty girls out on the tour, and unless you can win and at least be up there every week, you wouldn't get the recognition for being anything. So

it's important to me to keep my golf going.

Penthouse: Do you believe that the women should play against the men on the tours?

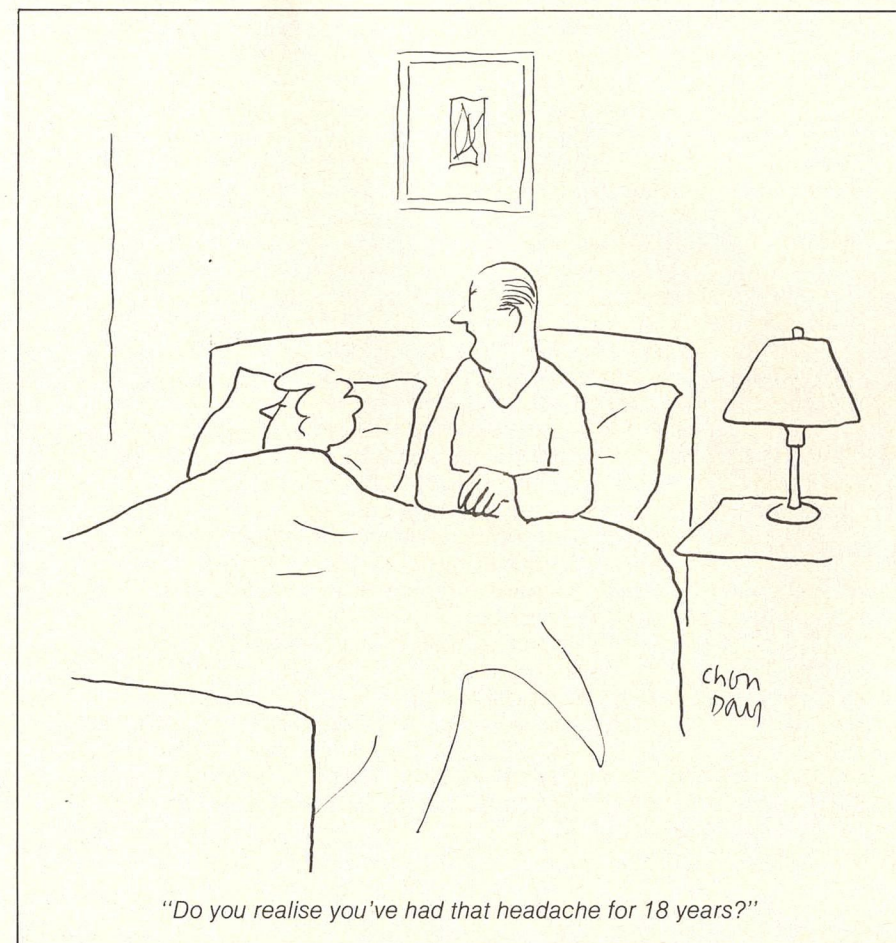
Stephenson: No, there is no comparison between a man and a woman athlete in anything, in any sport. And the only reason that they tend to compare us with the men is because they see our scores next to each other and it seems we don't measure up, because their scores are a lot lower than ours. But also, we're playing men's tees and they're playing championship men's tees. To be really equal I think we should probably play ladies tees, and then maybe there could be some comparison.

Penthouse: Therefore you don't feel that female golfers are as good as men golfers.

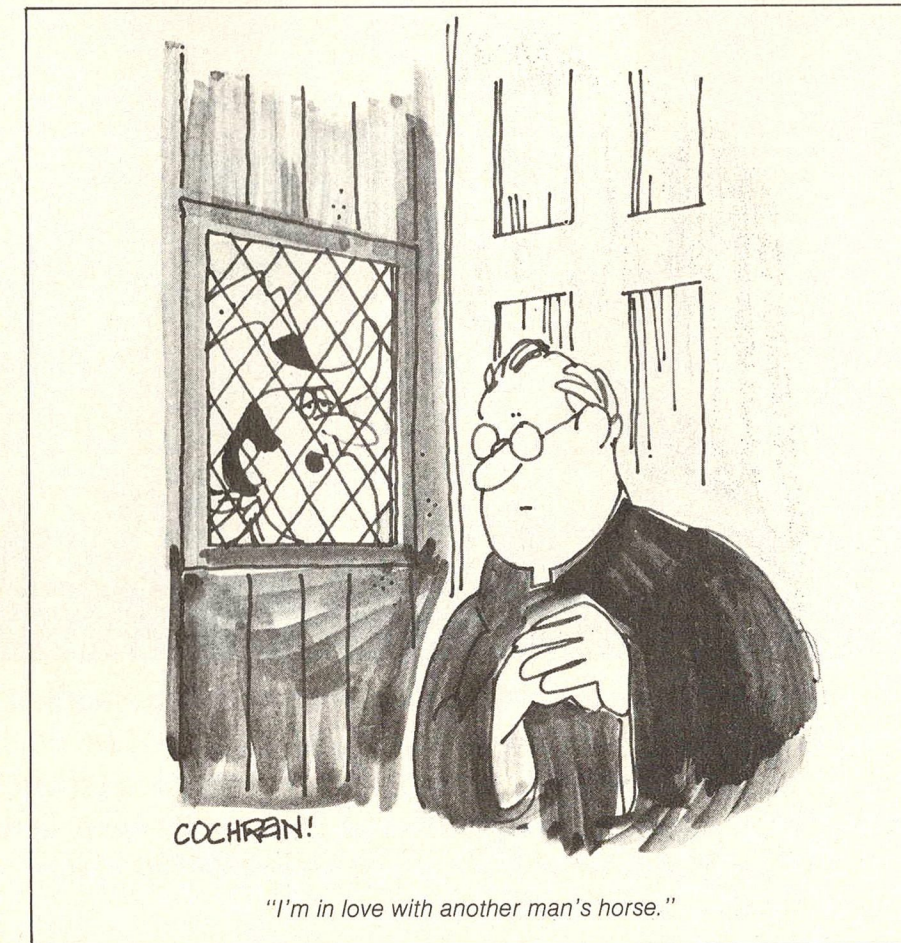
Stephenson: That's not what I'm trying to say. In fact, in some ways I think we're better because we are better with long irons. We have to cope with hitting the longer irons. It's more a putting contest for the men, because the golf course seems so short because they have so much power.

Penthouse: Do you feel that financial success for the females will come about when the tours are integrated, where you have women playing against men and really exploiting the whole sexual angle of golf?

Stephenson: I don't think that would be a good idea. The men do have the advantage. It's the same in tennis. You couldn't really compare Chris Evert Lloyd and Tracy Austin with Jimmy Connors and



"Do you realise you've had that headache for 18 years?"



"I'm in love with another man's horse."



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Borg. I mean there really isn't any comparison because power is so important; and the men can spin the ball because they're much stronger.

Penthouse: Do you value your independence too much to let a man dominate your life?

Stephenson: Yes. It seems I have become so independent, I have hardened up a little bit and I've gotten so used to my own company, used to being on my own and doing things for myself, that I don't think I could be dominated at all by a man.

Penthouse: Do you trust men in general?

Penthouse: I tend not to for the simple reason that I don't get too much close contact with them, and what I do get is usually cheap and usually . . . you know, do you want to go to bed? and usually coming up with some kind of proposition, some strange kind. And it seems like I tend to have a very bad — and it's probably wrong — attitude towards men.

Penthouse: Is that something you regret from being a professional golfer, or being a professional athlete?

Stephenson: Yeah, but I wouldn't know how else I would have handled it. But it does tend to make a tough relationship with men. They either look up to you too much and they can't — I don't know if look up is the right phrase — but they tend to think of you as different from other women. And they have a funny feeling towards you. I think they have a wrong standard.

Penthouse: Is it realistic to expect fidelity from your boyfriend, especially in a relationship where, as a professional athlete, you travel a great deal during the year?

Stephenson: It probably isn't fair that I do expect it. I ask it, and I think I get it!

Penthouse: How do you feel about getting involved in another sport?

Stephenson: Oh, I love to play other sports for fun. I love to play racquetball and I love to swim, and I like to bicycle ride, and I have a motor bike — there's lots of fun things I like to do. But no, no way. There's no time for anything else other than golf.

Penthouse: Have you considered bringing your boyfriend on the tour with you?

Stephenson: He comes to some tournaments, but it's very difficult because,

number one, my priority is golf. And I can't give my attention to him and that's not fair to him.

Penthouse: But on the other hand don't you think that being sexually fulfilled on a regular, ongoing basis, would also help you relax?

Stephenson: I'm not going to answer any more than that. No.

Penthouse: Would you encourage and recommend other girls to get on the tour now?

Stephenson: Oh yeah.

Penthouse: You feel it's something that is personally rewarding and personally something you're proud of doing.

Stephenson: Yes. And besides, it's now financially rewarding. It's to a point now where it does have credibility. You don't have to be an Amazon to play it. There are great programs in college for it now; and it's a great career.

Penthouse: Do you think you'll return to Australia or stay in the United States?

Stephenson: Oh, I will definitely stay in the United States.

Penthouse: Why?

Stephenson: It's the greatest country in the world. If you travel at all, that's one thing you will see. It's a pretty neat place.

Penthouse: You live in Texas now. Why is that?

Stephenson: It's central. I have a place in Phoenix also, where I spend my winters. But it's nice to get home Sunday nights.

Penthouse: When you're not on the tour, during the winters, what do you mostly do, besides practice?

Stephenson: Practice is mostly what I do! Because I'm usually changing things on my swing, and working with my coach. And that's all there is left. I never have enough time to do what I want to do.

Penthouse: What qualities do you look for in a man?

Stephenson: Well, I like him to be interested in his career. I think it's important. I guess I'm being selfish, because I feel that if he's got a career that he's interested in, then I know I can count on him to be doing his work! And I think that way he won't be intimidated by mine. And he'll understand what I've got to do, and what I've had to sacrifice to make it.

I think I like them to be interested in sports; definitely an athlete of some kind. I don't mean a pro. But it would really be a shame, as much as I love all these sports, for him not to be able to share it with me.

Obviously he has to have a little bit of money so he could just drop everything and come on tour if I needed him. I have become so used to being able to do anything I want, and spend anything I want, it would be nice to have a little more financial security.

Penthouse: Does he have to play golf?

Stephenson: I would obviously like him to be interested in the game, and he would be if he watched me play. It would be nice if he did play golf. He doesn't have to be

great. That's the good thing about golf. We can still play together and we wouldn't have to compete, if he could handle me beating him!

Penthouse: What do you find most disappoints you in people? Especially as a professional athlete.

Stephenson: That's a good question. Let me think. There are two things; one I feel like sometimes I walk off 18 and it is the end of the world, if I've played badly. And they don't understand that. They want to interrupt you for autographs, and they'll say "Why don't you smile?" Well I am out there working and when I haven't done as well as I'd like to, it hurts. And they don't understand that I don't have anything to smile about.

Penthouse: What's the second thing?

Stephenson: Well I think people are a little more insincere than they used to be. Whether they say "I'm going to be here" — just little things, "at seven," and they're not, or they're going to call and they don't. I tend, because I guess when I hear people say how madly they are in love with me, that I tend to think "Sure, sure they are. And they don't even know me."

Penthouse: Do you find that's just a fault of society here in the United States compared with what you grew up with in Australia? Or is it something you've seen since you've come from Australia — just a deterioration of values in general?

Stephenson: No, I think it was probably always that way. In Australia it's a different way of life. It is more laid back, and Americans may tend to say things they may not mean to get things they want. I'm not saying it's just Americans. It's just a way of modern society or superior society. Australians aren't as ambitious, so obviously they don't say things they don't mean. They don't have to, because they're not trying to prove anything or get anything. I can see where I've done that myself. So I'm not criticising someone else without knowing that I'm doing it too. I tend to exaggerate, be more insincere than I used to be. And I can see it and it makes me sad. I guess I could stop but I don't.

Penthouse: Would you characterise yourself as an action junkie?

Stephenson: Yeah. It has become that way, it seems. I used to say I'd love to stop and take a break, and yet I love to keep going, and I just go crazy when I have one or two days off. I love to keep going; love the action.

Penthouse: Does that also extend to your private life?

Stephenson: Yes. I love to be doing something at all times. The things I want to do when I retire — I want to dance and I want to work out and I want to swim more — they're all physical things. I probably should be trying to get more mental stimulants, but I still kind of like the idea of being physical.

Penthouse: You have an image now of

being a sex symbol party girl. Is that true in your private life?

Stephenson: No. That's not true. I wish it was. I have never liked to go out, I guess because I love the daytime. I can't stand the nighttime. Like, the other night I went to bed at a quarter to eight, which is pretty ridiculous. And when the sun goes down it's kind of depressing to me. So my party girl image is not at all true. People see me and I've usually got lots of energy and I love to be laughing and joking. But at nighttime I'm usually resting. So I have a lot more energy in the mornings. I'm not a party girl. I don't drink and I don't smoke, and I love to stay home.

Penthouse: So how did you get that image?

Stephenson: Yeah, that's right, I did get that image! I think it's what people want to believe about me. And I love to be with people, so that's the thing — I love people. And I'm sure if I wasn't playing golf, I probably would love to go out. And I love to get dressed up. And maybe that's when people will see me. But I don't know. It's funny how I did get that image.

Penthouse: How about nudity? Do you think it's wrong for females to pose nude?

Stephenson: No, not at all, I wouldn't, but I think it's kinda nice to look at beautiful bodies, male or female. It's like everything else. If you've got a beautiful body, I sure don't think you should hide it.

Penthouse: What are the personal values that you hold most prominent?

Stephenson: The most important thing is that whatever I do, I can truly say I did my best. And I still have not been able to do that.

Penthouse: How about in regard to personal relationships? Is that just as important?

Stephenson: Yes, because personal relationships, are something that will be there after my golf. I don't know if I'm prepared to do my very best because that may mean giving up my golf, but I'd like to be able to say I did.

Penthouse: Who are the professional athletes that you most admire now?

Stephenson: I don't know, I kinda like Chris Evert. I think she's neat. She seems to have done it all — tennis and marriage. Obviously Nancy Lopez, I think she's neat. She's done it all too. I guess I'm really intrigued at the people who can make a success at both, because it seems too hard to make a success of one, let alone two.

Penthouse: Are there any other people in any other walks of life who you particularly admire for what they've done?

Stephenson: Anybody who has made a success of their business or their career, and also a personal relationship. It seems most people that I've seen, successful businessmen who are presidents of companies, have usually had to sacrifice their marriage, even though they may still be married and have a family. I would admire someone who is in the public eye and has

done really well successfully, financially or businesswise, and then had a truly romantic, successful relationship as well.

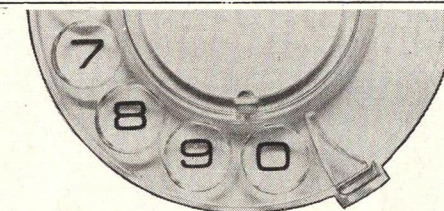
Penthouse: Do you believe you can achieve that, even if you go into film and television, considering that the pressures there are even greater, where you're in the public eye?

Stephenson: It seems like a lot of people do, and they're very happy with it. But then I don't know them personally, so I don't know if they're really that happy. I don't know. I would like to, because it's a dream to go in movies and TV, kind of like it is to really make it out here; it's also a dream to

have a perfect, romantic relationship. And I'm not going to give any of them up right now.

Penthouse: Do you ever wish you could go back to just being a young girl without any responsibilities that go with being a professional athlete and an adult?

Stephenson: Never! No, I would like to change a few things, like to have come over here earlier, but no, I am really lucky; I love this life. I love getting the attention, I love going out there and trying to compete in something that is so difficult. I don't think I really liked it when I didn't have any responsibilities. I love this life. ☐



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Sweet Chastity

IN THE DISMAL DINING ROOM OF THE DANK AND GLOOMY CASTLE DREER, VINCENT, 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN, BROODS OVER A FRUGAL DINNER WITH MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD

I CAN REKINDLE THE FLAME OF LIFE IN A CORPSE... I CAN RAISE THE DEAD, BUT I CAN'T MAKE A BUCK!!

I WOULD HAVE SOLD MY STORY TO 'THAT'S INCREDIBLE' BUT THEY REFUSED TO BELIEVE IT!!

NO! NO! NO! NOT THE PLATE!

BYRON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE



GASP!
POFF!
WHEEZE!

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE STARTED FEEDING THEM! NOW THEY THINK I'M THEIR MOTHER!

ENTER TOOMBS, ANCIENT RETAINER TO THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY, CARRYING A LETTER...



IT'S AN ANSWER TO MY LETTER TO HOWARD HUGE!

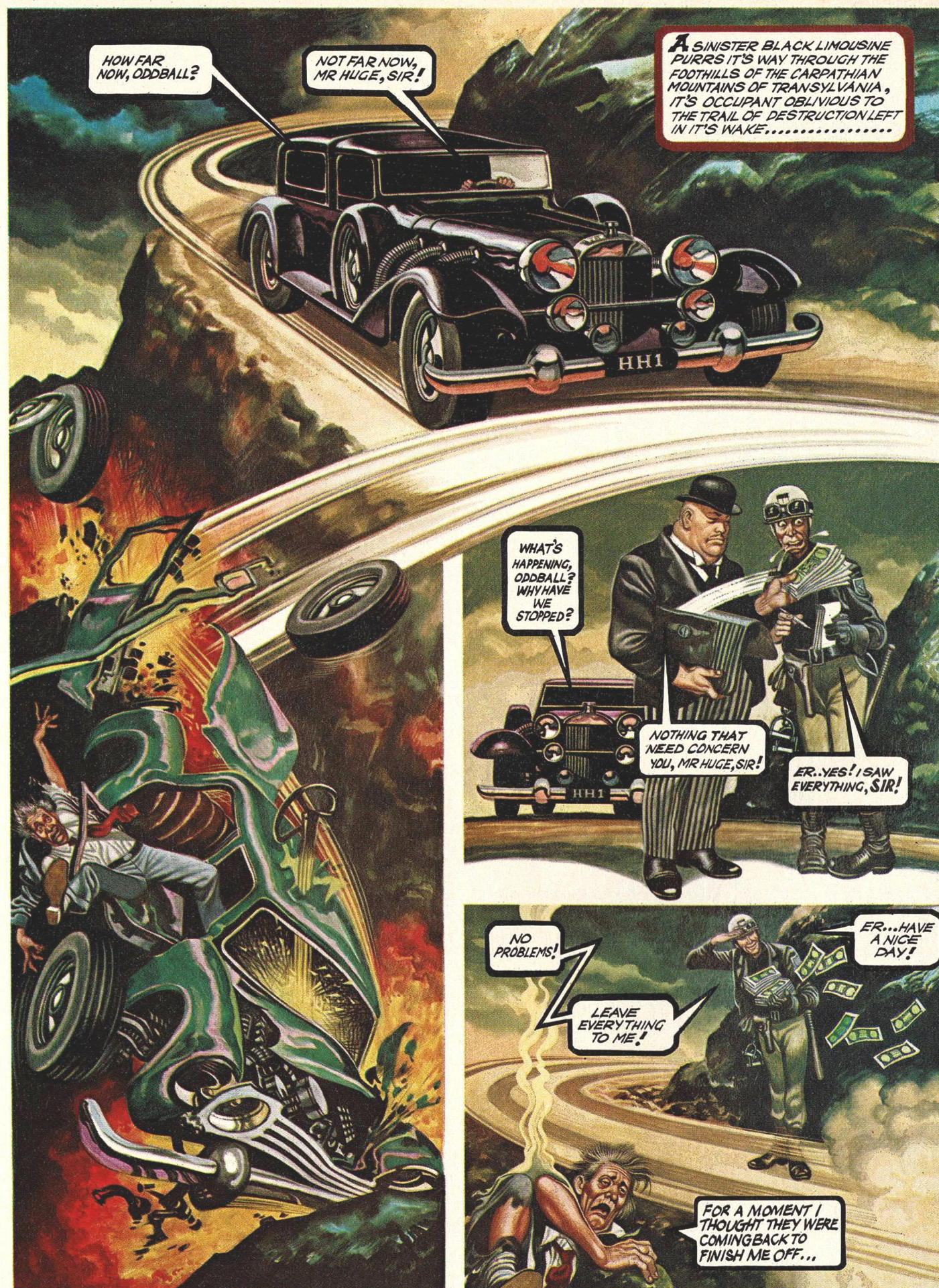


AND NOW, FOR THE TRUE TEST OF THE PUDDING

HE'S INTERESTED IN MY PROJECT! HE'S COMING HERE TO SEE ME! THIS IS IT!! FAME/FORTUNE FOOD!!!

ZOMBIES! THERE ISN'T A RED BLOODED MALE AMONGST 'EM!

BEAT IT!



HOW FAR
NOW, ODDBALL?

NOT FAR NOW,
MR HUGE. SIR!

A SINISTER BLACK LIMOUSINE PURRS ITS WAY THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS OF TRANSYLVANIA, IT'S OCCUPANT OBLIVIOUS TO THE TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION LEFT IN IT'S WAKE.....

WHAT'S
HAPPENING,
ODDBALL?
WHY HAVE
WE
STOPPED?

**NOTHING THAT
NEED CONCERN
YOU, MR HUGE, SIR!**

ER..YES! I SAW EVERYTHING, SIR!

NO PROBLEMS!

LEAVE
EVERYTHING
TO ME!

ER...HAVE
A NICE
DAY!

FOR A MOMENT I
THOUGHT THEY WERE
COMING BACK TO
FINISH ME OFF...



**SOME HOURS LATER
THE CAR ARRIVES AT
THE VILLAGE OF DREER
(WHICH, INCIDENTALLY,
HAS THE HIGHEST
MIGRAINE RATE IN
EUROPE)**

THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN GO BY CAR, MR HUGE, SIR! WE HAVE TO WALK UP TO THE CASTLE!

I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD'VE GONE TO ORLANDO!

**I WANNA SEE
MICKEY MOUSE!
YOU AIN'T
MICKEY MOUSE!**

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M BEGINNING TO LOSE CREDIBILITY!

OH NO! NOT
PENTHOUSE
AGAIN!

DO SOME-
THING, HENRY!

I BEG YOUR
PARDON... BUT
WITH RESPECT TO
THE PERSON ON
YOUR BACK, I THINK
A WORD OF
CLARIFICATION...



HAVE YOU GOT MY
MONKEY GLAND
PILLS? MY
DEPRESSANTS?
MY STIMULANTS?

EVERYTHING'S
UNDER CONTROL,
MR HUGE, SIR!

MONSTER!

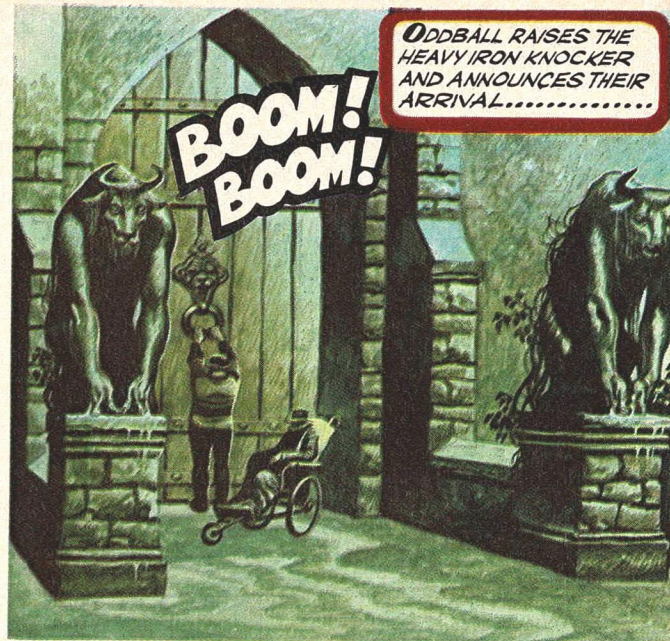


WHO ARE
THEY?

**DUNNO! BUT
THEY SURE AS
HELL SCARE
THE DAYLIGHTS
OUT OF ME!**



THROUGH FESTERING SWAMPLAND AND UP A TORTUOUS CLIFF PATH, TRUDGE THE TWO FIGURES TO THE FORBIDDING GATES OF CASTLE DREER.....



ODDBALL RAISES THE HEAVY IRON KNOCKER AND ANNOUNCES THEIR ARRIVAL.....

BOOM!
BOOM!



BOOM!
BOOM!

OH NO! NOT THOSE STAIRS AGAIN!



PUFF!



PUFF!

GASP!

PUFF!

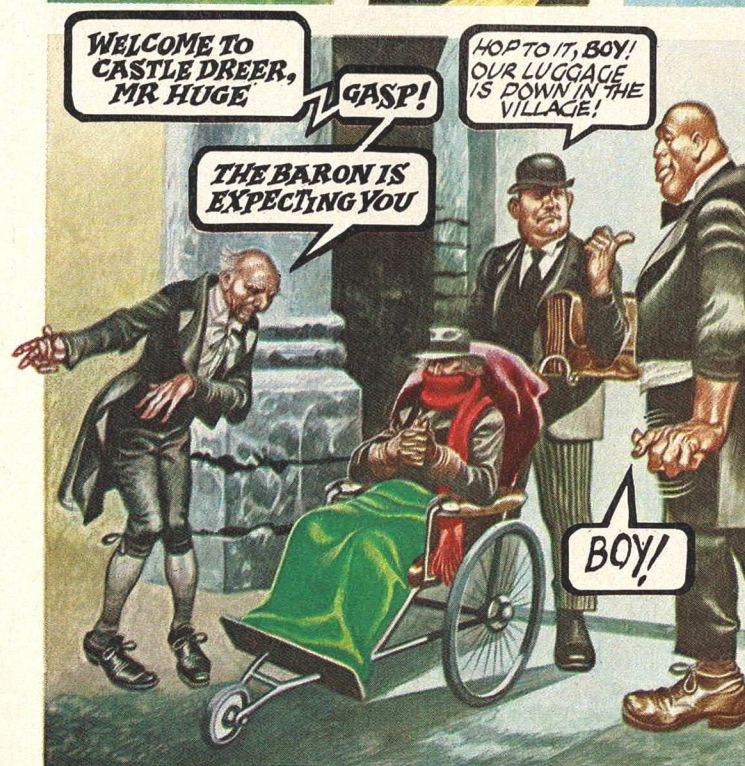


BOOM!
BOOM!

ALRIGHT!

PUFF!

ALRIGHT! I'M COMING!



WELCOME TO CASTLE DREER, MR HUGE

GASP!

HOP TO IT, BOY! OUR LUGGAGE IS DOWN IN THE VILLAGE!

THE BARON IS EXPECTING YOU

BOY!



SHALL I SHOW MR ODDBALL TO THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS, BARONESS?

NO THANKS, I'GOR - I'LL SEE TO MR ODDBALL!



... AND WITH MY "COUGH"; ANCESTRAL... COUGH, COUGH... EXPERTISE... AND THE LATEST TECHNOLOGY IN RECOMBINANT DNA, BIONICS, LASER SURGERY ETC., I COULD BUILD... CELL BY LIVING CELL... THE PERFECT WOMAN!

I LIKE IT! OH, HOW I LIKE IT!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THE PERFECT WOMAN ALL MY LIFE!



PUFF!

AT ONCE, SIR!

TOOMBS! TELL MR ODDBALL I WANT TO SEE HIM-NOW!



PUFF!

GRUNT!

GASP!



MR ODDBALL, SIR!

PUFF!

ARE YOU THERE?

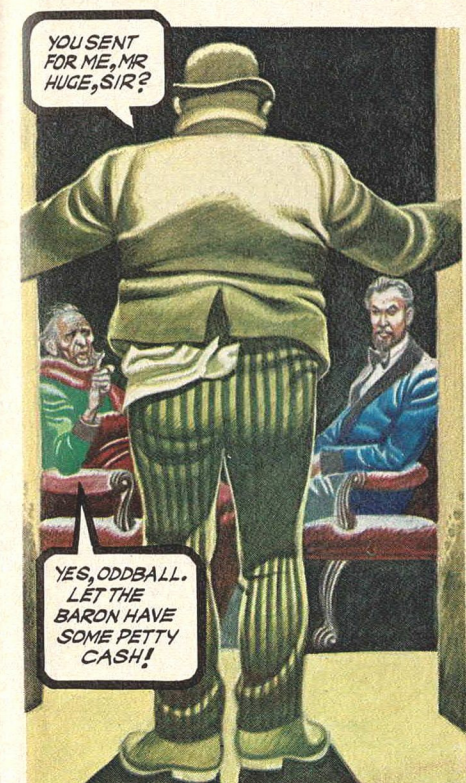
MR HUGE WISHES TO SEE YOU!

GASP!



I'M COMING!

FROM NOW ON "PAVANE POUR UNE INFANTE DEFUNTE" WILL ALWAYS BE OUR SONG!



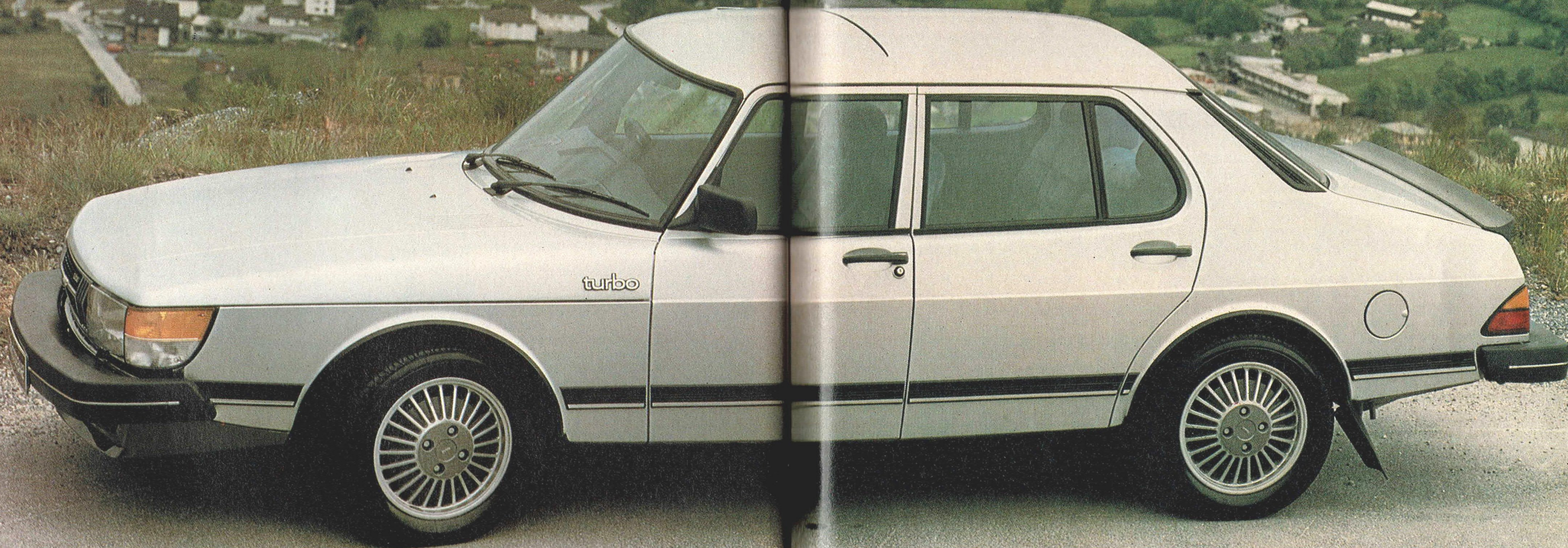
YOU SENT FOR ME, MR HUGE, SIR?

YES, ODDBALL. LET THE BARON HAVE SOME PETTY CASH!



THEN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BARON TO HAVE ACCESS TO UNLIMITED FUNDS... AND BOOK ME INTO MADAME TRUSS'S \$5M REJUVENATION CLINIC!

THIS IS DYNAMITE! THE ONLY WAY TO FIND THE PERFECT WOMAN IS TO MAKE ONE? STAND BACK, EVERYBODY! PENTHOUSE IS PLAYING WITH FIRE!



Turbo performance
without the hassle.

SAAB... AUTOMATICALLY

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

Saab has been at the forefront of production automotive turbocharging for about five years now, so it was inevitable that the highly technically-oriented Swedish company would get around to adding an automatic transmission to its turbo range. Such a move was particularly to be expected in this country, where the relatively high price of Saab's top models place them firmly in a market where automatics are in strong demand. Yet, while we now have the 1981 four-door (non-hatchback) turbo with the auto transmission, it wasn't a straightforward matter of hitching the Type 35 Borg Warner unit available in Saab's non-turbo models to the more powerful members of the family.

The Type 35 is, by today's standards of rapid change, a fairly old automatic transmission and several modifications have been carried out to cope with the 40 percent increase in torque from the standard to the turbo engine (up 68Nm to 235Nm) and the 23 percent increase in power to 107kW. And, while Saab is certainly too canny to overlook one of the basic maxims of car development — you don't mess around with success — the company has made several small refinements to the range as a whole without compromising any of the outstanding attributes of the turbo cars.

The most important technical change is the elimination of the auxiliary drive shaft, which was used to drive the

distributor, the oil pump and the water pump. These functions have been relocated in Saab's new engine, designated Type H, resulting in a two-litre motor of simpler design with fewer moving parts.

While the reduction of moving parts is always desirable in an engineering sense, Saab rightly points out the significant weight saving. Cutting out the auxiliary shaft, and the wider use of light alloys, has reduced the engine weight by 11.5kg.

Again avoiding unnecessary change, Saab has stuck with the mechanical Bosch fuel injection system which, in combination with the breakerless ignition fitted to the turbo models, helps ensure optimum response and fuel economy.

The other changes for 1981, while largely cosmetic, are all thoughtful additions to what was already a high level of standard equipment and functions. Indeed, the only aspect of the Saab range which could be considered vaguely gratuitous is the heating of the front seats — yet it's a damned comfortable idea for chilly mornings and long trips.

Two of these minor changes are quite significant. The first is a new four-spoke steering wheel which offers a clearer view of Saab's excellent instrument panel, and which has increased energy-absorption properties.

The second is the relocation of the spare wheel, one of those lighter "temporary" items meant only to get you safely to where the regular wheel can be repaired, under the floor of the luggage compartment. This increases what was already a very generous luggage space.

But the burning question for most people will be, how does the automatic turbo compare with the five-speed manual version? Does the automatic complement or detract from the ability to use the turbo's power?

A simple "yes" or "no" is not possible in any comparison between the two types of Saab turbo essentially because, although both share many characteristics, the differences are distinctive enough to inspire different driving habits and therefore attract different types of buyers — that is to say, far more so than would be the case in a choice between automatic and manual among other vehicles.

First, let's recap the test on the manual turbo which appeared in the February 1980 edition of *Australian Penthouse*. That car was a four-speed, but even with the increased flexibility and responsiveness of the later five-speed gearbox version it is quite relevant for our comparison.

Ignoring for the moment the power under the bonnet of both cars, one strong point made about the manual was its standing as one of the fastest point-to-point cars available on our market. This conclusion — based, of course, on more than the turbo power since many cars have as much power and more — was derived from the Saab's excellent road-holding and handling, its precise steering, very good braking indeed and quite outstanding comfort.

The 1981 four-door automatic is equipped with Michelin TRX tyres, in common with the five-door manuals, and the three-door manual I tested — unfortunately no longer available here, except for a few examples of the special Enduro — was fitted with the Pirelli P6, but the difference won't be appreciated by most drivers.

I preferred the slightly more surefooted P6, but most will prefer the better wear characteristics of the Michelin. Anyway, I'm reminded of the Saab "razor" test recounted to me by arguably the fastest woman driver in the country. It involved running over a panel of blades designed to cause a blow-out, at about 140km/h, then braking. It showed the Saab could remain firmly straight and in control, and with that type of overall stability marginal differences in tyres become academic.

There was no reason to expect the automatic turbo to be in any way deficient in the ride characteristics displayed by the manual, and nor was it apart from the loss of fine control over the amount of power able to be applied in cornering. That crucial blunting of response also means the automatic won't challenge the manual's point-to-point crown, yet that shouldn't be taken to imply the four-door won't hold its own in most circumstances: as Saab says, after 80km/h the auto is just as quick as the manual (except in absolute top speed).

It should be quite apparent that at lower speeds the automatic will be the slower, simply because there is no way the turbo-charger can start functioning thoroughly until sufficient revs are available, and there is no way (without risking very expensive damage) in an automatic that those revs can be obtained before power starts to be transmitted to the rear wheels.

A time of 6.55 seconds for 0 to 60km/h shows how sluggish the automatic is in an outright performance sense at the lower end of the scale, and an average of 7.2 seconds for 60 to 100km/h shows how much of that sluggishness persists to a little under 80km/h.

Two points should be made about the test car here: it had a fuel pump problem

which was not readily noticeable until the car was pushed hard into left-hand corners, when the engine would die briefly, but which may have been slightly starving the motor of fuel at other times; and the automatic would dwell in second a few moments too long on the upshift to third, whether engaged manually or through the accelerator pedal, thereby lowering timed performance.

And now we have to consider a curious thing: that same initial slow response of the automatic turbo has a good deal to do with helping the car turn out quite respectable, and very consistent, fuel economy figures.

On an overall basis, my test car returned 13.44litres/100km (21mpg) over a total distance of 1072.5km. This is actually better than the overall figure of 13.69litres/100km (20.63mpg) I obtained in the manual, although not quite as good as the manual's best figure of 12.17litres/100km (23.21mpg).

There's no question the manual turbo can be an awkward and frustrating beast in constant city use. Often it seems the turbo lag, even overcome to a large degree by the five-speed gearbox, means you're caught with your revs down at embarrassing moments, or you're suddenly going more quickly than expected.

Practice and the many fine qualities of the car help you overcome these annoying times, yet for some the only answer is an automatic to smooth the whole thing out.

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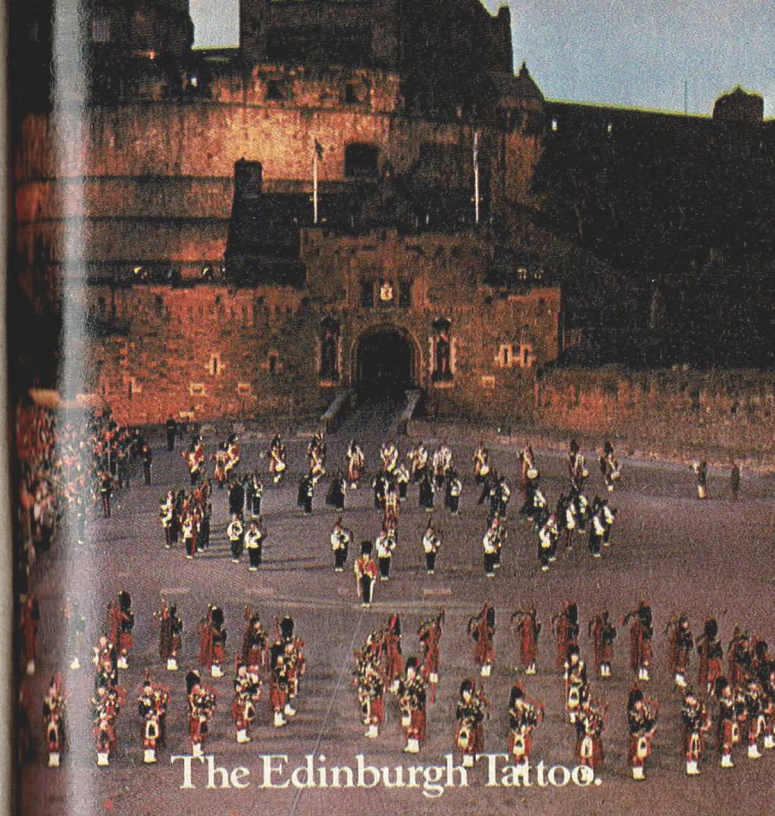
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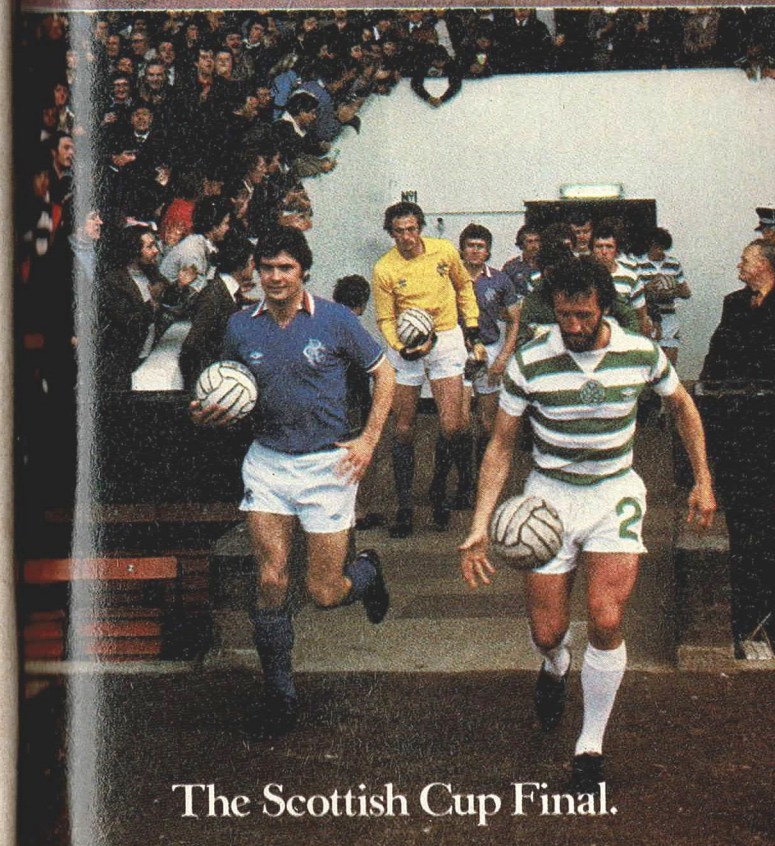
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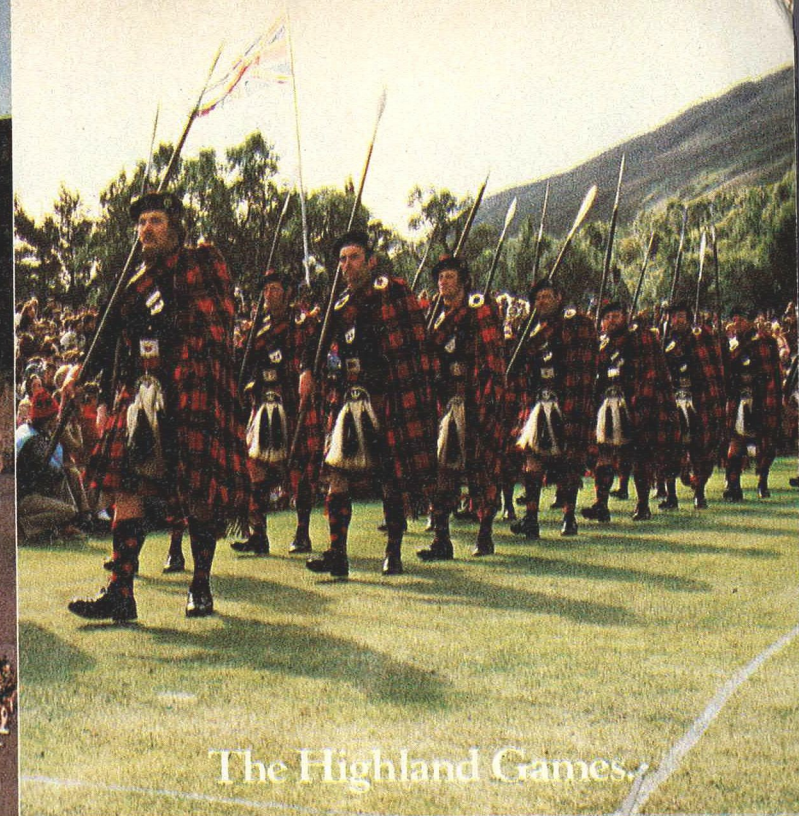
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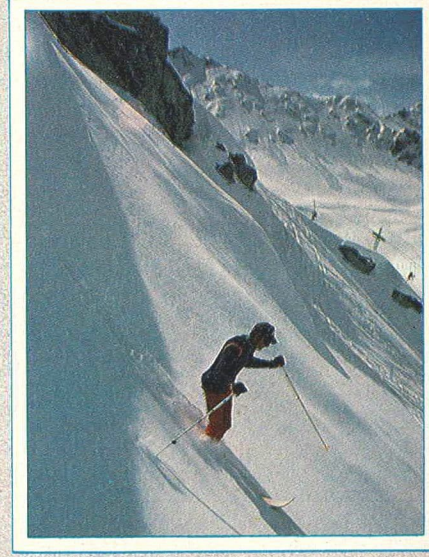
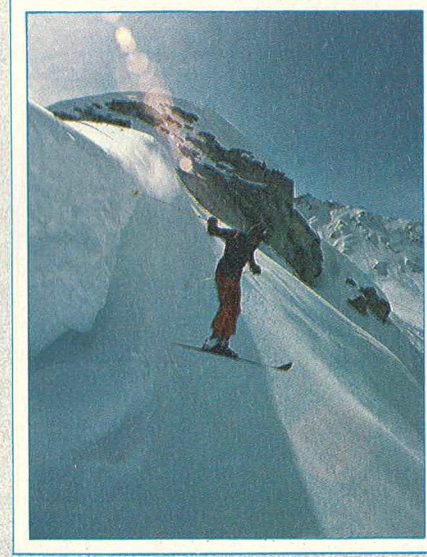
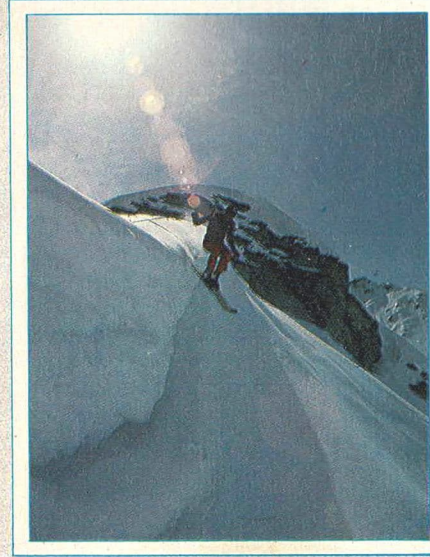
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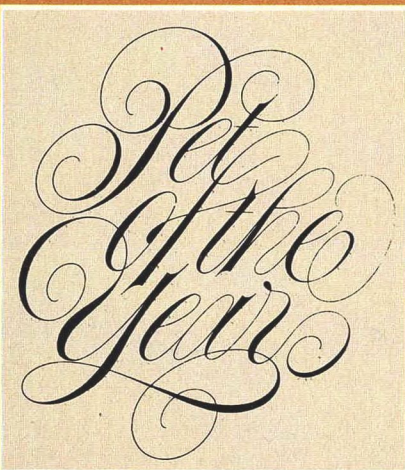


It was in the winter of 1970, while I was skiing with several local surfing friends, that I first came across the single ski. I was in California for most of that season, at Mammoth Mountain, and even then I was impressed by the performance of the single skis, still experimental at that stage, in the heavy, wet snow we encountered. That's all a decade ago now, and there have been few equipment advances which have revolutionised any sport during that time. In skiing that's particularly true with perhaps the only major innovation accepted on the slopes over the past 10 years being the ski-stopper. The single ski, or "mono" as it is known in Europe, is a potentially revolutionary experiment which has never attracted hordes of converts but does maintain a hard-core of adherents who are always ready to rave about its advantages. It's difficult to say who came up with the original idea for the single ski, but Mike Doyle probably built the prototype in 1969 in California. In Australia, Marcus Bratton built one in 1971 and used it at Perisher in the 1972 season. Among those using them at Mammoth Mountain during my first introduction to them in 1970 were Doyle himself and Joey Cabell — both already established as two of the greatest surfers and surfboard designers of the day. What impressed me most immediately during that first encounter was the control the single-skiers seemed to have in the heavy conditions. And I could not help being fascinated by the comparative freedom offered by the single and with the similarity with surfing in the manoeuvres which the single allowed and encouraged. Doyle and Cabell were taking a different line to the orthodox skiers on the slopes — running into the bottom of bowls of snow and then driving up the opposite side to make another

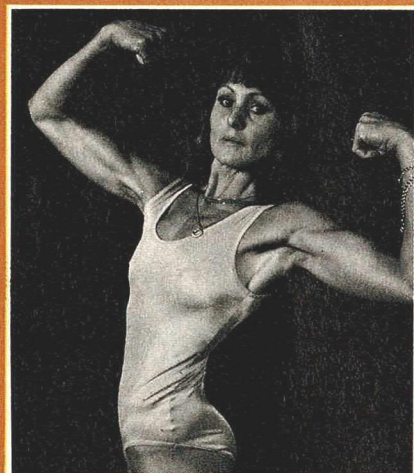


Photographs by Rick Deaton

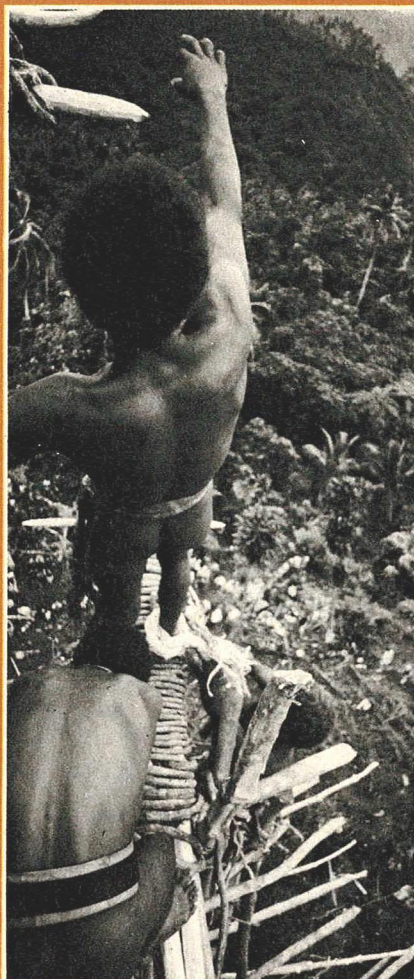




Pet of the Year



Vince's Gym



Land Divers

Pet of the Year Finalists — Your one and only chance to vote for the 1981 Pet of the Year and become eligible to win the island holiday of a lifetime with the Penthouse Pets. We present an 11-page pictorial featuring the four lovely finalists and full details of our most exciting contest yet.

The Land Divers of Pentecost — Once a year the young men of the Vanuatuan island of Pentecost defy death in a ritual dive from a dry-land tower. Photojournalist John Witzig was one of a handful of westerners to witness this year's ritual, and his photographs make up an amazing record of this bizarre event. Exclusive to Penthouse.

The Girls At Vince's Gym — Wine and food writer Lucas Bonanno dragged himself out of the kitchen and down to Vince's Gym for this disturbing report on girls who'd rather pick up a barbell than a bloke. Girls who have muscles on their... well, muscles.

Le Mans Special Report — Motoring Editor John Hampshire flew to France and spent 24 hours in the pits for this absorbing account of the toughest motor race in the world.

Men Have Periods Too — Our resident sexologist Beatrice Faust is a master (mistress?) at exploding myths. She claims she buys Penthouse for the pictorials. Next month she proves conclusively that those crook days we all experience from time to time are no accident.

The King and Queen of the Rodeo — Rough-riding is becoming big business and Neville and Yasmin McCarthy are fast filling their saddle bags with loot. But there are easier ways to make a quid, as sports writer Laurie Schwab discovers. ○✚

downward turn, like a surfer might do on a wave, and following that with another turn back up the bowl instead of bursting over the top of the pocket in traditional skiing style. At the end of the first day that I saw Doyle's single ski in action I took a good look at the prototype. It was 190cm long and around 23cm across the nose and tail. It had about 12mm of side cut but the remaining characteristics were very similar to those of conventional skis.

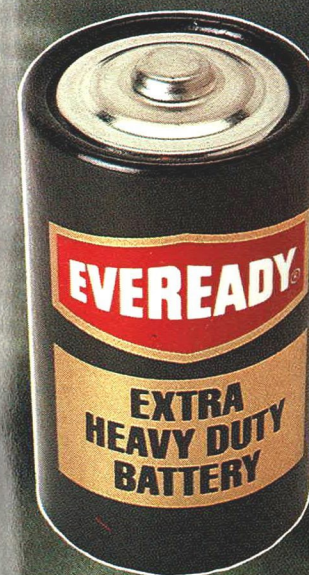
Doyle explained that he'd built the prototype a year earlier with the help of Bill and Bob Bahne who were already among the elite surfboard and skateboard manufacturers in California. It was Bahne who provided the money and engineering experience to launch the new-look ski.

The original designs, Doyle explained at that time, were flexible so the ski maintained a constant curve when pushed into a turn. A year later he'd already corrected the prototype design having decided that it was too stiff — the nose tending to bury itself with disastrous consequences in the soft snow despite the fact that it was demonstrably superior on the piste and bumps. It took Doyle just 12 months to find what he wanted in the single-ski; a pliant nose and tail with stiffness and resilience beneath the feet, not unlike the flex pattern of conventional good quality skis.

I find that the modern single-ski will take me across areas of slope that I'd never skied before; that they're superior in powder snow because rather than having to shift weight from one ski to the other, I can concentrate on a totally unified rhythm of bodyweight shifting, just as I do when surfing, when trying to keep the single ski moving at maximum speed down the slope by means of a series of edge-to-edge turns. Sure, the single ski has its limitations, particularly in the bumps (or moguls) where it is always handy to have the use of two legs (and two skis!) for support in those slightly out-of-control circumstances. The problems encountered on ice are obvious — four edges (two skis!) are better than two (one ski!) when the medium is particularly hard and fast.

The single ski will probably never replace twin blades as the means of tackling the snow slopes, but I feel convinced the "mono" will always be there as a progressive alternative under the right snow conditions. The Europeans have already discovered their potential; the Italians and the French are putting out single-ski models. Compared with the Bahne originals, the European counterparts look awkward except on the piste where the monoski excels. Yet, there is something afoot when a company like Rossignol undertakes to produce a single ski and, pardon the pun, it looks like being something a lot more than being twice times twelve inches.

Ed's note: Nat Young's famous for his extremely large feet! ○✚

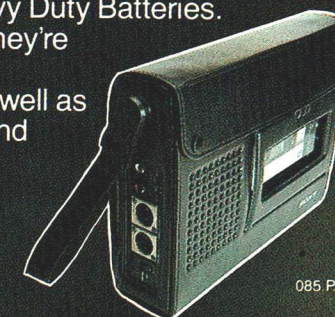


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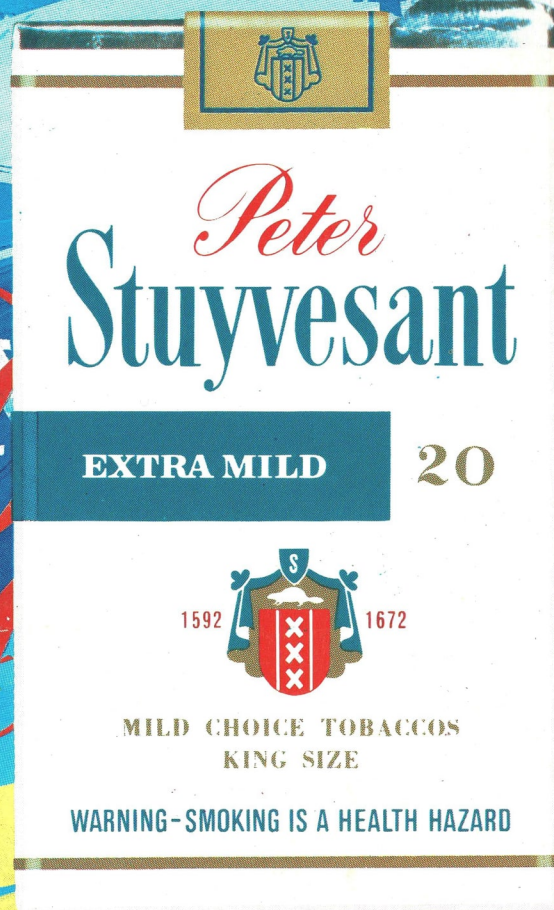
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